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THE BANNATYNE MANUSCRIPT

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THE

BANNATYNE

MANUSCRIPT

COMPILED BY

GEORGE BANNATYNE

1568

VOL IV

PRINTED FOR THE HUNTERIAN CLUB

MDCCCXCVI

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CONTENTS OF VOLUME IV.

		PAGE
CCLXIV.	Langour to leive, allace. Quod Scott -	733
CCLXV.	Favour is fair, in Luvis Lair. Quod Scott -	735
CCLXVI.	Thir lenterne Dayis ar luvely lang. Quod Stewart - - - - - - - -	736
CCLXVII.	Returne the, Hairt, hamewart agane. Quod Alexander Scott - - - - - -	737
CCLXVIII.	Quhen ye wer pleſit to pleiſs me hertfully. [Montgomery] - - - - - -	739
CCLXIX.	Quhy ſowld I luve, bot gif I war luvit? [Montgomery] - - - - - -	739
CCLXX.	Irkit I am with langum Luvis Lair. Quod Montgomery - - - - - - -	739
CCLXXI.	I mvſe and mervellis in my Mynd. Quod Scott - - - - - - - - -	741
CCLXXII.	Fane wald I luve, bot quhair abowt? Quod Clerk. [*Attributed to Dunbar by Laing*]	744
CCLXXIII.	In June the Jem of Joy and Geme. Quod Scott - - - - - - - - -	746
CCLXXIV.	Thair is nocht ane Winche that I ſe. [Scott]	747
CCLXXV.	To luve vnluvit it is ane Pane. Quod Scott	748
CCLXXVI.	My Hart is quhyt, and no Delyte I haif of Ladeis fair. [Anon.] - - - - -	749
CCLXXVII.	In all this Warld no Man may wit. [Anon.]	751
CCLXXVIII.	Schort Epegrammis aganis Women. [Anon., partly Chaucer] - - - - - -	753
CCLXXIX.	This Work quha ſa ſall ſie or reid. Quod Chauſeir - - - - - - -	755
CCLXXX.	Bruthir, be wyiſs, I reid yow now. Quod Sir Johine Moffett - - - - -	758
CCLXXXI.	My Luve was fals and full of Flattry. Quod Weddirburne - - - - - -	760
CCLXXXII.	Thir Ladyis fair that makis Repair. Quod Dumbar - - - - - -	762
CCLXXXIII.	The Vſe of Court richt weill I knaw Anon.]	764

Digitized by Google

PAGE

BALLATIS AGANIS EVILL WEMEN.

CCLXXXIV. The beiſtly Luſt, the furius Appetyt. [Anon.] 765
CCLXXXV. Devyce, Proves and eik Humilitie. Quod Chawſeir [Lydgate?] - - - 766
CCLXXXVI. O wicket Wemen, wilfull and variable. Quod Chauceir [Lydgate?] - - 768
CCLXXXVII. Aganis Mariage of evill Wyvis. [Anon.] - 769
CCLXXXVIII. Commonyng betuix the Meſter and the Heure. [Anon.] - - - - - - 771
CCLXXXIX. Off Luve, [etc.] [Anon.] - - - - 773
CCXC. Furth ouer the Mold at Morrow as I Ment. Quod Stewart - - - - - - 774
CCXCI. Ane vthir Ballat of Vnpoſſibiliteis compaird to the Trewth of Wemen in Luve. [Anon.] - - - - - - - 776
CCXCII. Ane vthir Ballat of Vmpoſſibiliteis. [Anon.] 777
CCXCIII. My Hairt is gone, Confort is none. [Anon.] 779
CCXCIV. Ane aigit Man twyſs fourty yeiris. Quod Kennedy - - - - - - - 780
[*Attributed to Dunbar by Laing*]

BALLATIS OF THE PRAYISS OF WEMEN, AND TO THE REPROCHE OF VICIOUS MEN.

CCXCV. Allace, ſo ſobir is the Micht of Wemen. Quod Merſar - - - - - - 782
CCXCVI. The Lettre of Cupeid. Quod Chauſeir. [Occleve] - - - - - - - 783
CCXCVII. All tho that liſt of Wemen Evill to ſpeik. Quod Chauſeir - - - - - - 799
CCXCVIII. Ladeis be war, that pleſand ar. Quod Scott 804
CCXCIX. For to declair the he Magnificens. Quod Stewart - - - - - - - 805
CCC. Thir Billis ar brevit to Birdis in ſpeciall. Quod Merſar - - - - - - 808
CCCI. Now of Wemen this I ſay for me. Quod Dumbar - - - - - - - 809
CCCII. I think thir Men ar verry fals and vane. Quod Weddirburne - - - - - 810
CCCIII. Fra Raige of Yowth the Rynk hes rune. [Quod Scott] - - - - - - 814

Digitized by Google

PAGE

THE CONTEMPT OF BLYNDIT LUVE.

CCCIV. Quha will behald of Luve the Chance. Quod Dumbar - - - - - - - 816
CCCV. Leif Luve, my Luve, no langar thow it lyk. [Anon.] - - - - - - - - 817
CCCVI. Quhat meneth this? quhat is this windir Vre? Quod Chauſer - - - - - - - 817
CCCVII. In May as that Aurora did vpſpring. Quod Dumbar - - - - - - - - 822
CCCVIII. Now cumis Aige quhair Youth hes bene and trew Luve ryſis fro the Splene. Quod Dumbar - - - - - - - - 826
CCCIX. Quha lykis to Luve, or that Law pruve. Quod Scott - - - - - - - - 829
CCCX. Lo, quhat it is to lufe. Quod Scott - - 831
CCCXI. Panſing of Luve quhat Lyf it leidis. [Anon.] 832
CCCXII. Quhome ſould I wyt of my Miſchance? Quod Scott - - - - - - - - 833
CCCXIII. O, Man, transformit and vnnaturall. Quod Weddirburne - - - - - - - 835
CCCXIV. Ye blindit Luvaris, luke the rekleſs Lyfe ye leid. Quod Scott - . - - - 839
CCCXV. The Prollog of the Fourt Buik of Virgell, treting of the Incommoditie of Luve and Remeid thairof. Be Gawyne Dowglas - 844

THE FYIFT PAIRT OF THIS BUIK, CONTENYNG THE FABILLIS OF ESOP, WITH DIUERSS VTHIR FABILLIS AND POETICALL WORKIS.

To the Redar. [Bannatyne] - - - - 855
CCCXVI. [Fable I. The Swallow and othir Birdis.] [Henryſon] - - - - - - - 856
CCCXVII. [Fable II.] The Houlate. Be Holland - 867
CCCXVIII. Fable III. The Fox and the Cock. [Henryſon] 898
CCCXIX. Fable IV. The Fox and the Wolf. [Henryſon] 905
CCCXX. Fable V. The Fox tryed before the Lyon. [Henryſon] - - - - - - - 911
CCCXXI. Fable VI. Orpheus and Eurydice. Quod R[obert] H[enryſon] - - - - 922

Digitized by Google

PAGE

CCCXXII. Fable VII. The Bludy Serk. Quod R[obert] Henrici. [Henryſon] - - - - 942
CCCXXIII. Fable VIII. The Cock and the Jewell. Quod R[obert] H[enryſon] - - - - - 946
CCCXXIV. Fable IX. The Mouſs and the Paddock. Quod R[obert] H[enryſon] - - - 952
CCCXXV. Fable X. The Twa Myſs. Quod R[obert] H[enryſon] - - - - - - - 959
CCCXXVI. Fable XI. The Dog, the Scheip and the Wolff. Quod R[obert] H[enryſon] - - 967
CCCXXVII. Fable XII. The Wolff and the Lamb. Quod R[obert] H[enryſon] - - - - 973
CCCXXVIII. Fable XIII. The Lyon and the Mouſs. Quod R[obert] Henryſone - - - 978
CCCXXIX. Fable XIV. The Thiſtle and the Roſe. Quod Dumbar - - - - - - - 988
CCCXXX. Fable XV. The Goldin Terge. Quod Dumbar - - - - - - - 995
CCCXXXI. The Freiris of Berwik. [Dunbar] - - 1004
CCCXXXII. Colkelbie Sow. [Anon.] - - - - 1021
CCCXXXIII. Robene ſat on gud grene Hill. Quod Robert Henryſone - - - - - - - 1050
CCCXXXIV. The Secound Prolloge or Proheme of the Hiſtery of the Croniclis of Scotland. Be Johine Bellenden - - - - - 1054
The Table of the Haill Buik. [Bannatyne, added to by Biſhop Percy, and completed by the preſent editor - - - - 1059
Off Begynnyng and Ending. [Bannatyne] - - - - 1075
The Wryttar to the Redare. [Bannatyne] - - - - 1076

Appendix, No. I.

[Containing pieces written on various blank folios of the Manuſcript ſubſequent to its completion, and by other pens than that of George Bannatyne.]

I. Sould I wreſtle in Diſpair. [Anon., after Wither] - 1077
II. Off ſeing and feiling Money. [Quod] Haywod - 1079
III. Dantie and dortie to all Manis Eyes. [Anon.] - 1079
IV. Whyt as the Egg, rid as the Skarlet. [Anon.] - - 1079

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PAGE

V. Now, Goſſop, I muſt neidis begon. [Anon.] - - 1080
VI. My Miſtres is in Muſik paſſing ſkilfull. [Anon.] - 1081
VII. Go ſweet Lynes, Loue will not take them. [Anon.] - 1082
VIII. Amongſt the Monſtors that we find. [Anon.] - - 1083
IX. Once ſlumbring as I lay within my Bed. [Anon.] - 1083
X. A Songe in Praiſe of Tobacco. [Anon.] - - - 1084
XI. Meditatiouns on Tobacco. [Anon.] - - - 1084
XII. A Songe. Iff thow canſt not leive chaſt. [Anon.] - 1085
XIII. On the Ever Green's being gathered out of this Manuſcript by Allan Ramſay. Quod Allan Ramſay 1087

Appendix, No. II.

[Containing pieces apparently written by George Bannatyne at the end of the Duplicate Text, at a later date than the reſt of the contents of the Manuſcript.]

XIV. Ane godly Ballat. Quod Robert Montgomery - 1088
XV. The Firſt Pſhalme. [Quod] Montgumry - - 1090
XVI. The xxiij Sphalme. Tranſlait be Montgumry - 1091
XVII. Lyik as the dum Solſequium. Quod Montgomery - 1092
XVIII. In Vice moſt vicius he excellis. Quod Dumbar - 1094
XIX. Of Conquerouris [etc.]. Quod William Alexander 1095

Appendix, No. III.

[Containing "The Song of the Rid Square," which has been written at the end of the Duplicate Text by the Honourable Mr. William Carmichaell when the Bannatyne Manuſcript was in his poſſeſſion, probably about 1712.]

XX. The Song of the Rid Square. [Anon.] - - - 1097

Appendix, No. IV.

[Omitted from Appendix No. I.]

XXI. Sonet. Lyke as the Littill Emmet haith hir Gall. [Anon.] - - - - - - - 1105

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CCLXIV.

[*Langour to leive, allace.*]

LANGOUR to leive, allace, Fol.251.a.
My labour is in vane,
Sen thair is nowthir grace,
Nor yit rewaird agane.

Quhat ſall I do or ſay,
I am with ſorrow ſlane,
And dyis nicht and day,
Withowt hir luve agane.

Was nevir man in erd
Moir faithfull and moir plane,
Suppois it be my werd
To luve vnluvit agane.

I do luve beſt allane
My lady ſouerane
Thir yeiris mony ane,
Withowt hir luve agane.

For nowdir wald ſchew rew,
Nor beir me at diſdane,
Bot lute me ay perſew,
Withowt hir luve agane.

Hir fenyeit wordis fals
Of richtnot maid me fane,
And held me in the hals,
To luſe vnluvit agane.

And als the luik vnleill
Of hir bricht fair ene twane

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Gart me beleif alhaill,
To haif hir luve agane.

Bot ſen I ſe hir hairt,
And mynd is uncertane,
I ſall in tyme rewairt
My luve frome hir agane.

Sen ſcho hes nowthir rewth,
Nor mercy ſuth to ſane,
Lat ſalſet to vntrewth,
And treſt to trow agane.

And ſen my hairt is ſre, Fol. 251. b.
I bid not for to lane,
I ſall awyſit be,
Or I hir luve agane.

Thairfoir, my hairt tak heid
Quhomefor thow ſuffer pane,
And luik weill for remeid,
Or that thow luve agane.

Scho that the liſt to luve,
Se thow with hir remane,
And nevir moir remuve,[1]
Bot luve hir beſt agane.

Finis quod Scott.

[1] MS. has *remvne*.

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CCLXV.

[*Favour is fair, in Luvis lair.*]

FAVOUR is fair, in luvis lair,
Yit freindſchip mair bene to commend,
Bot quhair deſpair bene adwerſare,
Nothing is thair, bot wofull end.

Off men I mene, in ſcheruice bene,
Of Venus quene, but conforting,
Be thame I wene, that mon ſuſtene
The kairis kene of Cupeid king,

Continwance, in Cupeidis dance,
But diſcrepance, withowt remeid,
Sic was my chance, in obſervance,
But recompance, my lyfe to leid.

Hir court he jo, quhair evir thay go,
The lyfe is ſo, ſcho dois thame len,
Quhair his hes wo, withowttin ho,
He is ſic ſo, till faythfull men.

I ſpeik expart, ſuppois I ſmart,
That ſcho hes gart me thus lament,
Bot this ſame darte may cauſs hir harte
Heir eftirwart alſo repent.

Sen ſo I ſe, to leif in le, Fol. 252. a.
At libbertie, is weill but wo,
Happie is he, I ſay for me,
Quhen he is fre, can hald him ſo.

Finis quod Scott.

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CCLXVI.

[*Thir lenterne Dayis ar luvely lang.*]

THIR lenterne dayis ar luvely lang,
And I will mvrne ne mair,
Nor for no mirthles may me mang,
That will not for me cair.
I wilbe glaid and latt hir gang,
With falſat in hir fair;
I fynd ane freſchar feir to fang,
Baith of hyd, hew and hair.

The wintter nycht is lang but weir,
I may mvrne gif I will,
Scho will not mvrne for me, that cleir,
Thairfoir I wilbe ſtill.
O, king of luve, that is ſo cleir,
I me acquyt yow till,
Sa ſcho fra me and I fra hir,
And not bot it be ſkill.

O, lord of luve, how lykis the,
My lemmens laitis vnleill?
Scho luvis ane vthir bettir than me,
I haif cauſs to appeill.
I pray to Him that deit on tre,
That for ws all thold baill,
Mot ſend my lemmane twa or thre,
Sen ſcho can not be leill.

Vthir hes hir hairt, ſowld ſcho haif myne?
Trewly that war grit wrang;
Quhen thay haif play, gif I haif pyne,
On gallowis mot I hang.

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Or for hir luve gif I declyne,
Thocht ſcho ewill nevir ſo lang,
Quhen I think on hir foirheid fyne,
Than mon I ſing ane ſang.

Off all the houris of the nycht Fol. 252. b.
I can not tell yow ane,
So mvrne I for my lady bricht,
Fro ſleip haif me ourtane.
Fro ſcho be paſt owt of my ſicht
The caſting of ane ſtane,
I haif no langour, be this licht,
I love God of his lane.

Allace, that evir fader me gat,
Or moder me wend in clais,
Gif I ſowld for ane womans ſaik
My lyfe thus leid in lais.
For ye ſaw nevir ſo fair a caik
Of meill that millar mais,
Bot yit ane man wald get the maik;
As gud luve cumis as gais.

[*Finis*] *quod* Stewart.

CCLXVII.

[*Returne the, Hairt, hamewart agane.*]

RETURNE the, hairt, hamewart agane,
And byd quhair thow was wont to be;
Thow art ane ſule to ſuffer pane,
For luve of hir that luvis not the.

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My hairt, lat be ſic fanteſie,
Luve nane bot as thay mak the cauſs,
And lat hir ſeik ane hairt for the,
For ſeind a crum of the ſcho fawis.

To quhat effect ſowld thow be thrall?
But thank, ſen thow hes thy fre will;
My hairt, be not ſa beſtiall,
Bot knaw quho dois the guid or ill.
Remane with me and tary ſtill,
And ſe quha playis beſt thair pawis,
And lat fillok ga fling hir fill,
For ſeind accrum of the ſcho fawis.

Thocht ſcho be fair I will not fenyie,
Scho is the kynd of vthiris ma;
For quhy? thair is a fellone menyie, Fol. 253. a.
That ſemis gud and ar not ſa.
My hairt, tak nowdir pane nor wa
For Meg, for Meriory or yit Mawis;
Bot be thow glaid and latt hir ga,
For ſeind accrum of the ſcho fawis.

Becaus I find ſcho tuik in ill,
At hir depairting thow mak na cair,
Bot all begyld, go quhair ſcho will,
Schrew the hairt that mane makis mair.
My hert, be mirry lait and air,
This is the fynall end and clauſs,
And latt hir fallow ane filly fair,
For ſeind a crum of the ſcho fawis.

Finis quod Alexander Scott *to his Hert.*

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CCLXVIII.

[*Quhen ye wer plefit to pleiſs me hertfully.*]

QUHEN ye wer plefit to pleiſs me hertfully,
I was applefit to pleiſs yow ſickerly;
Sen ye ar pleiſit to pleiſs ane vthir wy,
Be nocht diſplefit to pleiſs, quhair plefit am I.

[*Finis.*]

CCLXIX.

[*Quhy ſowld I luve, bot gif I war luvit?*]

QUHY ſowld I luve, bot gif I war luvit?
Quhy ſowld I ſett myne hert in variance?
Quhy ſowld I do the thing to be reprovit?
Vnto my ſpreit it war richt grit grevance.
Quhy ſowld I ſchamefully thus me avance,
To lovin[g] on and ſcho not loving me?
Than war I gydit with miſgovirnance,
That I ſowld luve and I not lovit be.

[*Finis.*]

CCLXX.

[*Irkit I am with langum Luvis Lair.*]

IRKIT I am with langum luvis lair,
Ourſett with inwart ſiching ſair,

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For in the preſone of diſpair,
I ly,
Seing ilk wicht gettis ſum weilfair,
Bot I.

My hairt is pynd and perſit ſo with panis, Fol.253.b.
Quhill teiris over my viſage ranis,
And makis the blud within vanis,
To dry,
Quha ma ſic greif reſiſt aganis,
Bot I?

My mad misfortoun dois me ſo comm[u]ve,
That[1] I may nowthir reſt nor ruve,
Bot wary all the goddis ab[u]ve
The ſky,
That every leid obtenis thair luve,
Bot I.

All nobill hairtis of nateur ar inclynd,
Quhair they find conſtance, to be kynd,
Thairfoir to me ſcho ſowld hir mynd
Apply,
Sen non is for hir perſone pynd,
Bot I.

The facultie of ſamenene is ſo,
Vnto thair freind to be his ſo,
Syne menis him quhen he is ago,
For thy;
Vncourteſly thus keill thay mo,
Than I.

Thay covet not the man that thay may get,
For him thay hald as propper det;

[1] MS. has *thy*.

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On ſtrangeris ay thair myndis ar ſet,
To ſpy;
Thus mo bene fetterit with thair net,
Nor I.

Grit ſule I am to follow the delyte
Of thame that hes no faith perfyte,
Thairfoir ſic cumpany I quyt
Denny;
Off all my wo hes non the wyt,
Bot I.

Quhat woundir is thocht I do weip and pleid,
This fellon crewall lyfe I leid,
The quhilk but dowt wilbe my deid,
In hy,
For every man obtenis remeid,
Bot I.

My lady hes ane hairt of ſtone ſo hard,
On me to rew ſcho hes no regard,
Bot buſtouſly I am debard,
Ay by,
And every man gettis ſum reward,
Bot I.

Finis quod Montgomery.[1]

CCLXXI.

[*I mvſe and mervellis in my Mynd.*]

I MVSE and mervellis in my mynd, Fol. 254. a.
Quhat way to wryt, or put in verſs,

[1] *Montgomery* is in a different hand.

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The quent conſaitis of wemenkynd,
Or half thair havingis to reherſs;
I fynd thair haill affectioun
So contrair thair complexioun.

For quhy? no leid vnleill thay leit,
Vntrewth expreſly thay expell,
Yit thay ar planeiſt and repleit
Of falſet and diſſait thair ſell;
So find I thair affectioun
Contrair thair complexioun.

Thay favour no wayis fuliche men,
And verry few of thame are wyiſs,
All gredy perſonis thay miſken,
And thay ar full of covetyiſs;
So find I thair affectioun
Contrair thair complexioun.

I can thame call bot kittie vnſellis,
That takkis ſic maneris at thair motheris,
To bid men keip thair ſecreit counſailis,
Syne ſchaw the ſame agane till vthiris;
So find I thair affectioun
Contrair thar awin complexioun.

Thay lawch with thame that thay diſpyt,
And with thair lykingis thay lament;
Of thair wanhap thay ley the wyt
On thair leill luvaris innocent;
So find I thair affectioun
Contrair thar awin complexioun.

Thay wald be rewit, and hes no rewth,
Thay wald be menit, and no man menis,
Thay wald be trowit, and hes no trewth,

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Thay wiſs thair will that ſkant weill wenys;
So find I thair affectioun
Contrair thair awin complexioun.

Thay forge the freindſchip of the fremmit,
And fleis the favour of ther freindis, Fol.254.b.
Thay wald with nobill men be memmit,
Syne laittandly to lawar leindis;
So find I thair affectioun
Contrair thair complexioun.

Thay lichtly ſone and covettis quickly,
Thay blame ilk body and thay blekit;
Thay eindill faſt and dois ill lickly,
Thay ſklander faikles and thay ſuſpectit;
So find I thair affectioun
Contrair thair complexioun.

Thay wald haif all men bund and thrall
To thame, and thay for to be fre;
Thay covet ilkman at thair call,
And thay to leif at libirtie;
So fynd I thair affectioun
Contrar thair complexioun.

Thay tak delyt in mertiall deidis,
And ar of nature tremebund;
Thay wald men nvreiſt all thair neidis,
Syne confortles lattis thame confound;
So fynd I thair affectioun
Contrar thair complexioun.

Thay wald haif wating on alway,
But gwerdoun, genyeild or rewaird,
Thay wald haif reddy ſcherwandis ay,
But reconpans, thank or rewaird;

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So find I thair affectioun
Contrair thair complexioun.

The vertew of this writ and vigour
Maid in compariſone it is,
That famenene ar of this figour,
Quhilk clippit is antiphracis;
For quhy? thair haill affectioun
Is contrair thair complexioun.

I wat gud wemen will not wyt me,
Nor of this ſedull be eſchamit;
For be thay courtas, thay will quyt me,
And gif thay crab, heir I quyt clame it;
Confeſſand thair affection
Conforme to thair complexioun.

[*Finis*] *quod* Scott.

CCLXXII.

[*Fane wald I luve, bot quhair abowt?*]

FANE wald I luve, bot quhair abowt? Fol. 255. a.
Thair is ſo mony luvaris thairowt,
That thair is left no place to me;
Quhairof I hovit now in dowt,
Gif I ſowld luve, or lat it be.

Sa mony ar thair ladeis treitis,
With trivmphand amowres balleitis,
And dois thair bewteis pryiſs ſo he,
That I find not bot daft conſaitis
To ſay of luve; bot lat it be.

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Sum thinkis his lady luſtieſt,
Sum haldis his lady for the beſt,
Sum ſayis [h]is luve is a per ſe;
Bot ſum, forſwth, ar ſo oppreſt
With luve, wer bettir lat it be.

Sum for his ladyis luve lyis ſeik,
Suppois ſcho comptis it not a leik,
And ſum drowpis doun as he wold die;
Sum ſtrykis doun a threid bair cheik
For luve, war bettir lat it be.

Sum luvis lang and lyis behind,
Sum luvis and freindſchip can not fynd,
Sum feſtnit is and ma not fle;
Sum led is lyk the belly blynd
With luve, wer bettir lat it be.

Thocht luve be grene in gud curage,
And be difficill till aſſwage,
The end of it is miſerie;
Miſgovernit yowth makis gowſty age;
Forbeir ye not and lat it be.

Bot quha perfytly wald imprent,
Sowld fynd his luve moiſt permanent;
Luve God, thy prince, and freind, all thre;
Treit weill thy ſelf, and ſtand content,
And latt all vthir luvaris be.

Finis quod Clerk.[1]

[1] *Clerk* is in a different hand.

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CCLXXIII.

[*In June the Jem of Joy and Geme.*]

IN June the jem of joy and geme, Fol. 255. b.
This preſent to compyle expreſs,
But hurt, but wem, or wind to ſtem,
Inarmit I am with havineſs.
Wantone in weill but wo,
Glaid withowt greif alſo,
And fre of every ſo,
That I confeſs.

I maik it plane, for luve agane
Thair ſall no ſorrow in me ſynk,
Nor yit in vane, to ſuffer pane,
To ſtop frome ſleip, frome meit or drink.
Thair is no lady fre,
That and ſcho favour me,
Scho will nocht thoill to ſe
Me pyne, I think.

Be ſcho content of corſs and rent,
All ſalbe hirſs that I may get hir;
Will ſcho abſent, hyne ſall I went,
And at als littill valor ſet hir.
Quhair power ma not plaiſs,
Adew withowt diſeiſs,
Als gud luve cumis as gais,
Or rathir bettir.

Quhen ſcho growis heich, I draw on dreich,
To veſy and behald the end,
Quhen ſcho growis ſkeich, I byd on beich,
To lat hir in the brydill bend.

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Quhen ſchow growis meik and tame,
Scho ſalbe wylcome hame,
Gif ſcho my luve quyt clame,
I ſall not kend.

Pleiſs ſcho to rew, I ſall perſew,
With ſubiect ſcherwyice every ſeſſone,
Be ſcho vntrew, fairweill, adew,
For as ſcho chaingis I ſall cheiſs one.
Bot gif ſcho ſteidſaſt ſtand,
And be not wariand,
I am at hir command,
Conforme to reſſone.

Finis quod Scott.

CCLXXIV.

[*Thair is nocht ane Winche that I ſe.*]

THAIR is nocht ane winche that I ſe Fol. 256. a.
Sall win ane wantage of me;
Be ſcho fals, I ſalbe ſle,
And ſay to diſpyt hir;
Be ſcho trew, I will confyd,
Will ſcho remane, I ſall abyd;
Will ſcho ſlip, I will bot ſlyd,
And ſo ſall I quyt hir.

Be ſcho conſtant and trew,
I ſall evir hir perſew;
Be ſcho fals, than adew,
No langer I tary.

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Be ſcho fathfull in mynd,
I ſalbe to hir inclynd;
Be ſcho ſtrange and vnkynd,
I giſ hir to fary.

Be ſcho haltand and he,
Rycht ſwa ſall ſcho fynd me;
Be ſcho lawly and ſre,
The ſuth I ſall ſay hir.
Be ſcho ſecreit and wyifs,
I ſall await on hir ſcherwyifs;
Will ſcho glaik and go nyifs,
I leif hir to play hir.

And I magyn my mailis,
I ſall feid hir with caillis;
Thocht my ſawis haiſ no ſeillis,
I ſall leir hir to ſan.
Be ſcho wylie as ane tod,
Quhen ſcho winkis I ſall nod;
Scho ſall nocht begyle me, be God,
For ocht that ſcho can.

Finis.

CCLXXV.

[*To luve vnluvit it is ane Pane.*]

TO luve vnluvit it is ane pane;
For ſcho that is my ſouerane,
Sum wantoun man ſo he hes ſet hir,
That I can get no luſe agane,
Bot brekis my hairt, and nocht the bettir.

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Quhen that I went with that ſweit may,
To dance, to ſing, to ſport and pley,
And oft tymes in my armis plet hir;
I do now mvrne both nycht and day,
And brekis my hart, and nocht the bettir.

Quhair I wes wont to ſe hir go, Fol. 256. b.
Richt trymly paſſand to and fro,
With cumly ſmylis quhen that I met hir;
And now I leif in pane and wo,
And brekis my hart, and nocht the bettir.

Quhattane ane glaikit fule am I,
To ſlay my ſelf with malancoly?
Sen weill I ken I may nocht get hir,
Or quhat ſuld be the caus, and quhy,
To brek my hart, and nocht the bettir.

My hairt, ſen thow may nocht hir pleiſs,
Adew, as gud lufe cumis as gaiſs,
Go chuſs ane vdir and foryet hir;
God, giſ him dolour and diſeiſs,
That brekis thair hairt, and nocht the bettir.

Finis quod Scott *quhen his Wyfe left him.*

CCLXXVI.

[*My Hart is quhyt, and no delyte I haif of Ladeis fair.*]

MY hart is quhyt, and no delyte I haif of ladeis ſair,
I wyte, I flyte, all in diſpyte, that evir I leird that lair,
Yit[1] but reſpyte, I clene the quyte, for now and evir mair;

[1] MS. has *Tit.*

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Thairfoir I dyte this writt perfyte. Fairweill, now feildis fair;
The ſuth is ſo, be God, my jo, I will fenye na mair;
Thocht vmquhile grit wes appetite, thair is wan tyme of wair.

Stopping in aige, he on ſtaige, and yowtheid went and done,
And my curege hes tane to ſwaige, rycht lait eftir none;
Quhen I wes pege, I did vaſlege, and ſped my erand ſone,
Now is that rege turnd in dotage, it is auld of the mone.
The ſuth is ſo, be God, my jo, quyt turnit is that tone,
Gud aile and ſege ſalbe my waige; away ligging alone.

The fleſche is ſawin wes vmquhile brawin, I liſt nocht for to pley,
The medowſs mawin, the claith is drawin, the grace is ſaid away,
The ſeid wes ſawin, full quyt hes blawin the joly wind of May,
I mak it knawin, for all your lawin, I haif done as I may.
The ſuth is ſo, be God, my jo, it is to yow I ſay,
Thocht ye wer gawin, ye bourd but hawin, the tyd is paſt away.

Ane proclamatioun vnto all natioun, I mak heir be this bill,
Ane ſicker ſtratioun, God hes laid one, thay fructis hes tane him till;
Stuſe is thair none but queſtioun, remanis bot gud will,
Now fair on, with my benyſone, on forſs I mon ly ſtill.
The ſuth is ſo, be God, my jo, off Jynny nor of Jill,
I pleiſs collatioun, and recreatioun; latt thame go fling thair fill.

The man I call vnnaturall, that ſtewarts all him ſell,
That hes but ſmall ſtufe corporall, ſyne ſchutis at that ſchell;
Quhen principall, and materiall, and natur is expell,
Than be the wall, he lyis our thrall, gar bring him the hand bell.
The ſuth is ſo, quhen dry, my jo, of natur growis the well,
To ſeik our all, na ſtufe thow ſall for no gold get to ſell.

Finis.

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CCLXXVII.

[*In all this Warld no Man may wit.*]

IN all this warld no man may wit, Fol. 257. a.
Thair no power nor knawlege may;
The counſale, craft nor kyndnes keip it,
Na treſt in it that wemen will ſay.
The knot that I wend had bene knit
Of luve and faithfulnes for ay,
I ſe it lowiſd and luve is flit;
Quhat hand may had that will away?

To yow, madame, this I indyte,
That lang your trew lufe haif I bene,
Commending me, greiting I wryt,
For your fremmit quentance vnclene.
Ye wait your ſelf quhat that I mene,
I neid nocht mair planely to ſay;
God, wald I had yow nevir ſene;
Quhat hand may had that will away?

Befoir I womit and now I wait,
Be evidence the ſowth I ſe,
Allace, quhat alit me be ſo blait,
For to lufe hir that luvit not me?
I haif hard ſay, and ſa haif ye,
This proverb oft in ſport and play,
God wait the blind eitis mony a fle;
Quhat hand may had that will away?

Your gudly wordis maid me to treſt,
That all your talking had bene trew,
I was diſſauit ſone in haiſt,
The cleth was of ane vthir hew.

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That I wend had bene reid was blew,
That ſemit ane ſyiſs was bot ane tray;
Bot perrellis may no man eſchew;
Quhat hand may had that will away?

Oft tymes hes it bene red and told,
Be vitty men that vndirſtude,
All glittrand thing is not of gold,
And ilk fair apill is nocht gude. Fol. 257. b.
Ane ſeik heid in a ſkarlet huid,
Oft haiſs it bene, this we heirſay;
Your ſenyeit luve is lyk the flud;
Quhat hand may hald that will away?

Forſwth I am infortunate,
To ladeis luve that rew I ſoir,
And had I wiſt was me to latt,
Keipand the reirgaird evirmoir.
He was richt wyis that knew beſoir
The cairfull end of every fray;
Quhat ſall I wryt? I can no moir;
Quhat hand may hald that will away?

Now quho ſo evir hewis to hie,
I heir men ſay, and ſwth it is,
The ſpailis will fall and hurtis ee,
And ſwa it fairis be me, I wiſs.
I was full lewd to love ladeis,
With riches dar not poverty play,
I dar not ſay, thair is a miſs;
Quhat hand may hald that will away?

Was nene in all the warld I dreſt
To thame ſa weill my hairtis diſclois,
As to yow, lady, ſor luve and treſt,
Bot all that haif I to ferlois.

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Faſt by the nettill growis the rois,
And eftir dark nycht cumis the day;
Men ſayis als gud luve cumis as gois;
Quhat hand may hald that will away?

Fra this tyme furth knaw ye richt weill,
And vndirſtand quhat is my parte,
The thing that ye ſett at your heill,
I will no moir ſett at my harte.
Fra wo to joy I will rewairt,
No man may ganecall yiſtirday; 70 Fol. 258. a.
Your vnkyndnes now garris me ſmairt;
Quhat hand may hald that will away?

The laſt lettir I to yow ſent,
I wret it as a man ſteidfaſt,
With all my hairt in guid entent,
Owt of your mynd now is it paſt.
And thairfoir this ſalbe the laſt,
I leif wrytting and thus I ſay,
Furth of my mynd ye ſalbe caſt;
Quhat hand may hald that will away?

Finis.

CCLXXVIII.

Schort Epegrammis aganis Women.

MY lawtie garris me be lichtleit, allaik,
Your luve leſtis not I had it bot of lane;
All youre unkyndnes compt I not a kaik,
For I ſall get als gud quhen ye ar gane.

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Will God I ſall not weir the ſiching bene,
Nor walk on nichttis, thocht ye haif wrocht me wrangis;
I lyk richt weill I latt your luve allane,
God be your gyd, als gud luve cumis as gangis.

[*Finis.*]

Ane vthir.

I luve and I ſay not,
I wald and I may not,
Ofcula ſi tibi det.
Bewar with wemens wrinkis,
Mony wylis hir vmbethinkis,
Me te diſcipiet.

[*Finis.*]

Ane of the warſt that evir was in erd
Was Gezabell, as ſtoryis makis mentioun,
For in the Bybill ye may baith ſee and heird;
Full mony haly proffeit[1] ſcho pote doun,
And wrocht the pepill grit confuſioun;
Syne ſilly Nabot for his wyneyard ſcho ſlew,
Yit drank the doggis hir blude and banis gnew.

Finis.

Thocht all the wod vnder the hevin that growis Fol. 258. b.
War crafty pennis convenient to wryte,
And all the ſie vndir the lift that flowis
War changeit in ynk and that wer infynyt,
And the erd maiſt pleſand paper quhyt;
All the men wer wryttaris that evir tuik lyfe

[1] MS. has *poffeit*.

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Cowld not wryt the fals diſſaitfull diſpyt,
And wicketnes contenit in a wyfe.

[*Finis.*]

Ane vthir.

Gif all the erth war perchmene ſcribable,
Maid to the hand and all maner of wud
Wer hewit, and proportionat pennis able,
All watter ynk in dame or in flude,
And every man a perfyt ſcryb and guid,
The curſitnes and diſſet of wemen
Cowld not be ſchawin be the mene of pen.

[*Finis*] *quod* Chawcer.

The diuill is not to daly ſtryf
Compareſone to a wicket wyfe;
A womanis malice is ſo fell
Exceiddis all the devillis in hell;
Thair wordis, thair workis and thair ill tungis
Hes cawſit full mony brokin rungis.

[*Finis.*]

CCLXXIX.

[*This Work quha ſa ſall ſie or reid.*]

THIS work quha ſa ſall ſie or reid,
Of ony incongruitie do me not impeche,
Ordourly behuvis me firſt to proceid
In deductioun thairof, in maner of a leche[1]

[1] On the left margin is written *Chauſeir.*

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His patientis ſeiknes awchtis firſt to ſeiche,
The quhilk knawin, medecyne he ſowld apply,
And ſchortly as he[1] can ſchappin a remedy.

Richt ſo by counſale willing the to exhort,
O, yung man proſprus, quhilk dois abound
In thy flowris of luſt belongith on this ſort,
Me firſt to conſidder quhat is rut and ground
Of thy miſcheif, quhilk is planely found,
Woman ferſid with frawid and diſſait,
To thy confuſioun a moſt allectiue bait.

Fle the myſwoman leiſt ſcho the diſſaif, 15 Fol. 259. a.
This ſayis Salamon, quhilk taucht was fully
The falſheid of woman in his dayis to conſaif;
The lippis of a ſtrumpet bene ſueitar than huny,
Hir throt, he ſayis, ſowplid with oyll of flattry;
Howbeit the end and effect of all
Is bittirrer than ony wormewid or gall.

Fle the myſwoman, luving thy lyfe,
Ware the ſtrangeris bland eloquens;
Strange I call hir, that is nocht thy wyfe,
Off hir bewty haif no concupiſcens,
Hir countenance pretending benivolens;
Bewar hir ſignys and ay ſo amiable,
Hold it for ſerme thay bene diſſavable.

Lo, ane example quhat woman be,
In thair ſignys and countenans ſchortly;
I will ſchaw the ſow luvaris thre
Lovit on woman rycht inteirly;
Eche of thame knew vthiris maledy,
Quhairfoir wes all thair daly lawbour,
Quho culd approche moſt in hir favour.

[1] MS. has *be*.

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At ſindre ſeſſonis as ſortoun requyrith,
Seueraly thay come to ſe hir weilfair,
Bot onis it appinit that luve thame ſo fyrith,
To ſe thair lady thay all wald nocht ſpair;
Off vthiris cuming non of thame wes wair,
Till all thay met, quhair as thay in place
Off thair lady ſaw the deſyrit face.

To ſupper ſett, full ſmally thay eit,
Full ſobir and demure in contenance,
For thair tareid non of thame for ony meit,
Bot on his lady to gife attendance,
And in ſecreit wayſe to gife ſignyfians
Off luſe to haif, quhiche perſaving ſche,
Fetly executit thus hir propirtie.

In dew ſeſſone as ſcho all wayis eſpyid,
Every thing to execut conveniently,
Hir on luver firſt freyndly ſcho eyid,
The ſecound ſcho offerit the cup courteſly,
The thrid ſcho gaif takin ſecreitly,
Vndirneth the burde ſcho tred on his ſute,
Thruch his entrellis taklid the hart rute.

By your leif, mycht I heir aſk a queſtioun
Off yow, my maiſteris, that ſew luvis trace? Fol. 259. b.
To yow lykly belongith the ſolutioun.
Quchich of theis thre ſtoid now in grace?
Cleirly to anſchueir ye wald aſk long ſpace;
The matir is dowtfull and opinable,
To acertane yow I will my ſelf vnable.

Off the foirſaid thre my ſelf wes on,
No man can anſueir it bettir than I;
Hertly of ws luvit wes thair non,
Bot Wattis pak we bur all by and by;

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Quhilk at laſt I my ſelf can eſpy,
And as I thocht tyme than I leſt the dance;
O, thochtfull hairt, grit is thy grevance.

Quhairfoir the wyſeman dois the adwyſe,
In quhois wordis can be fund no leſing,
With the ſtranger to ſit in no wayiſs;
Quhilk is nocht thy wyfe fall nocht in clepping
With hir, bot be war eik of hir kiſſing;
Keip with hir at wyn no alteratioun,
Leſt than thyn hart fall by inclinatioun.

Finis quod Chauſeir.[1]

CCLXXX.

[*Bruthir, be wyiſs, I reid yow now.*

BRUTHIR, be wyiſs, I reid yow now,
With ladeis, gif it happynis yow,
That welth no way your wit mak blind;
Obey and for the bettir bow;
Remembir quhatt ma cum behind.

Thocht ye be flowand in the rege
Off freſche yowtheid and grene curage,
And lycht as ony leif on lynd,
And he extold in Venus ſtege,
Remembir quhat ma cum behind.

Suppoiſs that lufe be naturall,
And in yowtheid moſt principall,
Ryn nocht our far in to the wind,
At thy fute thocht thow haif the ball;
Remembir quhat ma cum behind.

[1] *Chauſeir* has been afterwards written in.

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Thocht thow be ſterk as Herculeſs,
Sampſone, Hector or Achilleſs,
Be forſs thocht thow may lowſs and bynd
Pentagora to preif in preſs,
Remember quhat ma cum behind.

Ane vthir thing I do the ſay; Fol. 260. a.
Preif nevir thy pith ſo far in play,
That thow forthink that thow come ind,
And mvrn quhen thow no mendis may;
Remembir quhat ma cum behind.

Thocht thow be wyiſs as Salamone,
Or fair of feir as Abſolone,
Or riche as Cryſes out of kynd,
Or princis peir Ipomedone,
Remembir quhat ma cum behind.

Gif thow be wyiſs ſo is thair mo,
Gif thow be ſtark thair is alſo,
Gife thow be gude gud ſall thow fynd,
Gif thow be ill thow fyndis thy ſo;
Remember quhat ma cum behind.

Thus ſall thow ſtand in no degre
Sover ferout perplexitie;
Thocht thow be nevir ſo noble of kynd,
Nor gre ſo grit of dignitie,
Remembir quhat ma cum behind.

In all thy doingis haif gud ſkill,
Continew in gude, reforme the ill,
Do ſo that dolour ma be dynd;
Thuſs may thow think, gif that thow will,
Off gud and ill quhat cumis behind.

[*Finis*] *quod* Sir Johine Moffett.

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CCLXXXI.

[*My Luve was fals and full of Flattry.*]

MY luve was fals and full of flattry,
With cullerit leſingis full of dowbilneſs;
Quhen that ſcho ſpak, hir toung was wonder ſle,
With fals ſemblance and fenyeit humylneſs,
And inconſtance payntit with ſteidfaſtneſs;
Hir frane was cwverit with ane piteous face,
Quhilk was the cauſs that oft I cryd allace.

Scho luvit ane vdir bettir than ſcho luvit me;
Betuix thame twa thay draif me to grit ſkorne,
For it that I tald hir in priuitie,
Scho tald it to hir luve vpoun the morne,
And ſa betuix thame twa I gat the horne;
Yit I cowld nocht perſaif thair fals conſait,
Becauſs thrucht birnand luſt I was growin blait.

The ſkorne that I gatt micht bene maid ane farſs,
Quhilk excedit the ſkorne of Abſolone,
Quhen the hett culter wes ſchott in his herſs,
Be clerk Nicolus and his luve Alleſone,
As Canterberry Tailis makis mentioun; Fol. 260. b.
Yit I ſuſpekkit nocht bot ſcho wes trew,
Bot I wes all begylit, quhilk ſair I rew.

Yung Pirance the ſone of Erle Dragabald,
Was dirlit with luſe of fair Meridiane;
Scho promeſt him hir luve evin as he wald,
And in ane ſecreit place gart him remane,
Blawand ane kandill be art magicane,
In froſt and ſnaw quhill daylicht on the morne;
Bot my fillok did me far grittar ſkorne.

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Virgill, quhilk was prudent, graif and ſaige,
Waſs lichtleit be his luve without remeid,
And ſor diſpyt ſcho hang him in ane caige;
And Arriſtotill quhilk diuerſs doctrynis maid,
His lady patt ane brydill in his heid;
Bot all thay ſkornis can nocht comparit be,
Till half the ſchame that my luve gart me dre.

Siclyk ſcho wald, be grit ſubtilitie,
Reſſaif ſra me luve drwreiſs belt and ring,
And than with thay ſame giftis offir wald ſche
Hir paramour, and lait him want no thing;
Vpoun the morne the ſame ringis he wald bring,
And weir thame ſor diſpyt beſoir my face,
To gar me ken he was mair in hir grace.

God wait quhat wo had Troyelus in deid,
Quhen he beheld the belt, the broch and ring,
Hingand vpoun the ſpeir of Diomeid,
Quhilk Troyellus gaif to Creſſeid in luve taikning;
On that ſame ſort ſcho did to me maling,
For tha gifts that I gaſe till hir all hour,
With thame ſcho did poſſes hir paramour.

Bot quhan ſcho was in to neceſſitie,
Than flattir me ſcho wald with woirdis ſair;
Ane ſenyeit teir ſcho wald thriſt ſra hir e,
Lyk as ſor luve of me ſcho wald ſorſair;
Hir ſenyeit wo did ſop my hart with cair,
Than pety gart me grant till hir deſyre,
Becauſs the luve brunt me lyk the bald[1] ſyre.

So day be day ſcho plaid with me buk hud,
With mony ſkornis and mokkis behind my bak,
Hir ſubtill wylis gart me ſpend all my gud,

[1] The firſt letter of this word can only be conjectured.

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Quhill that my clayis grew threidbair on my back;
My vane perſut gart me vin ſchame and lak,
Quhill fra ſic foly my hart dois now refrane;
The devill reſſaue me and I doid agane.

Finis quod Weddirburne.

CCLXXXII.

[*Thir Ladyis fair, that makis Repair.*]

THIR ladyis fair, that makis repair, Fol. 261. a.
And in the court ar kend,
Thre dayis thair, thay will do mair,
Ane mater for till end,
Than thair gud men will do in ten,
For ony craft thay can,
So weill thay ken, quhat tyme and quhen,
Thair menes thay ſowld mak than.

With littill noy, thay can convoy
Ane mater fynaly,
Richt myld and moy, and keip it coy,
On evyns quyetly.
Thay do no miſs, bot gif thay kiſs,
And keipis collatioun,
Quhat rek of this? thair mater is
Brocht to concluſioun.

Wit ye weill, thay haif grit ſeill,
Ane mater to ſoliſt,

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Treſt as the ſteill, ſyne nevir a deill
Quhen thay cum hame ar miſt.
Thir lairdis ar, methink, richt far
Sic ladeis behaldin to,
That ſa weill dar go to the bar,
Quhen thair is ocht ado.

Thairfoir I reid, gif ye haif pleid,
Or mater in to pley,
To mak remeid, ſend in your ſteid,
Your ladeis grathit vpgay.
Thay can defend, evin to the end,
Ane mater furth expreſs;
Suppois thay ſpend, it is vnkend,
Thair geir is nocht the les.

In quyet place, thocht thay haif ſpace,
Within leſs nor twa howris,
Thay can, percaice, purchefs ſum grace,
At the compoſitouris.
Thair compoſitioun, with full remiſſioun,
Thair ſynaly is endit,
With expeditioun and full conditioun,
Thair ſeilis ar to pendit.

Alhaill almoiſt, thay mak the coiſt, Fol. 261. b.
With ſobir recompens,
Richt littill loiſt, thay get indoiſt,
Alhaill thair evidens.
Sic ladyis wyiſs, thay ar to pryis,
To ſay the veretie,
Swa can devyiſs, and not ſuppryiſs
Thame, nor thair honeſtie.

Finis quod Dumbar.

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CCLXXXIII.

[*The Vſe of Court richt weill I knaw.*]

THE vſe of court richt weill I knaw,
That ladeis ar ſolifteris of the law;
At hame remanis the ſilly lairdis,
And ſendis thair wyvis behind the yerdis,
Weill ſtuffit with mony and rewairdis,
To forder thair eirandis fra nicht ſaw.

In cloikis thay cum full quyet cled,
And rownis to haif thair mater ſped;
Thay gif no buddis,
Bot on thair luddis,
Thay get grit ſkuddis,
In nakit bed.

Bot neuirtheles the laird mon fyne,
For all hir menis, ane tun of wyne;
His wyfe cumis hame baith wyd and vſit,
Bot yit mon hald hir excuſit,
And fynaly the folkis that duiſſit,
Denyis and lachis thame to hethinge ſyne.

The laird mvrnis quhen he ma not mendit,
His wyfe jaippit, his ſilver ſpendit,
And all hir labor turnit in vane,
Bot ay the leddy ſayis full plane,
That ſcho mon to the court agane,
Or ellis the ply will not be endit.

Hir buclar bord and all[1] backwart borne,
And all hir cauiſs is quyt forlorne;

[1] The *all* is perhaps deleted.

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Vp gettis hir wame,
Scho thinkis no ſchame,
For to bring hame,
The laird a horne.

Finis.

Ballatis aganis Evill Wemen.

Fol.262.a.

CCLXXXIV.

[*The beiſtly Luſt, the furius Appetyt.*]

THE beiſtly luſt, the furius appetyt,
The haiſty wo, the verry grit defame,
The blind diſcretioun, the hatrent and diſpyte
Of wemen kynd that dreidis for no ſchame,
That ſettis at nocht God nor manis blame,
Thair luſtis ſo hes nvreiſt thame but dreid,
That all thair treſt is thair god Cupeid.

The luſtyeſt lady that natur can devyiſs,
Thocht ſcho haif mony femely ſervitour,
Yit ſall ye ſe hir ſuddanly inclyne,
To tak ane crukit crippill criateur,
Quhilk formit is ane owill be nateur;
Sic is thair werd, thairfoir quha ſowld thame wyte,
Thair beiſtly luſt and furius appetyte.

And ſen thir clerkis awld wret in to thair ſtylis,
To yungar folk and thair ſucceſſioun,

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For to eſchew the malice and the wylis,
Of wemen quhilk ar our oppreſſioun,
Thir folkis wyiſs of gud diſcretioun
Hes teichit ws quhat ſkaithis and offens,
That wemen dois be cullourit eloquens.

And poſſible war in till ane cumly corſs,
Wyiſs Salamons wit and his hie ſapience,
Arriſtotillis clergy, Sampſonis ſtrenth and forſs,
Hectoris proves and Achillis excellence;
Yit wemen ſowld with wylie influence
Cawiſs all thir vertewis to be of non availl,
With thair ſle ſerpent wrinkis and ſals taill.

So dengerus, deir, diſſavable, full of diſdane,
So ſenyeit, fals and with ſo littill ſeir,
And quhair thay go thay beir the ſlaik ſtane;
Go follow thame, quha liſt vnlawty leir,
Secreit invy and of diſpyt the ſpeir;
With wemen evill it gois all quyt for evir,
Quhilk ſowld ws lerne fra ſubteill huris diſſevir.

Finis.

CCLXXXV.

[*Devyce, Proves and eik Humilitie.*]

DEVYCE, proves and eik humilitie, Fol. 262. b.
That madyns had in everilk wyiſs
Transformit is in ſerpentis crewaltie;

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Fra thay in warld be weddit trewth ſo tryiſs,
No manis wit to wounder ma ſuffyiſs;
Quhair ar becum thir madynis myld as mvde;
Of thir wyvis ar non now fundin gude?

O, madinheid, of vertew nobilleſt,
Flurriſſing in joy and perfyte lawlineſs,
O, wyſheid, wareit all vthiris wicketteſt,
The moder of vice and hairtis hie diſtreſs,
Diſtroyaris of realmis and cuntreis, as I geſs,
That all this warld hes brocht to confuſioun
Begunnyn was thruche thy perſwaſioun.

Exampillis ar how thyne iniquitie
Ouircum hes wiſdome and ſtrenth of hand:
By Salamone the firſt may provit be,
Wyſeſt but weir in warld that evir was levand;
His grit wiſdome micht not aganis the ſtand;
Thow gart him ar in his lattir eild,
Declyne fra God and to thi mandments yeild.

Sampſone the ferſs, ſtrangeſt that evir was borne
Of manly [forſe[1]], throw the diſtroyit was,
Boith his ene blindit and eik ſorlorne;
Dauid that ſlew the gyand Golias;
And mony mo quhilk heir over paſs,
Now to reherſs for laik of tyme and wit,
And labour grit quhilk will me nocht permit.

Thow diuillis member, thow curſid homecyd,
Thow tegir tene, fulfillit of birnyng fyre,
Thow vnſteidfaſt, gevin ay to luſt and pryd,
Thow cokkatrice that, with ſicht of thyne yre,
Effrayit hes full mony gudly ſyir,
Quhilk eſtirwart in warld ha[d] no pleſance;
Grit God, I pray the tak on thame vengeance.

[1] This word, evidently wanting, is taken from David Laing's reprint of *Chepman & Myllar's* Collection, Edin. 1508.

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Grit was the luſt that thow had for to ſang
The fruct vetite, throw thi ill counſaling
Thow gart mankynd conſent to do that wrang,
Diſpleiſs his God and brek his hie bidding,
As Haly Writ beiris ſuthfaſt witneſſing;
Thairfoir thow frome the joy of paradyce,
And thy offſpring, was baneiſt for that vyce.

Fol. 263. a.

Bot than in madinheid was our firſt remeid,
And frome the hevin our Haly Fader ſent
The Second Perſone ſyne in a godheid,
To tak mankynd than of the Virgin gent,
Cleir of corſs and clenar of intent,
Quhilk buir the Barne that coverit ws frome cair,
Scho beand virgin clenar than ſcho war.

Finis quod Chawſeir.

CCLXXXVI.

[*O wicket Wemen, wilfull and variable.*]

O wicket wemen, wilfull and variable,
Richt fals, feckle, fell and frivolus,
Dowgit, diſpytfull, dour and diſſavable,
Vnkynd, crewall, curſt and covettus,
Ouirlicht of laitis, vnleill and licherus,
Turnit fra trewth and taiclit with treichery,
Vnferme of faith, fulfillit of fellony.

O ſtowt, ſtif, ſtandfra and vnſtable,
Vnmeik but meſur and malitius,

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Angry, awſtern, and till all evillis able,
Skornand, ſkaithfull, ſkald and moſt ſklandrus,
Gredy, not gude, grym, gray and vngratius,
Noyus but neid and full of iniquitie,
Vngentill, ingeit and full of joleſie.

Als terne as tygir, of tung vntollerable,
O thow violent virago vennemouſs,
Blaſterand, bald, brym and abhominable,
Ourperte, reprevable,[1] peirles and perrellous,
Evill criſtiane vnknawin, crafty and cawtelus,
Vncheſt, evill choſin and all but cheretie,
Mellit with miſdeid and all menſworne ar ye.

Finis quod Chauceir.

CCLXXXVII.

Aganis Mariage of evill Wyvis.

Fol. 263. b.

THANKIT be God and his appoſtillis twelf,
I haif bene ſo weill fortunat in my lyfe,
In to this warld in pleſance be my ſelf,
To leif at eiſs but ſorrow of ane wyfe.
No woundir thocht thair huſbandis hairtis ryfe,
For all the day he neidis no ill to borrow;
Diſſeiſs, chyding, ſo haldis ſcho faſt the knyfe,
Meit at his cheik ay ſorgit ſcherp with ſorrow.

For be ſcho riche ony thing at eiſs,
Than will ſcho ſay that ſcho and throw hir kin,
So ſane ſcho wald hald him in to diſeiſs,
He wynnis richt nocht bot ſcho hes brocht it in.

[1] MS. has *reprevivable.*

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Than is ſcho blyith quhen he is in his ſkin,
Bowdin ſor baill, lyik to a beiſt wald birſt;
Now is it nocht a ſoly to begin,
To cheiſs a lyif of all the warld the werſt?

And bring he in ane hundreth pund of guid,
Scho and hir yung wenchis two or thre,
Ane ſtane of woll thay mak with coiſtis ruid,
And God wait how forſett[1] thay all wilbe.
Fals churle, quod ſcho, my quheil vphaldis the,
Cherryis my wemen and pay thame weill thair hyre;
Than dummy ſtandis with teir in to his ee,
Wald ſcho and quheill war all in till a fyre.

I can not tell the torment and the pyne
Of thame that puttis thair nek this yok to draw;
Full oft he feilis the brod and dar not quhryne,
With anger ſmart than gan his hairt ouirthraw.
Lyk to ane quhelp to cowche will beir him law,
Than is he baith hir ſchervand and hir knaiſ;
Now is it not a wicket ſeid to ſaw,
Of quhilk no grace nor fruct a man ſall haiſ?

Quhen I was yung I luvit parramouris,
Ane luſty maid fulfillit of all pleſance,
And luve me ſett ſa far in aventour, 35 Fol. 264. a.
All maiſt fra grace and gudly govirnance.
Bot God provydit bettir for my chance,
Quhairfoir, ye ladyis, be not with me wreth,
For ſickerly thair is no differance
Betuix the gallowis and the ſpowſing claith.

Off weddit men as now I ſay na mair,
I leif in eiſs and latt thame leif in ſorrow;
Thair obſervance is angir, pyne and cair,
So ſall thay feill I find thame God to borrow.

[1] MS. has *ſorſet*.

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O, blisfull God, how mony lusty morrow
Thow hes me granttit in Appryll, June and May;
Ane hard weird was laid the man a forrow,
That all his tyme had nevir a mirry day.

Finis.

CCLXXXVIII.

Commonyng betuix the Mester and the Heure.

LORD God, my hairt is in distres,
And wrappit full of havines,
And I, as wofull presoneir,
Gois walking vp and doun in weir.
My lady will not on me blent,
That movis me maist in myne entent,
Daly in point to fall in swoun,
Ay sen the court come to the toun.

I said to hir, My darling deir,
My luve, my hairt and all my cheir,
The conforting of all my cair,
Quhen pleisis yow I mak repair.
Tell me your mynd and nothing lane,
My hairt with yow sall ay remane;
In to myne eir than cowld scho roun,
Byd quhill the court be of the toun.

I said to hir, My speciall luve,
My mynd sra yow sall nevir rem[u]ve;
Scho anschuerit me, bot not displesit,
At this tyme ye ma not be eisit.

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I ſichet than and ſaid, Allace, Fol. 264. b.
Can ye not fynd na tyme or place,
Quhair I may quitly lay yow doun?
Na not quhill court be of the toun.

Quhy ſa ye ſo, my awin ſweit thing?
Knaw ye not weill and I war king,
That I wald evir yow pleſour do,
And daly reddy thairvnto,
Evir with[1] yow for to remane,
Sowld ye not play the counter pane?
Scho ſaid to me, Ga glaik yow, loun,
The court is new cum to the toun.

Than ſaid I, with ane dolerus mone,
Ye brek my hairt, my bony one;
My travell I may think ill ſett,
Gif I no mair kyndnes yit gett.
Ye gart me trow, or thay war gane,
Ye lovit me beſt of any ane;
Quhat ailis yow now for to luik doun,
Becauſs the court is in the toun?

I ſaid, My hairt, not yow to greve,
Sa ſone I will not taik my leve;
To me ye ſowld not be vnkynd,
My hony, my joy, remord your mynd.
I hald me ſpeçiall for your man,
With all the ſcherwice that I can;
Now grant me this, my birdy broun,
Na byd quhill court be of the toun.

Ga hyne, quod ſcho, methink ye vary,
Ourlang with tratlingis me ye tary;
Now yit my langour for to leſs,
My gentill jo, gif me a kiſs.

[1] A *With* begins the line, but ſhould evidently have been deleted when the ſecond *with* was written in.

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It is ourlait to ſchute me owte,
Thane byd and tak your ſait abowt;
Ye ſalbe ſervit for a croun,
Howbeit the court be in the toun.

Thus I ouirdraif fra day to day,
To ſpy quhen court ſowld gone away, Fol. 265. a.
Quhill of hir luve my langour was gane,
I had provydit ane bonyar ane:
Syne met hir I ſpak with beſoir,
Weill pleſtert vp in the glengoir,
Quha had bene flamet and new laid doun,
Lang or the court yeid of the toun.

Finis.

CCLXXXIX.

Off Luve.

LUVE that is het can no ſkill,
Luve that is cald can be ſtill,
Luve that is peure wat mekle pyne,
Luve that is riche is eich to tyne,
Luve with denger is deir bocht,
Luve that chaingis dow richt nocht,
Luve that is trew leſtis ay,
Luve that is fals wenttis away.

[*Finis.*]

Ane vthir.

Sum man luvis for leill luve and delyte,
And vthir ſum for rentis and renoun;

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Sum man luvis for gold and ſiluer quhyt,
And vthir ſum in way of ſaluatioun;
And ſum manis luvis be wey of deſtructioun,
Oure all the laive that is the werſt I wene.
Luve God our all, thy nichbour nixt eſteme.

[*Finis.*]

CCXC.

[*Furth ouer the Mold at Morrow as I ment.*]

FURTH ouer the mold at morrow as I ment,
Withowttin feir, to tak the helſum air,
I ſaw ane berne abbydying on the bent,
Toward the place quhair I paſt to repair;
His freche effeir maid all the feildis fair.
I was agaſt to paſs in his preſence,
Nocht knawing how to do till him reverence.

Bot neuirtheles I had ſo hett deſyre, Fol. 265. b.
For to haif knawin quhat perſone it ſowld be,
I went annone to him for till inquyre,
With cap in hand, firſt kneland on my kne.
On guid maner agane he ſalute me,
And ſaid, My freind, cum ſet yow doun me by,
Wylcome ye bene to beir me cumpany.

To mak reherſall of his riche array,
Or for to blaſone his abilyement,
Sowld tyne the tyme and dryve away the day,
Thairfoir I think it not expedient;
For I wald ſchaw yow ſchortly myne entent;

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I ſperit his name and he ſaid, Panderus,
That ſumtyme ſervit the gud knycht Troyelus.

I ſaid to him, Schir, gife ye be Pandarus,
Glaidly of yow I wald haif commonyng,
Queſtionis of luve that can ye weill diſcus,
Thairfoir wald I inquyre of yow a thing;
To ſpeik of luve ſuppois I be not ding,
I pray yow, ſchir, fra me ye nocht conceill,
Quhen ladeis to thair luvaris ſalbe leill.

Pandarius.

He ſaid, My ſone, your queſtioun is obſcure,
Bot gif I can, I ſall it ſone declair.
In all Egipt quhen non is fundin peure,
And in to Rome ar fund no wrangus air,
Quhen that no woman deſyris to be fair,
And quhen the law leiffis no man to appeill,
Than ladyis to thair luvaris ſalbe leill.

Quhen that no fiſche is fundin in the flude,
And malt and meill ar maid withottin millis,
And quhen the bak aboundis in to blude,
Moir than the hair that rynnis to the hillis, Fol. 266. a.
And quhen that wemen yarnis not thair willis,
And mvſſill ſchellis gevis moir money than meill,
Than ladeis to thair luvaris ſalbe leill.

Quhen firn flurichis and beiris gude frute,
And gud reid wyne growis on the roddyne treis,
And on the hadder growis the haſſill nvte,
Hony and walx ar maid but werk of beis,
And the falcoun can fang no fowle bot fleis,
And quhen the theivis thinkis ſchame to ſteill,
Than ladyis to thair luvaris ſalbe leill.

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I ſaid [to] him, Sir, that tyme may nevir cum,
That thir foirſpokkin thingis may be trew;
And he ſaid, Nay, thay ſalbe all and ſum;
Seurly afoir the queſtioun thow me ſchew;
Heirfoir, my freind, as for this tyme, adew,
Heir to remane na langer is me lent;
Furth ouir the mold at morrow thus I went.

Finis quod Stewart.

CCXCI.

Ane vthir Ballat of Vnpoſſibiliteis compaird to the Trewth of Wemen in Luve.

QUHEN that the mone hes dominatioun
Aboif the ſone in mydis of ſomeris day,
Quhen Abirdene and Air ar baith a toun,
And Tweid ſall turne and rynnis in to Tay,
And quhen the Baſs fleittis to the Yle of May,
Quhen parradyce is quyt of hevinly hew,
Scho quhome I luve ſall ſteidfaſt be and trew.

Quhen that in June in ſeſſone is the oiſter,
Till all mennis meit and fiſche ar nocht in ſee,
And quhen invy is flemit owt of cloiſter,
And fiſche with ſynnis can in the firmament fle; Fol. 266. b.
Quhen lichtleit ar leiſingis and luvit is lawtie,
And Ingliſche tungis tranſlaitit ar in grew,
Scho quhome I luve ſall ſteidfaſt be and trew.

At midſyumer quhen froſſin is the feild,
And Februar flwreiſt with all flowris,
And quhen the hound levis the hairis feild,

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Quhen fynall end is maid of all labowris;
Quhen tyme is recknit withowttin ony houris,
And quhen the taid eitis nothing bot the rew,
Scho quhome I luve ſall ſteidfaſt be and trew.

Quhen evirilk cuntry, land and regioun,
At ane accord ar ſett but varience,
Quhen wrangus deidis neidis no reformatioun;
Quhen yre but meſure and alſo grit conſtance
In a perſone ar jonit with temperance,
Quhen the reid roſe of natur becumis blew,
Scho quhome I luve ſall ſteidfaſt be and trew.

Quhen that the ſchip may ſicker ſaill but ſteir,
Quhen men beis borne to byid heir immortall,
Quhen glaſs and gold allyk ar fundin deir,
And every lord ſettis land but ferme or male,
And quhen als ſwyft as ſwallow beis the ſnale,
Quhen Troy agane is biggit fair and new,
Scho quhome I luve ſall ſteidfaſt be and trew.

Finis.

CCXCII.

Ane vthir Ballat of Vmpoſſibiliteis.

QUHEN Phebus in to the weſt ryſis at morrow,
And in the eiſt gois doun beſoir the nicht,
And quhen the mirk mone miſteris nocht to borrow
At the bricht ſone nowder hait nor licht;
Quhen Saturne is warme and Venus wicht,
And quhen all gilt is of this warld ago,
Than ſall my lady luve me and no mo.

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Quhen that I may governe Appryll fra ſhowris, Fol. 267. a.
And Fabruar fra froſt and fellone flawis,
And May to burgeoun herbis fair and flowris,
And ſtay wyſemen to ſtudy on the lawis,
And vane janglaris to be but dowbill ſawis,
And jeloſy to be no luvaris ſo,
Than ſall my lady luve me and no mo.

Quhen the Ochellis ar flittit over the ferry,
And Loch Levin rynnis over the eiſt Lowmond,
And gud wyne growis on the brwmill berry,
And Tay and Tweid ar temit to the grund,
And bellis quhen thay ar rungin hes no ſound,
And quhen the wind is ſtable, and ſtill ſtandis ſo,
Than ſall my lady luve me and no mo.

Quhen that Forth turnis and rynnis to the hill,
And everilk moſs ar maid in gude domane,
And quhen the ſie will nathir eb nor fill,
And all montanis ar turnit in to plane,
Quhen forſſy fluiddis ryſis for no rane,
And quhen gud corne growis ryp withowttin ſtro,
Than ſall my lady luve me and no mo.

Quhen bairnis and birdis thair willis yairnis no deill,
And wemen ar ſett to ſay no man a miſs,
And quhen ſals fortoun movis not hir quheill,
And men may conqueiſs kindomis with a wiſs,
Quhen Hevin is tome and Hell is full of bliſs,
And quhen the riche for ſufficience ſayis ho,
Than ſall my lady luve me and no mo.

Finis.

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CCXCIII.

[*My Hairt is gone, Confort is none.*]

MY hairt is gone, confort is none,
To luve I may complene,
That to haif luvit and be refuſit,
And na trewth fund agane.

My luve quhilk I hes ſcheruit trewly, 5 Fol. 267. b.
With hairt and all my micht,
So hecht ſcho me trew for to be,
Tharto hir faith ſcho plicht.

Sen trewth is nocht in wemen wrocht,
Bot fals vnſtabilnes,
I ſall thame ay diſpyt alway,
And thame ſet by the les.

My lady fair, quhilk that this cair
Into my hairt hes wrocht;
Promittit me trew for to be,
In word, in deid and thocht.

Credence I gaif aboif the laif,
Vnto that frely fair,
Bot now I may diſpone alway,
At hir falſheid to lair.

Eftir that fre I fay for me,
Quhill that I leif on lyfe;
Ful fals of fay, both nicht and day,
I ſall hald maid and wyfe.

Ye men that ar in luſty fare,
And thinkis luvaris to be,

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Behald and heir, ellis at thame leir,
For to be fals and fle.

Sett not your luve on thame abuve,
Bot as ye fynd cawſs is,
For and thay ſie that trew ar yie,
Thay will grow wyld I wiſs.

And fickilnes war tynt, I geſs,
And all diſtroyit trow I,
In to this grund it ſowld be fund,
In wemen by and by.

I tak my leif all in a greif
At hir that is vntrew,
Both nicht and day I ſing and ſay,
Adew, fals luve, adew.

Finis.

CCXCIV.

[*Ane aigit Man twyſs fourty Yeiris.*]

ANE aigit man twyſs fourty yeiris, Fol. 268. a.
Eftir the halydayis of Yule,
I hard him ſay, amangis the freiris
Of ordour gray, makand grit dule,
Rycht as he wer a ſowriuſs ſule;
Oft ſyiſs he ſicht, and ſaid, Allace,
Be Chryſt, my cair ma nevir cule,
That evir I ſcherwit mowth thankleſs.

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Throcht ignorance and ſoly yowth,
My preterit tyme I wald nevir ſpair,
Pleſans to put in to that mowth,
Quhill eild ſaid, Fule, latt be thy fair.
And now my heid is quhyt and hair,
For feding of that fowmart face,
Quhairfoir I mvrn bayth laitt and air,
That evir I ſcherwit mowth thankleſs.

Gold and ſiluer that I micht gett,
Brochis, beiſandis, robbis and ringis,
Frely to giſe I wald nocht lett,
To pleiſs tha mullis, attour all thingis.
Rycht as the ſwan for ſorrow ſingis
Beſoir hir deid ane littill ſpace,
Rycht ſo do I, and my handis wringis,
That evir I ſcheruit mowth thankleſs.

Bettir it war ane man to ſerf,
With wirchep and honour vndir a ſcheild,
Nor hir to pleiſs, thocht thow ſowld ſterf,
That will nocht luke on the in eild.
Fra that thow haiſ no hair to heild
Thy heid fra harmyng that it heſs,
Quhen pen and purſs and all is peild,
Tak thair a meiſs of mowth thankleſs.

And in example it may be ſene,
The grund of trewth quha vndirſtude,
Fra in thy bag thow beir thyne ene,
Thow gettis no grace bott for thy gud.
At Venus cloſet for to conclude,
Call ye nocht thiſs ane kankert caiſs?
Now God help, and the Haly Rude,
And keip all man fra mowth thankleſs.

Fol. 268. b.

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O, brukill yowth, in tyme behald,
And in thyne hairt thir wirdis graif,
Or thy complexioun gadder cald,
Amend thy miſs thy ſelf to ſaif,
The hevynis bliſs gif thow wilt haif,
And of thy gilt remit and grace.
All this I hard ane auld man raif,
Eftir the Yule, of mowth thankleſs.

[*Finis*] *quod* Kennedy.

Follows Ballatis of the Prayiſs of Wemen, and to the Reproche of vicious Men.

The Thrid Pairt of Luve, to the Reproche of ſals, vicius Men, and Prayiſs of guid Wemen.

CCXCV.

[*Allace, ſo ſobir is the Micht.*]

ALLACE, ſo ſobir is the micht Fol. 269. a.
Of wemen for to mak debait,
Incontrair menis ſubtell ſlicht,
Quhilk ar fulfillit with diſſait.
With treſſone ſo intoxicait
Ar mennis mowthis at all houris,
Quhome in to treſt no woman wait;
Sic perrell lyis in paramouris.

Sum ſueris that he luvis ſo weill,
That he will de without remeid,
Bot gife that he hir freindſchip feill,

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That garris him ſic langour leid.
And thocht he haif no doubt of ſpeid,
Yit will he ſich and ſchaw grit ſchouris,
As he wald ſterſe in to that ſteid;
Sic perrell lyis in paramouris.

Athis to ſueir and giftis to hecht,
Moir than he hes thretty fold,
And for hir honour for to fecht,
Quhill that his blude be cumin cold,
Bot fra ſcho to his willis yold;
Adew, fair weill, thir ſomer flouris,
All growſs in glaſs that ſemit gold;
Sic perrell lyis in paramouris.

Than turnis he his ſaill annone,
And paſſis to ane vthir port,
Thocht ſcho be nevir ſo wo begone,
Hir cairis cauld ar his conſort.
Heirfoir, I pray, in termys ſchort,
Chryſt[1] keip thir birdis bricht in bowris
Fra fals luvaris and thair reſort;[2]
Sic perrell lyis in paramouris.

Finis quod Merſar.

CCXCVI.

Followis the Lettre of Cupeid.

CUPEID, vnto quhois commandiment
The gentill kinreid of the goddis ſa hye,
And peple infernall bene obedient,
And all mortall folk ſervin buſelye,

[1] MS. has *Crhyſt.* [2] MS has *refort.*

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Off the goddis ſone Sythera onlye;
To all thame that to our deitie
Bene ſubiectis, hairtty greting ſend we.

In generall we will that ye knaw, Fol. 269. b.
That ladyis of honour and of reuerens,
And vthir gentill wemen, having ſaw
Sic ſeid of complaynt in our audiens,
Of men that done thame outtrage and offens,
That it our eiris grevith for to heir,
So peteus is the effect of this mateir.

Paſſing all landis, on the littill yle
That clepid is Albione thay moſt complane;
Thay ſay that thair is crop and rute of gyle,
Sa can the men diſſymmill and fayne,
With ſtanding droppis in thair ene twayne,
Quhen that thair hairtis feilis no diſtreſs,
To blindyn wemen with thair dowbilneſs.

Thair wordis ſpokin be ſo ſichinglye,
With ſo peteus cheir and countenance,
That every wicht that menith trewlye
Demyſs that thay in hart haif ſic grevance;
Thay ſay ſo importable is thair pennance,
Bot, gif thair lady liſt to ſchaw thame grace,
Thay will annone ſtervin in that place.

Ah, lady myne, ſay thay, I yow inſure,
As I haif grace ſo ſall I evir be,
Quhill that my lyfe may leſt and indure,
To yow als hummill and law in ilk degre
As poſſible is, and keip all thingis as ſecre;
Rycht as your ſelf liſt that I do,
Or ells my hart I wald it briſt in two.

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Full hard it is to knaw a manis hairt,
For outward may no man the trewth deme,
Quhen word out of mowth may none ſtert,
Bot it by reſone ſemyd ilk wicht to queme,
So is it ſaid of hairt, as it wald ſeme,
O, faythfull woman, full of innocens,
Thow art diſſauid be fals apparens.

By proceſs movith oft womanis pete,
Wenyng all thingis wer thaiſs men ſay,
Thay grant thame grace of thair benignite,
For that men ſuld nocht for thair ſaik dey,
And with gud hairt dois ſett thame in the wey
Of bliſſfull lufe, keip it gife thay cone,
And thus vthir[1] wyle wemen bene ywone.

And quhen this man the pan hais by the ſteill,
And fully is in his poſſeſſioun,
With that woman cuvith he no moir to deill,
Eftir gife he may fynd in the toun
Ony woman his blind effectioun
Vnto beſtow, ewill mot he preve;
A man for all his othes is hard to beleve.

And for that every fals man hes a maik,
As vnto every wicht is licht to knaw,
Quhan this tratour this woman dois forſaik,
He faſt ſpedis him vnto his fellow.
Till he be thair his hairt is on a low,
His fals diſſait may him nocht ſuffyſe,
Bot of his treſſone tellith all the wyſe.

Is this a fair awaunt? is this honour?
A man accuſs him ſelf and ſo defame?
Is it goid to confeſs him ſelf a tratour,

Fol. 270. a.

[1] MS. has *vthir* deleted, and *with* inſerted. The 1542 edition of Chaucer has *otherwhyle*.

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And bring a woman to ſklanderouſs name,
And tell how he hir body hes done ſchame?
No wirſchep may he thus to him conquere,
Bot grit diſklandir vnto him and hir.

To hir, nay, yit wes it no repreſe,
For all for vertew was that ſcho wrocht;
Bot he that brewit hes all this miſcheif,
That ſpak ſo fair, and falſly inwart thocht,
His be the ſklandir, as it by reſſoun ocht,
And vnto hir thank perpetuall,
That in ſuche a neid help can ſo well.

All thocht throw menis ſlycht and ſubtelte,
A ſilly, ſymple and innocent woman
Betrayid is, nocht windir is ſen the citie
Of Troy, as the ſtory tell can,
Betrayid wes throw the diſſait of man,
And ſett on fyre and all doun owirthraw,
And ſynaly diſtroyit, as men knaw.

Betray not men citeis and grit kingis?
Quhat wicht is it can ſchaip remedy
Aganiſs thais falſly purpoſid thingis?
Quho can the craft ſuche craft to eſpy,
Bot man, quhois wit is evir reddy to apply
To thing that ſownyng in[1] to falſhed?
Woman, be wer of fals men, I red.

And forthirmoir hes thay men in vſage,
That quhair thay not lykly bene to ſpeid,
Sic as thay bene with a dowble viſage,
Thay procurin for to perſew thair neid; 95 Fol. 270. b.
He prayith him in his cauſs to proceid,
And lergly guerdonyth he his travaill;
Littill wot wemen how men thame aſſaill.

[1] MS. has *is*.

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Anothir wreche vnto his fallow faith,
Thow fiſcheifs fair, ſcho that the hes fyrid
Is fals, inconſtant and hes no faith;
Scho for the raid of folk is ſo deſyrid,
And as an horſs fro day to day ſcho is hyrid,
That quhen thow twynnifs fro hir cumpany
Cummes a nowthir, and blerit is thyne e.

Now pick on faſt and ryd thy jurney
Quhill thow art thair, for ſcho behind thy bak
So liberall is, ſcho will no thing withſay,
Bot ſmartly of a nothir tak a ſmak.
Thus farifs theis wemen all the pak;
Quho ſo thame treſtifs hangit mot thay be;
Evir thay diſſyre change and novelte.

Quhairof procedis this bot of invy,
For he him ſelf hir win na may;
He ſpeikith hir repreif and villany,
As manis bakbytting toung is wont alwey.
Thus diuerſs men full oft mak aſſay,
For to diſturb folk in ſyndre wyſe,
For thay may nocht obtene thair interpryſe.

Mony one eik wald for no gude,
That hes in luve his tyme ſpent and vſid;
Men wiſt that his lady his aſking withſtude,
Or that he wer of hir planely refuſid,
Or weſt in vane all that he had mvſid;
Quhairfoir he can none vthir remedy,
Bot on his lady ſchapis him to lie.

Every woman, he ſayith, is licht to get;
Can none ſay nay, gife ſcho be weill yſocht;
Quho ſo may layſir haif with hir to trete,

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Of his purpoiſs ſall he faill nocht,
Bot he on madneſs be ſo deip brocht,
That he ſchend all with oppin homelineſs,
That lovin wemen, thay dottin as I geſs.

To ſklandir wemen thus quhat may profeit
To gentilneſs, namely, that thame arme ſould
In defens of wemen and thame delyte,
As that the ordour of gentilneſs wold.
Gife that a gentill man liſt gentill to be hold,
He moſt all eſchew that thairto is contrary; Fol. 271. a.
A ſklandrouſs toung is his grit aduerſary.

A ſoule vyce is of tong to be licht,
For quho ſo muche clappis gabbith oft;
The toung of man ſo ſwyft is and ſo wicht,
That quhen it is rayſid vpon loft
Reſſone is ſchewin ſo ſlawly and ſoft,
That it him nevir ourtak may;
Lord, ſo thais men bene truſty in aſſay.

All beit that men fynd on woman nyce,
Inconſtant, rekleſs or variable,
Deignous,[1] prowd, fulfillit of malyce,
Without fayth or lufe and diſſavable,
Sle, queynt, fals, in all vntruſt culpable,
Wickit, ferſs or full of creweltie,
Yit follois nocht that ſic all wemen be.

Quhen the hie God angellis formyd had,
Among thame all wair, I ſpeir, none
That fundin wes malicius and bad?
Yis, all men watt thair wer mony one,
That for thair pryd fell fra the hevin annone;
Suld men thairfoir gife all angellis prowd name?
Nay, he that mereitis is to blame.

[1] The MS. has *Dengerous*, evidently a misreading by the copyist.

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Off twell apoſtolis one a tratour was,
The remenant yit gud wer and trew;
So gife it hap men fynd, percaiſs,
A woman fals, ſuche gude is to eſchew,
And deme nocht that thay all thairfoir be vntrew;
I ſe weill menis awin falſneſs
Thame cauſſis wemen for to truſt the leſs.

O, every man aucht haif a hairt tendir
Vnto a woman and deme hir honorable,
Quhithir his ſchap be thik or ſklendir,
Or he be gude or bad, it is no fable.
Every wicht wot, that wit hes reſſonable,
That of a woman he diſcendit is,
Than is it ſchame of hir to ſpeik a miſs.

A wicket tre gude fruct may none furth bring,
For ſuche the frute is as is the tre;
Tak heid of quhome thow tuke the begynnyng,
Lett thy muther be mirrour vnto the.
Honour hir gife thow wald honorit be; 180 Fol. 271. b.
Diſpyſs hir than not in no maner,
Leſt that thairby thy wickednes appere.

Ane auld prowerb ſaid is in Ingliſche,
That bird or fowll is full diſhoneſt,
Quhat evir he be, and hald full churliche,
That vſis to defoull his awin neſt.
Men to ſay weill of wemen it is beſt,
And nocht to diſpyſs thame nor depraue,
Gife thay will thair honour keip and ſaue.

The ladeis evir complene thame on clerkis,
That thay haif maid bukis of thair defame,
In quhilk thay diſpyſs wemen and thair werkis,

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And ſpeik of thame grit repreif and ſchame,
And cauſles gife thame a wicket name.
Thus thay diſpyſid be on euery ſyd,
Diſklanderid and blawin on out full wyd.

Tha ſary bukis makis mention,
How wemen betryit in ſpeciall
Adame, Dauid, Sampſone and Salamon,
And mony mo; quho may reherſs thame all,
The treſſone that thay haif done and ſall?
The warld thair malice may nocht comprehend,
As clerkis ſane, for it hes none end.

Ouid in his bukis, callit Remedy
Of Lufe, grit reprufe of wemen wrytiſs,
Quhairin, I trow, he did grit ſoly,
And every wicht that [in] ſic caiſſis delytiſs;
A clerkis cuſtome is, quhen he wrytiſs
Of wemen, be it proſe, rym or verſs,
Say thay be wicked, all knaw he the reuerſs.

And that buk ſcollaris lernid in thair chyldheid,
For thay of wemen bewar ſuld in age,
And to luve thame evir be in dreid,
Sen to diſſaif is ſett all thair curege;
Thay ſay of perrell men ſuld caſt the awantage,
Namely of ſic as men haif bene inwrappid,
For mony a man by wemen haif miſchappid.

No chairge is quhat theis clerkis ſane,
Of all thair wryting I do no cure,
All thair lawbour and travell is in vane,
For betwene me and my lady nature
Fol. 272. a.
Sall nocht be ſufferid quhill the warld indure;
Thus theis clerkis by their crewall tirrany
On ſilly wemen kythin thair maiſtry.

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Quhylome for mony of thame wer in my chene
Tyed and now for vnweildy aige,
And vnluſt may nocht to luve attane,
And ſane now that luſe is bot verry dotege.
Thus for thay thame ſelf lakin curege,
Thay ſolk excyt by thair wicked ſawis,
For to rebell aganis me and my lawis.

Bot mawgir thame that blame wemen moſt,
Suche is the forſs of myne impreſſioun,
That ſodanly I can feill thair boſt,
And all thair wrong imaginatioun.
It ſall nocht be in thair ellectioun
The fowleſt ſlute in all the toun to refuſe,
Gife that me liſt for all that thay can muſe.

Bot hir in hairt[1] as brynnyng deſyre,
As thocht ſcho wer a duches or a quene,
So can I folkis hairtis ſett on fyre,
And as me liſt ſend thame joy or tene.
Thay that to woman be quhet ſo kene,
My ſcharp perſing[2] ſtrokis how thay ſmyt
Sall feill, and knaw how thai do kerue and byt.

Per de, this clerk, this ſubteill Ouyde,
And mony ane vthir, diſſauit has be
Of wemen, as it is knawin full wyd,
That no man moir, and that is grit dente,
So excellent a clerk as wes he;
And vthir mo that coldin full weill preche,
Betrappid war, for oft that thay could teche.

And truſt ye weill that it is no mervell
For wemen knawin planely thair intent,
Thay wate how ſoftly thay can thame aſſaill,

[1] The MS. repeats *in hairt*. [2] *Perſing* is repeated in MS.

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And quhat ſalſheid thay in thair hairtis ment.
And thus tho clerkis in thair danger hent
With wennome an nother is diſtroyd,
And thus theis clerkis wer oftin annoyd.

Theis ladeis nor thir gentillis, nevirtheleſs,
Wer none of tho that wrocht in this wyſe,
Bot ſuche as wer vertewſleſs,
Thay quyttin thus theis auld clerkis wyſe.
To clerkis leſs ocht ſuffyſe,
Than to diſpraue wemen generally, 265 Fol. 272. b.
For wirchep ſall thay get none thairby.

Gife that theis men, that luveris thame pretend,
To wemen war faythfull, gude and trew,
And dred thame to diſſaif or to offend,
Wemen to luſe thame wald nocht eſchew.
Bot every day hes man ane harte new,
For it on ane can nocht abyd a quhyle.
Quhat forſs is it ſic ane to begyle?

Men beir eik wemen vpone hand,
That lichtly, and without ony pane,
Thay wemen be, thay can no wicht withſtand,
That his diſeiſs liſt to thame complene.
Thay be ſo fraill thay may thame nocht refrane,
That quho ſo lykis thay may thame lichtly haif,
So be thair hairtis eiſy in to graif.

To Maiſtir Johine de Mone, as I ſuppoiſs,
That it wes a lewd occupatioun,
In making of the Romant of the Roiſs,
So mony a ſle imaginnatioun
And perrellis for to rollin vp and doun,
The long proces ſo mony a ſlycht cautell,
For to diſſaif a ſilly dammoſell.

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Nocht can I ſay nor my wit comprehend,
That art, payne and ſubtelte ſuld faill,
For to conqueir and ſone mak ane end,
Quhan men a feble place ſall aſſaill;
And ſone alſo to winqueiſs a battell,
Of quhilk no wicht may mak reſiſtance,
Nor hairt hes none to mak ony defence.

Than mote follow of neceſſitie,
Sen art aſkis ſo grit ingyne and pane,
A woman to diſſaif quhat ſo ſcho be;
Off conſtance be thay nocht ſo barrane,
As that ſome of theis clerkis ſane,
Bot thay be as wemen ocht to be,
Sad, conſtant and fulfillit of petie.

How freindly wes Medea to Jaſone,
In conquering of the fleece of gold,
How falſly quit he hir trew affectioun,
By quhome victory he gat as he wold;
How may this man for ſchame be ſo bold,
To falſin hir that fra his deth and ſchame
Him ſaiſt, and gat him ſo grit pryſs and name.

Off Trowy alſo the tratour Eneas, Fol. 273. a.
The faithles aith how he him forſuore
To Dydo, the quene of Cartage waſs,
That him relevit of his ſmertis ſoir;
Quhat gentelneſs mycht ſcho do moir,
Than ſcho with hairt vnfenyeid to him kydde,
And quhat miſcheif to hir heirof eſtir betydde.

In my Legend of Naturis men may find,
Quho ſo lykis therin for to reid,
That aith nor beheſt may man bind,

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Off repruvable ſchame haif thay no dreid;
In manis hairt trewth hes no ſteid,
The ſoill is nocht, thair may no trewth grow,
To wemen namely it is nocht vnknow.

Clerkis ſane alſo thair is no malice
Vnto wemenis wicket crabbitneſs;
O woman, how ſall thow thy ſelf chywyce,
Sen men of the ſuche harme witneſs?
Bewar, wemen, of thair fikilneſs;
Keip thyne awin quhat men clap or crak,
And ſum of thame ſall ſmart, I vndirtak.

Mallyce of wemen, quhat is it to dreid?
Thay ſlay no man nor diſtroyis no ceteis,
Nor oppreſs folk nor ovirlaid,
Betray impyris, realmys or ducheſs;
Nor birnys[1] men, thair landis nor mees,
Enpuſone folk nor houſſis ſett on fyre;
Na fals contractis mak for no hyre.

Truſt, perfyt luve, entyre cherite,
Fervent will and entalentid curege,
All maner gud as ſettis weill to be,
Haif wemen evir of cuſtome and vſage;
And weill thay cone mens yre aſſuaige,
With ſoft wirdis diſcreit and benyng;
Quhat thay be inward thay ſchaw vtward by ſing.

Wemen[s] hairt vnto no crewalte
Inclyind is, bot thay be cheritable,
Peteouſs, devoit, full of humylite,
Schameſaſt, debonar and amiable,
Dreidfull and of wordis meſurable;
Quhat wemen theis haif not perauenture
Fowith not the way of thair nature.

[1] The 1542 Chaucer has *byreuen*, which has probably been miſread.

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Men ſane our firſt mudir natheleſs
Maid all mankynd leiſs his libertie, Fol. 273. b.
And maid him without joy doutleſs;
For Goddis haiſtis diſſobeyit ſche,
Quhan ſcho preſomid to teſt of the tre,
That God forbyd that ſcho eit thairof ſuld,
And nor had nocht bene the diuill, nomoir ſcho wold.

The invyous ſuelling that the feind, our ſo,
Had vnto man in hairt for his welth,
Sent a ſerpent and maid hir for to go
To diſſaif Eue, and thus wes manis welth
Bereſt him by the feind in ſtelth;
The woman nocht knawing of that diſſait,
God watt full ſer wes it frome hir conſait.

Quhairfoir I ſay this gude woman Eue
Our ſader Adame diſſauit nocht;
Thair may no man for diſſait it preue
Propirly, bot that ſcho in hairt and thocht
Had it compaſſid firſt or ſcho it wrocht;
And, for ſuche wes nocht hir intentioun,
Men may it call no diſſait of hir by reſſoun.

Nor no wicht diſſauis but he purpoſe,
The ſeind this diſſait keſt and nocht ſche,
Than is it wrong to deme or ſuppoiſs,
That of his harme ſcho ſuld the cauſs be;
Wyte the feynd, and his be the mawgre,
And in ecuſatioun haif hir innocens,
Saif only that ſcho brak obediens.

And twiching this, full few men thair be,
Vnnethes ony, dar I ſaifly ſay,
Fro day to day, as men may all day ſe,
Bot that the heſt of God thay diſſobey;

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Haif this in mynd, ſiris, I yow prey,
Gife that ye be diſcreit and reſſonable,
Ye will hir hold the moir excuſable.

And quhair men ſay in man is ſteidfaſtneſs,
And wemen is of thair curage vnſtable,
Quho may of Adame beir ſuche a witneſs;
Tellith me this; was he nocht chengeable?
Than bothe wer in one caiſs ſemblable,
Saif willing the ſeind diſſauid Eue,
And ſo did ſcho nocht [Adam],[1] by your leive.

Yit was this ſyn happe to mankynd,
The ſeind diſſauid was ſor all his ſlicht,
For aucht he cowd him in his ſlichtis wind, Fol. 274. a.
For his treſpaſs come from the hevin on hicht;
God, to diſchairge man of his wecht,
Fleſche and blude tuk of a virgyne,
And ſufferith deth, him to deliuer frome pyne.

And God, to quhome thair may no thing hid be,
Gife he in wemen had knawin ſuche malice,
As men record of thame in generalte,
Off our Lady of lyfe reperatryce
Nold haif bene borne; bot that ſcho of vyce
Was woyd and full of vertew, weill he wiſt;
Endewid of hir to be borne him liſt.

Hir heaped[2] vertew haith ſic excellence,
That all to leif his manis faculte,
To declair it and thairfoir in ſuſpence
Hir dew preyſing put neidis moſt be;
Bot thiſs I ſay veraly, that ſche
Is bliſſit of God to quhois ſone belongith
The key of mercy by his girdill hongith.

[1] Omitted in MS. [2] MS. has *he aped.*

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And of mercy hes every man ſuche neid,
That leſing that, fairweill the joy of man,
And of thair power now takith richt gude heid,
He mercy may weill and purcheſs can;
Diſpleiſs hir nocht, honor that woman,
And vthir wemen all for hir ſaik;
And but ye do, your ſorrow ſall awaik.

In ony buk alſo quhair can ye find
That of the werkis of deth or of lyfe
Of Jeſu ſpellith or makith ony mynd,
That wemen him forſuk for wo or ſtryfe?
Quhair wes thair ony wicht ſo intencyfe
About him as waſs woman provid none?
The appoſtillis him forſokin every one.

Wemen forſuke him nocht, for all the ſaith
Of holy churche in woman left only;
This is no leis, for this holy writ ſaith,
Luke and ye ſa find it ſo hardely;
And thairfoir I may weill preif thairby,
That in woman regnith ſtable conſtance,
And in men is the chenge of variance.

Thow precius jem, of martiris mergaret,
That of thy blude dreidis non effuſioun, Fol. 274. b.
Thow luver trew, thow madin manſueit,
Thow conſtant woman, in thy paſſioun
Ouircome the feindis temptatioun,
And mony a wicht conuertit thy doctrene
Vnto the faith of holy God, thow virgyne.

Bot vndirſtand this, I only commend hir nocht,
By encheſone of hir virginite,
Truſteth it come nevir in to thocht,

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For ever wer I aganis cheſtite,
And evir ſall. Bot lo this movith me;
Hir loving hairt and conſtant to hir lay
Dryfe out of remembrance I ne may.

Now haldith this for ferme and for no le,
That this trew and iuſt commendatioun
Of wemen tell I for no flattry;
Ne becaus of pryd or elatioun,
Bot only, lo, for this intentioun,
To gife thame curege of perſeuerance,
In vertew and hie[1] honour till awance.

The moir vertew the leſs is the pryd;
Vertew ſo digne is and ſo noble in kynd
That vyce and he in feir will nocht abyd;
He putteth vycis clene out of his mynd,
He fleith fro thame, he levis thame behind;
O woman, that of vertew art hoſtreſs,
Grit is thy honour and thy wortheneſs.

Than will I thus conclud and defyne;
We yow command, our myniſteris echone,
That reddy ye be our haiſtis to inclyne,
That of theiſs fals men, our rebell fone,
Ye do punyſment and that annone;
Woyd thame our court and baneiſs thame for evir,
So that thairin moir cum thay nevir.

Fulfillit be it, ſeſing[2] all delay,
Luk thair be none excuſatioun.
Writtin in the luſty mownth of May,
In our paleiſs, quhair mony a millioun
Off luvaris trew haiſ habitatioun,
The yeir of grace, joyfull and jocound,
A thowſand, four hundreth and the ſecound.

Finis quod Chauſeir.

[1] The 1542 Chaucer has *hir*. [2] Rewritten *ceſſing*.

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CCXCVII.

[*All tho that liſt of Wemen evill to ſpeik.*]

ALL tho that liſt of wemen evill to ſpeik, Fol.275.a.
And ſay of thame wer than thay deſerue,
I pray to God that thair nekkis do brek,
Or on ſum evill deth mot thay jangleris ſterue;
For every man ar haldin thame to ſerue,
And do thame wirſchep, honour and ſcheruyſs,
In every maner that thay beſt can devyſs.

For we aucht firſt to think on quhat maner
Thay bring ws furth, and quhat pane thay indure,
Firſt in our birth, and ſyne fro yeir to yeir,
How beſaly thay haif done thair buſſy cure,
To keip ws fro every miſauentur,
In our yewth, quhen we haif no micht
Our ſelf to keip, nathir by day nor nycht.

Allaiſs, how may we ſay on thame bot weill,
Of quhome we wer foſtred and yboir,
And bene all our ſuccour als trew as ſteill,
And for our ſaik full oft thay ſuffir ſoir;
Without wemen wer all our joy loir,
Quhairfoir we aucht all wemen till obey
In all gudeneſs; I can no moir to ſay.

This is weill knawin, and hes bene or this,
That wemen bene cauſs of all gudeneſs,
Off knychtheid, nurtour, eſchewing all maliſs,
Increſs of wirſchep and of all worthineſs,
Thairto courtaſs, meik and grund of fathfulneſs,
Glaid and myrry, and trew in every wyſs
That ony gentill hairt can think or devyſs.

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And thocht ony wald truſt to your vntrewth,
And to your fair wordis wald ocht aſſent,
In gude fayth me thinkis it wer grit rewth,
That vthir wemen ſuld for thair gilt be ſchent,
That nevir knew nor wiſt of thair intent,
Nor liſt nocht to heir the fair wirdis ye wryte,
Quhilk ye yow pane fro day to day to dyte.

Bot quho may be war of your taillis vntrew,
That ye ſo buſaly paynt and indyte?
For ye will ſueir that ye nevir knew,
Ne ſaw the woman, nowdir muche nor lyte;
Saif only hir to quhome ye had delyte,
As for to ſerf of all that evir ye ſay,
And for thair lufe moſt ye neidis de.

Than will ye ſueir that ye knew nevir befoir,
Quhat Lufe was nor his dreidfull obſcheruans,
Bot now ye feill that he can wound ſoir,
Quhairfoir ye put yow in hir gouirnance, Fol.275.b.
Quhome Luve hes ordeynid yow to do pleſance,
With all your mycht your littill lyvis ſpace,
Quhilk endis ſone, bot gif ſcho gif yow grace.

And than to bed will ye ſone draw,
And ſoir ſeik ye will yow thane fane,
And ſueir faſt your lady hes yow ſlaw,
And brocht yow ſodanly in ſo heich a pane,
Than fro your deth may no man yow reſtrane,
With a dengerus luk of hir ene two,
That to your deth moſt ye neidis go.

Thus will ye mvrne, thus will ye ſich ſoir,
As thocht your hart annone in two wald briſt,
And ſueir faſt that ye may leif no moir

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Myne awin lady, that micht, gife ye lift,
Bring myne harte ſum deill vnto reſt,
As gife thow lift mercy on me to haif,
Thus your vntrewth will evir mercy craif.

Thus will ye plene, thocht ye no thing ſmert,
Theis innocent creaturis for to begyle,
And ſueir to thame how woundit is your hert
For thair luve, that ye may leif no quhyle,
Scarſly ſo long as on wald go a myle;
So hyith deth to bring yow to ane end,
Bot gif your ſouerane lady lift yow to amend.

And gife for rewth ſcho confort yow in ony wyiſs,
For pety of your fals othes feir,
So that innocent wenyth that it be as yow devyiſs,
And trowis your hairt be as ſcho may heir,
Thus for to confort and ſum quhat do yow cheir;
Than will thais jangleris deme of hir full ill,
And ſay that ye hir haif fully at your will.

Lo, how reddy thair toungis bene and preſt,
To ſpeik harme of wemen cauſleſs;
Allaiſs, quhy micht ye nocht als weill ſay the beſt,
As for to deme thame thus giltleſs?
In your hairt I wis thair is no gentilneſs,
That of your awin gilt lift thais wemen ſame;
Now by my trewth me think ye be to blame.

For of woman cummyth this warldly weill,
Quhairfoir we aucht to wirſchep thame evirmoir,
And thocht it miſchap on we aucht for to heill;
For it is all thruch our fals loir,
That day and nycht we pane ws evirmoir
With mony ane aith thaiſs wemen to begyle,
With fals taillis and mony a wickid wyle.

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And gif falſheid ſuld be reknit and tawld, Fol.276.a.
In wemen I wiſs full trewth wer,
Nocht as in men a thowſand fold;
Fro all vycis I wiſs thay ſtond cleir,
As in ony thing that evir I cowd of heir,
Bot gif intyſting of theis men it mak,
That thame to flattery cannyn nevir ſlak.

I wald fane wit quhair evir ye cowd heir,
Without menis tyſting, a woman did a miſs,
For thair ye may get thame ye ly fro yeir to yeir,
And mony a gabing ye mak to thame I wiſs;
For I cow nevir heir, nor knawin or this,
Quhair evir ye cowd find in ony place,
That evir woman beſocht yow of grace.

Thair ye yow pane, with all your full delyte,
With all your hairt, and all your buſineſs,
To pleiſs thame both by day and nycht,
Praying thame of thair grace and gentilneſs,
To haif pety vpone your grit diſtreſs,
And that thay wald on your pane haif rewth,
And ſlay yow nocht, ſen that ye mene bot trewth.

Thus may ye ſe that thay bene fautleſs,
And innocent to all your werkis ſle,
And all your craft that twich falſneſs,
Thay knaw thame nocht, nor may thame nocht eſpy;
So ſueir ye that ye moſt neidis de,
Bot gife thay wald of thair womanheid
Vpone yow rew or that ye be deid.

And than your lady and your hairtis quene
Ye call thame, and thairwith ye ſich ſoir,
And ſayis, My lady, I trow that it be ſene

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In quhat plyt that I haif levit full yoir,
Bot now I howp that ye will no moir
In thais panis ſuffer me for to dwell,
For of all gudneſs I wiſs ye be the well.

Lo, heir a payntit proceſs can ye mak,
Theis harmeles creaturis for to begyle,
And quhen thay ſleip ye pane yow to walk,
And to be think yow mony a curſid wyle;
Bot ye ſall ſe the day that ye ſall curſs the quhyle,
That ye ſo buſaly did your intent
Thame to begyle, that falſheid nevir ment.

For this ye knaw weill, thocht I wold ly,
In wemen is all trewth and ſteidfaſtneſs,
For in gud fayth I can nocht of thame ſay,
Bot muche wirchep, bounty and gentilneſs;
Rycht benyng, fair and full of meikneſs,
Gude and glaid, and lawly, I yow inſure, Fol.276.b.
Is this gudly angelik creature.

And gif it hap a man be in diſeiſs,
Scho dois hir buſſines and hir full pane,
With all hir micht, him to confort and eiſs;
Gif fro his diſeiſs ſcho mycht him reſtrane,
In word nor deid ywiſs ſcho will nocht fane,
Bot with all hir micht ſcho dois hir buſineſs,
To bring him out of his havineſs.

Lo, quhat gentilneſs thais wemen haif,
Gife we culd knaw it for our rudneſs;
How buſy thay be ws to keip and ſaif,
Both in heill and alſo in ſeikneſs,
And alwey rycht ſory for our diſtreſs;
In every maner thuſs ſchaw thay rewth,
That in thame is all gudneſs and trewth.

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And ſen we fynd in thame gentilneſs and trewth,
Wirſchep, bonty and kyndnes evirmoir,
Let nevir this gentilneſs thruch your ſlewth
In thair kynd trewth be ocht forloir
That in wemen is, and hes [been] full yoir;
For in reuerens of the hevynnis quene,
We awcht to wirſchep all wemen that bene.

For of all creaturis that evir wer get and born,
Thus wot ye weill a woman was the beſt;
By hir ſone wes recouerid the bliſs that we had lorne,
And thruch hir ſone ſall we come to reſt,
And bene yſavit gife that our ſelf leſt;
Quhairfoir, methinkis, gif ye haif grace,
We ochtin wemen honour in every place.

Thairfoir I reid, that to our lyvis end
Fro this tyme furth, quhill that we haif ſpace,
Quhair we haif treſpaſſid, perſew to amend,
Praying Chryſt Jeſu, well of all grace,
To bring ws vnto that blisfull place,
Quhair all gude wemen ſalbe in feir,
In hevin aboif, among the angellis cleir.

Finis quod Chauſeir.

CCXCVIII.

[*Ladeis be war that pleſand ar.*]

LADEIS be war, that pleſand ar
To menis appetyte,
That ye nocht rew, that ye thame knew,
Throw thair luſt and delyte.

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For mony men ar evill to ken, 5Fol.277.a.
That luvis paramour,
With fenyeit mynd, fals and vnkynd,
Bringis yow to diſhonour.

Quhen thay haif ane, with flattry tane,
Begylit with a trane,
Then with ane vddir, thay will conſiddir
And play the contrar pane.

Thay will promit giftis rycht grit,
And ſueir thay luve yow beſt;
Yow to begyle, with mony wyle,
Thair mynd takkis nevir reſt.

Thair hairtis ar ſett, with ficcelneſs,
For loif and nocht for luſe,
Yow to diſſaif, with dowbilneſs,
To your ſchame and repruſe.

O ladeis deir, I yow requeir
Thair fals and fenyeit fair
Latt ay go henſs, and tyne creddens,
Beleving thame no mair.

Finis quod Scott.

CCXCIX.[1]

[*For to declair the he Magnificens.*]

FOR to declair the he magnificens,
And grit bontie that into ladeis is,
The wirdineſs and vertewis excellens,
The lawd, the bonte, the bewty and the bliſs,

[1] With mere verbal differences, this is the ſame as No. CLXXXVIII.

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My barbir toung is vnworthy, I wiſs;
Bot nocht the leſs my pen I will apply
To ſay the ſuth, thocht eloquens I miſs
Of femeneyne the fame to fortefy.

Thocht awld dottaris addreſſit thair delyte,
To dyt of ladeis the defamatioun,
Na wirthy wicht ſuld ſett his appetyte,
To reid ſic rollis of reprobatioun;
Bot rathir mak plane proclamatioun,
To gaddir all ſic bybillis biſſely,
And in the fyre mak thair locatioun,
Off femenyne the fame to fortefy.

For quho ſo liſt the richt for to reherſs,
To gloir humane thay mak habilite;
Quhen men ar ſad at thame ſolace thay ſerſs,
As habitaklis of all humylite;
Thay bring grit weiris to tranquilite, Fol.277.b.
The malyce of men thay meiſs and pacify,
To ſaule and bodeis bath vtilite,
Thairfoir all men thair fame ſuld fortefy.

Thocht ane perſone had peciablie to ſpend
All mychtis movit within the mappamound,
Wanting wemen his weilfair wer at end,
Without thair confort cair ſuld thame confound;
Quhair ladeis abydis bliſs dois ay abound,
And quhair thay fle felicite gois by,
But thair ſolace no ſege may be ſound,
Thairfoir all men thair fame ſuld fortefy.

Sen God hes grantit thame ſic gudlineſs,
And formyit thame eftir ſa fair faſſoun,
Syne put ſa blumyng bewty in thair feſs,
Quhy ſuld nocht men hald thame of he renoun?

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Sen God hes gevin thame ſa grit gwerdoun,
And with ſic meiknes done thame magnify,
Quhy ſuld men mak to thame compareſoun,
Bot our alquhair thair famis to fortefy?

Off Mary myld, the maid immaculat,
To fortefy of femeneyne the fame,
Chryſt wes incarnat and incorporat,
And nureiſt nyne monethis in hir wame;
And eftir borne, and bocht ws fro the blame
Of Beliall, that brunt ws bitterly;
That only act ſavis thame all fra ſchame,
And our all quhair thair fame dois fortefy.

Ladeis thai ar of excelland valour,
Ladeis ar digne to haif autorite,
Ladeis ar clene of confortand cullour,
Ladeis ar wyiſs and full of verite,
[Ladeis ar cheſt and full of cheritie,][1]
Ladeis ar menis paradyiſs erdly,
Ladeis ar plantit full of purite;
Thair foir all men thair fame ſuld fortefy.

War all the erd peper and perchemeyne,
And pennis war all treis, erbis and flouris,
And all the ſternis that in the lift dois ſcheyne
War in this erd moſt ornat oratouris,
The ſe wer ynk, with freſch fludis and ſchouris; Fol. 278. a.
All wer to ſmall ane buke to edify,
For to contene of ladeis the honouris,
And loving that thair fame dois fortefy.

Finis quod Stewart.

[1] Omitted in MS., and ſupplied from the other verſion.

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CCC.

[*Thir Billis ar brevit to Birdis in ſpeciall.*]

THIR billis ar brevit to birdis in ſpeciall
Moir for luſt nor ony gude lufe;
I breif this bill to yow in generall,
Ladeis and madynis, that yarnis fra repruſe,
Yow to conſerf and als for your behufe,
That ye defend and keip yow fra diſſait,
And yow to teich all filthy lyfe to hait.

Ye madynis fair that ar for till avance[1]
Within the breiſt of your virginite,
And ladeis als ye cheiſs yow nevir to chance,
Quhilk may defame do to your honeſte;
Latt nevir your wit to your will ſubiect be,
Bot haif in mynd for him that deid on rude,
Quhat wirchep is to be fair and gude.

Haif mynd how gude is to haif a gude name,
And than na cryme ſall your grit wirchep ſyle;
Haif mynd how bernis hes brocht birdis to blame,
And latt na grome with gabing yow begyle;
For every wrynk luk that ye haif a wyle,
For every word be wyſe, I warne yow;
Quhair trew is ane, ſexty is nocht trew.

And ye him trow, than ar ye all betraſit,
For with thair treſſone thay bring the to ane trane,
To leif in luſt he is ſo laſit,
Moir than he hes to hecht he wilbe fane;
Bot and ye grant him ony grace agane,
Fra he haif ſped fairweill ſpowſing to ſpeir,
For than is all your wadding changeit in to weir.

[1] Five lines of this ſtanza have been written before this, two of them inverted, and the pen has been drawn through them.

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All is in weir gife evir ye wene to wed;
Fra he hes wrocht his will, I warn yow weill,
Thair is no berne will bring yow to his bed,
Bot every ane will ſay, ſo haif I feill.
Lo, quhair ſcho gois hes tred hir ſcho on heill,
Than haif ye ſkayth and ſkornyng yow to ſteir, Fol. 278. b.
For thy in welth be wyſly war of weir.

Be war for weir, latt nevir your wit go wyld,
For every day ane ſample may ye ſe;
Scho that is fareſt fra tyme hir fame be fyld,
Thair will no berne be blyth of hir bewte,
Bot ay ar ſkornand bayth he and he.
Thuſs I conclude, ſuppoiſs my wit be grene,
Bewty but bonty is nocht wirth a prene.

Finis quod Merſar.[1]

CCCI.

[*Now of Wemen this I ſay for me.*]

NOW of wemen this I ſay for me,
Off erthly thingis nane may bettir be;
Thay ſuld haif wirſchep and grit honoring
Off men, aboif all vthir erthly thing;
Rycht grit diſhonour vpoun him ſelf he takkis
In word or deid quha evir wemen lakkis;
Sen that of wemen cumin all ar we,
Wemen ar wemen and ſa will end and de.
Wo wirth the fruct wald put the tre to nocht,
And wo wirth him rycht ſo that ſayis ocht
Off womanheid that may be ony lak,

[1] *Quod Merſar* has been afterwards written.

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Or ſic grit ſchame vpone him for to tak.
Thay ws conſaif with pane, and be thame fed
Within thair breiſtis thair we be boun to bed;
Grit pane and wo, and mvrnyng mervelluſs,
Into thair birth thay ſuffir ſair for ws;
Than meit and drynk to feid ws get we nane,
Bot that we ſoik out of thair breiſtis bane.
Thay ar the confort that we all haif heir,
Thair may no man be till ws half ſo deir;
Thay ar our verry neſt of nvriſſing.
In lak of thame quha can ſay ony thing,
That fowll his neſt he fylis, and for thy
Exylit he ſuld be of all gud cumpany;
Thair ſuld na wyiſs man gif audience,
To ſic ane without intelligence.
Chryſt to his ſader he had nocht ane man;
Se quhat wirſchep wemen ſuld haif than.
That Sone is Lord, that Sone is King of kingis,
In hevin and erth his maieſtie ay ringis.
Sen ſcho hes borne him in hir halines,
And he is well and grund of all gudnes,
All wemen of ws ſuld haif honoring,
Serwice and luve, aboif all vthir thing.

[*Finis*] *quod* Dumbar.

CCCII.

[*I think thir Men ar verry fals and vane.*]

I THINK thir men ar verry fals and vane, Fol. 279. a.
That wemenis honour degraidis or eſtait,
And thay deſerf pvnitioun and pane,

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Quhen thay preſome in to thair vane conſait
To ſay or do that may thair fame deſait;
For wemen ar of ſic tryvmphand gre,
That aboif men thay haif awtoritie.

For quhy? the warld may weill perſaif and ken,
That wemen tryvmphis in hie dignitie,
And in all honor thai do prefer men,
In prudens, conſtans and in nobilitie;
And God, that knawis wemenis nobilitie,
Waſs of ane woman born, as ye ma reid,
And nocht conſaivit be menis polute ſeid.

And quhen Chryſt Jeſu raiſs fra deid to lyif,
Till holy wemen he did firſt appeir,
Becauſs of thair conſtans ſuperlatyif;
Till his appoſtillis he drew nocht firſt neir,
For men in till all maleiſs hes no peir;
Ane man did ſell Jeſus quhilk is our heid,
And als be men was cruſifixt and deid.

Sanct Petir did thryiſs refuſe and deny
Chryſt Jeſus befoir Pilattis trybunall,
Bott wemen did confeſs him hardely,
Quhen he wes accuſit in Cayphaſs hall,
Syne to the croce togidder thay paſt all;
Quhen he wes deid thay wemen tuke grit cure
To ſpyce his body in the ſepulture.

I can nocht wrytt nor yit ma I reherſs
The noble holy wemen that hes bene,
The quhilkis in every vertew did converſs,
As in to dyverſs volomis may be ſene;
Matheyris, virgenis and mony holy[1] quene,
As in the Goldin Legend men may reid,
And als Plutarquus reherſſis of thair deid.

[1] Or *haly*.

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Ane awld[1] proverb in ſtoreis did I fynd,
Quhilk Solone ſaid, that prudent man of witt;
Quod he, Na man ſould ſpitt aganis the wynd,
In dreid it cum on him that did it ſpitt.
This proverb ſignifeis, be my pure witt,
That men that ſklanderis wemen to thair defame,
That ſame ſklander redoundis to thair awin ſchame.

Men ar ay reddy to ſchaw wemenis vyce,
Bot thair awin vyce thay wald excuſe and hyd,
And yit howbeit that men mak it ſa nyce,
God will gud wemenis fame defend and gyd;
The trew will ſchaw the fructis quhair werkis all tyd;
In till all bukis that I cowld fynd or reid
The crymes of men dois wemenis vyce exceid.

Fol. 279. b.

We may perſaif in ſtoreis ane and vddir,
How Adame brak eternall Goddis command,
And how Caen ſlew juſt Abell his bruder,
And Pharo kepit Iſraell in captiue band;
Nobagodonaſar, ye ma vndirſtand,
Quha for his wicketneſs was made ane beiſt;
And diuerſs kingis wes pvneiſt for inceſt.

To tell of Nerone and Commodius,
Quhilk wer ſuppreme heidis of all the impyre,
And vthir empriouris owttragiouſs,
The quhilk patt holy men to ſowrd and fyre;
To reherſs all it will bott gar me tyre,
Quhilk daly did commit ane crewall cryme,
Bot wemen did nevir ſic thing all thair tyme.

Quha waſs mair crewall nor Calligula,
Or Philaris or Dioniſius,
And quha hes done mair treſſone nycht or da,

[1] *Awld* has been inſerted afterwards.

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Nor did the falſs ceduſſar Symon Maguſs?
Quha did mair erraſy nor Arrius,
With the evill ſort of Pelligrians alſs,
As to Chaſas non wes kend ſo falſs.

Siclyk Annaſs, that fenyeit ipocreit,
And fals Pilatt, that condampnit Chryſt to de;
Paip Juliane, that fals paip of diſpytt,
With vthir ma full of idolatre;
Vnnvmerable thair is and ſa ſalbe
Off crewale vicius men in every toun,
Quhilk bringis pure peple to confuſioun.

For ſum ar tyrantis, ſum ar commoun thevis,
Sum mvrdreſaris committand homicyd,
Sum ar wirkaris of all kynd of miſchevis,
Sum ar tratouris, quhair evir thay gang or ryd,
And ſum to Sathan ar bayth pilatt and gyd;
Sum ar menſworne, full of ſals callumnationis,
And commoun learis inwentand accuſationis.

And yit howbeit ſum wemen ſalt be cace,
Be ignorance, or thruch grit libertie,
Yit men ſowld nocht allage in to no place,
That all wemen ar of ſic vilitie.
Particular prefferris nocht vniuerſalitie,
Howbeit ane hes bene temptit with the devill,
That fallowis nocht that all the laif ar evill.

Quhairfoir I mervell that men ar ſa rud,
For to detract gud wemen evin and morne,
Ar we nocht maid of wemenis fleſch and blud?
And in thair boſum we ar bred and borne,
Thairfoir we ſowld do thame na ſkaith nor ſkorne;
All men that gevis to wemen evill commend,
I pray to God that thay mak ane ill end.

Finis quod Weddirburne.

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CCCIII.

[*Fra Raige of Yowth the Rynk hes rune.*]

FRA raige of yowth the rynk hes rune, Fol. 280. a.
And reſſone tane the man to tune,
The brukle body than is wvne,[1]
And maid ane veſchell new.
For than thruch grace he is begune
The well of wiſdome for to kune;
Than is his weid of vertew ſpune;
Treſt weill this taill is trew.

For yowth and will ar ſo conſorſs,
Withowt that wiſdome mak devorſs,
Thay rin lyk wyld vndantit horſs,
But brydillis, to and fro.
Thair curage ſa ourcumis thair corſs,
Thrwcht heit of blude it hes ſic forſs,
Bot gif the mynd haif ſum remorſs,
Of God all is ãgo.

This wid fantaſtyk luſt but lufe
Dois ſo yung men to madneſs mvſe,
That thay ma nowthir reſt nor rufe,
Till thay miſcheif thair ſellis;
Haif thay thair harlottis in behufe,
Thay ſuſſy nocht thair God abufe,
Thair fame, thair wirſchep nor reprufe,
Off honour nor ocht ellis.

Ferme luve with prudens ſuld be vſit,
Thocht ſum allegeand to excuſit,
Saying that luve with witt incluſit
Yit is nocht worth a buttoun.

[1] This word is very indiſtinct.

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Sic vane opinioun is confuſit,
That man but reſſoun may be ruſit;
Quha bene with beiſtly luſt abuſit,
I hald him bot ane muttoun.

Quha wald in luve be eſtimat
Suld haif thair hairtis ay elevat
With merciall myndis in doing that
Mycht cauſs thair fais to dowt thame.
Thocht wemen ſelf be temerat,
Thay luve no man effeminat,
And haldis thame, bot I wat not quhat,
That can noth be withowt thame.

Yit man ſuld fauour thame, howbeid Fol. 280. b.
Thay be bot neceſſar of neid;
Becauſs we cum of thame in deid
Thair perſonis ſuld be pryſit.
As grund is ordand to beir ſeid,
So is the woman born to breid
The fruct of man, and that to feid
As nature hes dewyſit.

Schort to conclude, I wald bath knew,
That luvaris ſuld be leill and trew;
And ladeis ſuld all thingis eſchew
That ma thair honor ſmot.
Be permanent that wald perſew,
And rin nocht rekleſly to rew,
Bot as I direct; adew,
Thuſs I depairt, quod Scott.

Finis.

Heir endis the Prayiſs of Wemen, *and followis the* Contempt of blyndit Luve.

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CCCIV.

[*Quha will behald of Luve the Chance.*]

QUHA will behald of luve the chance, Fol. 281. a.
With ſueit diſſauyng countenance,
In quhais fair diſſimvlance
May none aſſure;
Quhilk is begun with inconſtance,
And endis nocht but variance,
Scho haldis with continwance
No ſcheruiture.

Diſcretioun and conſiderance
Ar both out of hir gouirnance;
Quhairfoir of it the ſchort pleſance[1]
May nocht indure;
Scho is ſo new of acquentance,
The auld gais fra remembrance;
Thus I gife our the obſeruanſs
Of luvis cure.

It is ane pount of ignorance
To luſe in ſic diſtemperance,
Sen tyme miſpendit may avance
No creature;
In luve to keip allegance,
It war als nyſs an ordinance,
As quha wald bid ane deid man dance,
In ſepulture.

Finis quod Dumbar.[2]

[1] This has firſt been written, *with lang pleſance.* [2] *Quod Dumbar* has been afterwards written.

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CCCV.

[*Leif Luve, my Luve, no langar thow it lyk.*]

LEIF luve, my luve, no langar thow it lyk;
Alter your amouris into obſerwans;
Eſchew the ſwerd of wengeance or it ſtryk;
Your luſt and pleſance turne in repentans.
Off miſdeid mend, of kiſſing mak conſcienſs;
Go luve our God, our nychtbour and Sathan ourſett;
Punyſs weill the fleſch for thyn awin offens;
Haif e to God and brek the Diuillis net.

Woluptous lyfe quhy thinkis tho ſo ſueit,
Knawing the deth that no man may ewaid,
Syne perſeveiris in fleſly luſt and heit,
No ſawis may the fro thy ſynnis perſuaid;
Contempnyng God off nocht that the hes maid,
Treſting in to this brukle lyfe and vane,
Repent in tyme, devoyd the of this laid,
And knaw in hell thair is eternall pane.

Finis.

CCCVI.

[*Quhat meneth this? quhat is this windir Vre?*]

QUHAT meneth this? quhat is this windir vre?
Of purveance gife I ſall it call,
Of god of luve, that fals thame ſo aſſure,
And trew, allace, doun of the quheill bene fall, Fol. 281. b.

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And yit in ſuth this is the worſt of all,
That falſheid wrangfully of trewth hes the name,
And trewth agane of falſheid beiris the blame.[1]

This blind chance, this ſtormy avinture,
In Luve haith moſt his experience,
For quho that doith with trewth moſt his cure,
Sall for his meid fynd moſt offens,
That ſerwith Luve for all his diligens:
For quho can fayne vndir lawleheid,
He ſalis nocht to fynd grace and ſpeid.

For I luvit one, full lang ſyne agone,
With all my hairt, body and full mycht,
And to be deid my hairt can nocht gone
Frome his haiſt, bot hald that he heth hicht,
Thocht I be baniſchit out of hir ſicht,
And by hir mowth dampnit that I ſuld dy,
Vnto my beheſt yit I will evir obey.

For evir ſaith that the warld began,
Quha ſa liſt luke, and in ſtory reid,
He ſall ay find that the trew man
Wes put abak, quhair as the falſheid
Yfurtherid wes; for Luve takis none heid
To ſley the trewth, and haif of thame no chairge,
Quhair as the fals gois frely at thair lairge.

I tak record of Palamydes,
The trew man, that noble worthy knycht,
That evir luvit, and of his pane no reles,
Nochtwithſtanding his manheid and his mycht,
Luve vnto him did full grit vnricht,
For ay the mair he did in chevelry,
The mair he wes hindred by invy.

[1] MS. has *name* repeated here.

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And ay the bettir he did in every place,
Thruch his knychtheid and buſſy pane,
The ferdir wes he frome his ladeis grace,
For to hir mercy mycht he nocht attane,
And fro his deth he cowd him nocht refrane,
For no denger, bot ay obey and ſerue,
As he beſt cowd, plane till he ſterue.

Quhat wes the fyne alſo of Hercules,
For all his conqueſs and his worthineſs, Fol. 282. a.
That wes of ſtrenth allone peirles,
For, lyk as bukis of him liſt expreſs,
He ſett pillaris, thruch his he proveſs,
Away at Gades, for to ſignifye
That no man micht him paſs in chevelry.

The quhilk piller fer beyond Ind
Be ſett of gold for a remembrance;
And for all that wes he ſet behind,
With thame that luve liſt febly awance,
For him ſet laſt vpone a dance,
Aganis quhome help may nocht ſtryfe,
For all his trewth he loſt his lyfe.

Phebus alſo for all his pleſant licht,
Quhen that he went heir in erth law,
Vnto the hairt with Venus ſicht,
Ywoundit wes thruch ſchot of Cupeidis bow,
And yit his lady liſt him nocht to knaw,
Thocht for hir luve his hairt ſuld bleid,
Scho let him go, and tuk of him none heid.

Quhat ſall I ſay of yung Piramus?
Of trew Triſtram, for all his he renoun,
Of Achilles and Antonius,
Of Arceit, or of him Palamoun,

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Quhat wes the end of thair paſſioun,
Bot eſtir ſorrow dyis, and than thair graif,
Lo, heir the guerdoun that thais luvaris haif.

Bot fals Jaſone with his dowbilnes,
That wes vntrew at Colkoſs to Medee,
And Theſeus, rute of vnkyndnes,
And with thais two eik the fals Enee:
Lo, thus the fals ay in on degre
Had in Luve thair luſt and all thair will,
And, ſaif falſheid, thair wes none vthir ſkill.

Off Thebes[1] eik the fals Arceit,
And Demophone eik for his ſlewth,
Thay had thair luſt and all thair haill delyt,
For all thair falſheid and grit vntrewth:
Thus evir Luve, allace, and that is rewth,
His fals luvaris furtherith quhat he may,
And ſlayis the trew iniuſtly dey by day.

For trew Adone was ſlane with the bore, Fol. 282. b.
Amyd the forreſt in the grene ſchaid,
For Venus luve he ſelt all the ſoir,
Bot Vulcanus with hir no mercy maid,
That fowll churle had mony nychtis glaid,
Quhair Mars hir knycht and hir man,
To fynd mercy confort none he can.

Alſo the yung freſche Ypomedes,
So luſty fre as of his curage,
That for to ſerf with all his hairt he cheſs
Athalans, ſo fair of hir viſage,
Bot Luve, allace, quyt him ſo his vage,
With crewall denger planely at the laſt,
That with the deth guerdounles he paſt.

[1] MS. has *Phebus*, an evident miſtake.

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Lo, heir the ſyne of Luvis ſcheruice,
Lo, how that Luſe can his ſcherwantis quyte,
Lo, how he can his faithfull men diſpyſs,
To ſla the trew men and fals to reſpyte,
Lo, how he dois the ſwerd of ſorrow byte
In hairtis, ſuche as moſt his luſtis obey,
To ſaif the fals and do the trew to dey.

For faith nor aith, word nor aſſurance,
Trew menyng, await or buſineſs,
Still port nor fathfull attendance,
Manheid nor mycht in armes worthineſs,
Perſute of wirſchip nor he proveſs,
In ſtrange landis ryding nor travell,
Full littill or nocht in Luve dois awaill.

Perrèll of deth, nowdir in ſe nor land,
Hunger nor thriſt, ſorrow nor ſeikneſs,
Nor grit interpryſis for to tak on hand,
Schedding of blude, na manfull hardineſs,
Nor oft wounding at ſautis by diſtreſs,
Nor in pairting of deth nor lyſe alſo,
All is for nocht, Luve takith no heid thairto.

Bot leſingis with hir flattry,
Thruch hir falſheid and with hir dowbilneſs,
With tailis new and mony fanyd le,
By fals ſemblant and counterfit humbleneſs,
Vndir cullour depaynt with ſteidfaſtneſs,
With fraud coverid vndir a peteouſs face,
Acceptit be now ratheſt vnto grace.

And can him ſelf now beſt magnifie,
With faynid port and preſumptioun;
Thay haunt thair cauſs with fals ſurquedry,
Vndir menyng of dow[b]le intentioun,

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To think on thing in thair opinioun,
And ſay a nowthir, to ſett him ſelf aloft,
And hindir trewth, as it is ſene full oft.

O, god of luve, with thy blind variance,
Yment with chenge and grit vnſtabilneſs,
Now vp, now doun, ſo rynnyng is thy chance,
That the to truſt may be no ſickerneſs,
I knaw the nothing bot for dubilneſs,
And quho that is an archeir and is blend,
Markith no thing, bot ſchutith by wend.

And for that he hes no diſcretioun,
Without adwyſe he lettis his arrowis go,
For lak of ſicht and alſo of reſſoun,
In his ſchoting it hapnis oft ſo,
To hurt his frend rathir than his ſo,
So dois this god with his ſcherp ſtone,
The trew he ſlais and lattis the fals gone.

[*Finis*] *quod* Chauſer.

CCCVII.

[*In May as that Aurora did vpſpring.*]

IN May as that Aurora did vpſpring,
With criſtall ene chaſing the cluddis ſable,
I hard a merle with mirry notis ſing
A ſang of luſe, with voce rycht comfortable,
Agane the orient bemis amiable,
Vpone a bliſſull brenche of lawry[1] grene;
This wes hir ſentens ſueit and delectable,
A luſty lyfe in Luves ſcheruice bene.

[1] Altered into *lawryr*.

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Vndir this brench ran doun a revir bricht,
Of balmy liquour, criſtallyne of hew,
Agane the hevinly aiſur ſkyis licht,
Quhair did, vpone the tothair ſyd, perſew
A nychtingall, with ſuggurit notis new,
Quhois angell ſedderis as the pacok ſchone;
This wes hir ſong, and of a ſentens trew,
All luve is loſt bot vpone God allone.

With notis glaid and glorious armony, Fol. 283. b.
This joyfull merle ſo ſaluſt ſcho the day,
Quhill rong the widdis of hir melody,
Saying, Awalk, ye luvaris, O, this May.
Lo, freſche Flora hes flureſt every ſpray,
As natur hes hir taucht, the noble quene,
The feild bene clothit in a new array;
A luſty lyfe in luvis ſcheruice bene.

Nevir ſuetar noys wes hard with levand man,
Na maid this mirry gentill nychtingaill,
Hir ſound went with the rever as it ran,
Outthrow the freſche and flureiſt luſty vaill.
O merle, quod ſcho, O fule, ſtynt of thy taill,
For in thy ſong gud ſentens is thair none,
For boith is tynt the tyme and the travaill
Of every luve bot vpone God allone.

Seiſs, quod the merle, thy preching, nychtingale,
Sall folk thair yewth ſpend in to holineſs?
Of yung ſanctis growis auld feyndis but fable;
Fy, ypocreit, in yeiris tendirneſs,
Agane the law of kynd thow gois expreſs,
That crukit aige makis on with yewth ſerene,
Quhome natur of conditionis maid dyverſs;
A luſty lyfe in luves ſcheruice bene.

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The nychtingaill ſaid, Fule, remembir the,
That both in yewth and eild, and every hour,
The luve of God moſt deir to man ſuld be,
That him of nocht wrocht lyk his awin figour,
And deit him ſelf fro deid him to ſuccour.
O, quhithir wes kythit thair trew luſe or none?
He is moſt trew and ſteidfaſt paramour;
All luve is loſt bot vpone him allone.

The merle ſaid, Quhy put God ſo grit bewte
In ladeis, with ſic womanly having,
Bot gife he wald that thay ſuld luvit be?
To luve eik natur gaif thame inclynnyng;
And He, of natur that wirker wes and king,
Wald no thing fruſtir put, nor lat be ſene,
In to his creature of his awin making;
A luſty lyfe in luves ſcheruice bene.

The nychtingall ſaid, Nocht to that behuſe
Put God ſic bewty in a ladeis face,
That ſcho ſuld haif the thank thairfoir or luſe,
Bot He, the wirker, that put in hir ſic grace,
Off bewty, bontie, richeſs, tyme or ſpace,
And every gudneſs that bene to cum or gone;
The thank redoundis to him in every place;
All luve is loſt bot vpone God allone.

O nychtingall, it wer a ſtory nyce,
That luve ſuld nocht depend on cherite,
And gife that vertew contrair be to vyce,
Than luſe mon be a vertew, as thinkis me;
For ay to luſe invy mone contrair be:
God bad eik luſe thy nychtbour fro the ſplene,
And quho than ladeis ſuetar nychbouris be?
A luſty lyfe in luſe[s] ſcheruice bene.

Fol. 284. a.

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The nychtingaill ſaid, Bird, quhy dois thow raif?
Man may tak in his lady ſic delyt,
Him to foryet that hir ſic vertew gaif,
And for his hevin raſſaif hir cullour quhyt;
Hir goldin treſſit hairis redomyt,
Lyk to Appollois bemis thocht thay ſchone,
Suld nocht him blind fro lufe that is perfyt;
All lufe is loſt bot vpone God allone.

The merle ſaid, Lufe is cauſs of honour ay,
Luve makis cowardis manheid to purchaſs,
Luve makis knychtis hardy at aſſey,
Luve makis wrechis full of lergeneſs,
Luve makis ſueir folkis full of biſſineſs,
Luve makis ſluggirdis freſche and weill beſene,
Luve changis vyce in vertewis nobilneſs;
A luſty lyfe in luvis ſcheruice bene.

The nychtingaill ſaid, Trew is the contrary;
Sie fruſtir luve, it blindis men ſo ſar,
In to thair myndis it makis thame to vary;
In fals vane glory thai ſo drunkin ar,
Thair wit is went, of wo thai ar nocht war,
Quhill that all wirchip away be fro thame gone,
Fame, guddis and ſtrenth; quhairfoir weill ſay I dar,
All luve is loſt bot vpone God allone.

Than ſaid the merle, Myn errour I confeſs;
This fruſtir luve all is bot vanite;
Blind ignorance me gaif ſic hardineſs,
To argone ſo agane the varite;
Quhairfoir I counſall every man, that he
With lufe nocht in the feindis net be tone,
Bot luve the luve that did for his lufe de;
All lufe is loſt bot vpone God allone.

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Than ſang thay both with vocis lowd and cleir;
The merle ſang, Man, lufe God that hes the wrocht:
The nychtingall ſang, Man, lufe the Lord moſt deir,
That the and all this warld maid of nocht:
The merle ſaid, Luve him that thy lufe hes ſocht
Fra hevin to erd, and heir tuk fleſche and bone:
The nychtingall ſang, And with his deid the bocht;
All luve is loſt bot vpone him allone.

Thane flaw thir birdis our the bewis ſchene,
Singing of lufe amang the levis ſmall,
Quhois ythand pleid yit maid my thochtis grene,
Bothe ſleping, walking, in reſt and in travall;[1]
Me to reconfort moſt it dois awaill
Agane for lufe, quhen lufe I can find none,
To think how ſong this merle and nychtingaill,
All lufe is loſt bot vpone God allone.

Finis quod Dumbar.

CCCVIII.

Now cumis Aige quhair Yewth hes bene,
And trew Luve ryſis fro the Splene.

NOW culit is dame Venus brand;
Trew luvis fyre is ay[2] kindilland,
And I begyn to vndirſtand,
In ſeynit luve quhat foly bene:
Now cumis aige quhair yewth hes bene,
And trew luve ryſis fro the ſplene.

[1] This clauſe afterwards altered to *reſtand in travell.*
[2] *Ay* afterwards written in.

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Quhill Venus fyre be deid and cauld,
Trew luvis fyre nevir birnis bauld;
So as the ta lufe vaxis auld,
The tothir dois increſs moir kene:
Now cumis aige quhair yewth hes bene,
And trew lufe ryſis fro the ſplene.

No man hes curege for to wryte
Quhat pleſans is in lufe perfyte,
That hes in fenyeit lufe delyt,
Thair kyndnes is ſo contrair clene:
Now cumis aige quhair yewth hes bene,
And trew lufe ryſis fro the ſplene.

Full weill is him that may imprent,
Or onywayiſs his hairt conſent,
To turne to trew luve his intent,
And ſtill the quarrell to ſuſtene:
Now cumis aige quhair yewth hes bene,
And trew lufe ryſis fro the ſplene.

I haif experience by my ſell;
In luvis court anis did I dwell,
Bot quhair I of a joy cowth tell,
I culd of truble tell fyftene:
Now cumis aige quhair yewth hes bene,
And trew lufe ryſis fro the ſplene.

Befoir quhair that I wes in dreid,
Now haif I confort for to ſpeid;
Quhair I had maugre to my meid,
I treſt rewaird and thankis betuene:
Now cumis aige quhair yewth hes bene,
And trew lufe ryſis fro the ſplene.

Quhair lufe wes wont me to diſpleiſs,
Now find I in to lufe grit eiſs;

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Quhair I had denger and diſeiſs,
My breiſt all confort dois contene:
Now cumis aige quhair yewth hes bene,
And trew lufe ryſis fro the ſplene.

Quhair I wes hurt with jeloſy,
And wald no luver wer bot I,
Now quhair I lufe I wald all wy,
Als weill as I luvit I wene:
Now cumis aige quhair yewth hes bene,
And trew lufe ryſis fro the ſplene.

Beſoir quhair I durſt nocht for ſchame
My lufe diſcure, nor tell hir name;
Now think I wirſchep wer and fame,
To all the warld that it war ſene:
Now cumis aige quhair yewth hes bene,
And trew lufe ryſis fro the ſplene.

Beſoir no wicht I did complene,
So did hir denger me derene;
And now I ſett nocht by a bene
Hir bewty nor hir twa fair ene:
Now cumis aige quhair yewth hes bene,
And trew lufe ryſis fro the ſplene.

I haif a luve ſarar of face,
Quhome in no denger may haif place,
Quhilk will me guerdoun gif and grace,
And mercy ay quhen I me mene:
Now cumis aige quhair yewth hes bene,
And trew lufe ryſis fro the ſplene.

Vnquyt I do no thing nor ſane, Fol.285.b.
Nor wairis a luvis thocht in vane;
I ſalbe als weill luvit agane,

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Thair may no jangler me prevene:
Now cumis aige quhair yewth hes bene,
And trew luve ryſis fro the ſplene.

Ane lufe ſo fare, ſo gud, ſo ſueit,
So riche, ſo rewthfull and diſcreit,
And for the kynd of man ſo meit;
Nevir moir ſalbe nor yit hes bene:
Now cumis aige quhair yewth hes bene,
And trew luve ryſis fro the ſplene.

Is none ſa trew a luve as he,
That for trew lufe of ws did de;
He ſuld be luffit agane, think me,
So that wald ſa fane our luve obtene:
Now cumis aige quhair yewth hes bene,
And trew luve ryſis fro the ſplene.

Is non but grace of God I wiſs,
That can in yewth conſiddir thiſs;
This fals diſſavand warldis bliſs,
So gydis man in flouris grene:
Now cumis aige quhair yewth hes bene,
And trew luve ryſis fro the ſplene.

Finis quod Dumbar.

CCCIX.

[*Quha lykis to Luve, or that Law pruve.*]

QUHA lykis to luve, or that law pruve,
Lat him beleif this lyfe to leid;

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His mynd ſall moiſ, but reſt or ruve,
With diuerſs dolouris to the deid;
He ſall tyne appetyte,
And meit and ſleip gife quyte,
And want the way perfyte,
To find remeid.

He ſall nocht wit, quhiddir that it
Be panefull, pleſand, weill or wo,
To ſtand or ſit, remoiſ or flit,
To gang, to ly, to byd or go;
No wit ſalbe degeſt,
To heir, ſe, ſmell, nor teſt,
Bot as a brutall beſt,
He ſall be ſo.

Fle thocht he wald, lufe ſall him hald, Fol. 286. a.
Within the dungeoun of diſpair,
Quhyle hett, quhyle cald, a thowſand fald,
His purpoiſs ſalbe heir and thair;
He ſall hald wiſdome vyce,
And vertew of no pryce,
Bot as a fule vnwyce,
So ſall he fair.

This is the quhy, and cauſs that I
Complene ſo peteouſly in plane,
I lufe the wy will nocht apply,
Nor grant to gife me grace agane;
The moir ſcheruice I do,
The moir fremmit is ſcho,
Without reſpect vnto
My crewall pane.

Ye luvaris ſe, gife that this be
Ane lyfe that all gude men malingis;

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I ſay for me, it is to fle
Aboif the peſt, and plaig that ringis;
Quhilk is bot curius,
Ay woid and furius,
And fyre fulfurius,
That men doun bringis.

My brethir deir, we moſt forbeir,
And fra this ſinfull lyfe evaid ws;
Lat reſſoun ſteir your hairtis inteir,
And nocht thoill lathly luſt to leid ws;
Quhilk is the verry net,
That Satane for ws ſet,
To cauſs ws quyt foryet
The Lord that maid ws.

Finis quod Scott.

CCCX.

[*Lo, quhat it is to lufe.*]

LO, quhat it is to lufe,
Lerne ye that liſt to pruſe,
Be me, I ſay, that no ways may
The grund of greif remvfe,
Bot ſtill decay, both nycht and day;
Lo, quhat it is to lufe.

Luſe is ane fervent fyre,
Kendillit without deſyre,
Schort pleſour, lang diſpleſour,
Repentence is the hyre; 10 Fol. 286. b.

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Ane pure treſſour, without meſour;
Lufe is ane fervent fyre.

To lufe and to be wyiſs,
To rege with gud adwyiſs;
Now thus, now than, ſo gois the game,
Incertane is the dyiſs;
Thair is no man, I ſay, that can
Both lufe and to be wyiſs.

Fle alwayis frome the ſnair,
Lerne at me to be ware;
It is ane pane, and dowbill trane,
Of endles wo and cair;
For to refrane that denger plane,
Fle alwayis frome the ſnair.

[*Finis*] *quod* Scott.

CCCXI.

[*Panſing of Lufe quhat Lyf it leidis.*]

PANSING of lufe quhat lyf it leidis,
My will expreſs with reſſoun pleidis,
And nocht I fynd to ſtop thair feidis
Plane,
Bot lufe to reput beſt remeid is
Vane.

And trew it is bot vanite,
For luk quha ar in lufe moſt he

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Perchance may fynd the fyne ſalbe
Pane,
And till eſteme it or thay de,
Vane.

For thocht in luſt of lufe ſum lyis,
So lang without remeid to ryſs,
It ſall nocht faill to mak thame twyſs
Fane,
Fra thay leif play to think the pryſs
Vane.

Quhat noble men hes hurt thair name,
And luſty ladeis loſt thair fame,
Quhat wemen micht nocht for thair wame
Lane,
Bot oppinly thair lufe proclame
Vane.

My counſale is, ye leif lufe allone,
Lufe lelaly and lufe bot one,
And ſum example tak be Johine
Mane,
Or ye fall think your tyme bygone
Vane.

[*Finis.*]

CCCXII.

[*Quhome ſould I wyt of my Miſchance.*]

QUHOME fould I wyt of my miſchance, Fol. 287. a.
Bot Cupeid, king of variance?

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Thy court, without conſiderance,
Quhen I it knew,
Or evir maid the obſervance,
Sa far I rew.

Thow and thy law ar inſtrumentis
Off diuerſs inconvenientis;
Thy ſcheruice mony ſoir repentis,
Knawing the quarrell,
Quhen body, honor and ſubſtance ſchentis,
And ſaule in perrell.

Quhat is thy manrent bot miſcheif,
Sturt, angir, grunching yre and greif,
Evill lyfe, and langour but releif
Off woundis wan,
Diſpleſour, pane and he repreif
Of God and man.

Thow loviſs thame that lowdeſt leis,
And followis faſteſt on thame fleis;
Thow lychtleis all trew properteis
Off luve expreſs,
And markis quhair nevir ſtyme thow ſeis,
Bot hittis be gaiſs.

Blynd buk, bot at the bound thow ſchutis,
And thame forbeiris that the rebutis;
Thow ryvis thair hairtis ay ſra the rutis,
Quhilk ar thy awin,
And cureis thame caris[1] nocht thre cutis
To be miſknawin.

Thow art in freyndſchip with thi ſo,
And fremmit to thy freynd alſo,

[1] MS. has *curis*.

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Thow flemis all faythfull men the fro,
Of ſteidfaſt thocht,
Regarding non bot thame ago,
That curis the nocht.

Thow chirreiſs thame that with the chyddis,
And baneiſſis thame with the abydis;
Thow heſs thi horne ay in thair ſydis,
That can nocht fle;
Thay furdir werſt in the conſydis,
I ſay for me.

Finis quod Scott.

CCCXIII.

[*O, Man, transformit and vnnaturall.*]

O MAN, transformit and vnnaturall, Fol. 287. b.
O, O, trublit ſpreit, poſſeſt with freneſye;
Allace, is all thy wit prudenciall,
In vane conſaittis and profound fanteſy,
Thrucht apprehenſionis of mallancoly,
Generit thrucht luſt of ſenſuall affectione,
Quhilk hes exylit reſſone and affectione?

Quhair is thy knawlege and intendment,
And thy ryp wit in ſoliſt biſſineſs?
Quhair is thy wiſdome and gud jugement?
Quhair is thy paſtance and ſolaciuſneſs?
Quhair is thy ſtrenth ſowld morteſy diſtreſs?
Quhair is thy prudent verteuſs converſatioun,
Quhill wulgaris haldis of ſa grit eſtimatioun?

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Thow dois becum war nor ane brutall beiſt,
In profound pane provokand thy awin deid,
Quhen thow in luve lyis lyk ane gryiſlie gaiſt,
Heit as the ſyre and calder nor the leid;
With vane conſaitis all farſit is thy heid,
Deſtitut of vertew and of grace,
Lamentand vane conſaitis, cryand allace.

With ſobbis and ſichis and mony ane ſuſpyir,
Tormentand thair thy ſelf in till ane trance,
The quhilk haldis all thy body in ane ſyre,
Becauſs thy heid is full of variance;
And blyndis thy richt ſpreitis with dull ignorance,
Provokand thy deſyre to leif ſolitar,
To end thy dayis in langiſſing and cair.

Thow garris me marvell mair than I can mene,
Becauſs thow art the maiſt fule now in lyfe;
The dropis be pairis fallis fra thy ene,
Rarand lyk ane yung barne or ane ſeik wyfe,
Deſyrand thy awin deid with ſwerd or knyf;
Thairfoir vyce men ſowld mak for the no mane,
Becaus thow art all with the glaikis ourgane.

To eild. And ye, auld man, your puerilitie
Is gane lang ſyne, and thow art cum till aige,
Thairfoir thy eild ſowld end with honeſtie,
And in lufe to rammeiſs and to rege,
For paramouris in ald men is dottage;
Thow ſowld vpoun thy bukis and beidis contempill,
The quhilk ſowld be to yung men gud exempill.

The devyne prudent Plato ſayis expreſs, Fol.288.a.
That quhan menis ene becumis bleird and obſcure,
And quhan thair cheikis ar full of ſkrumpilneſs,
Or quhan thair he[idis] na exceſs in [drynk] ind[ure[1]],

[1] Cut off when the MS. was inlaid.

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Than thay ſowld provyd for thair ſepulture,
And to converſs in vertew day and hour,
And nocht to leif in luſt and paramour.

And Jhus Sircht,[1] quhilk was ſapient,
He held thre vycis maiſt abhominable;
Ane was quhan men of riches or of rent
Vſit to lie leſingis deteſtable;
The ſecund was, nane ſowld hald for a ſable,
That is quhen men ar in pouerty pynd,
Syne growis in hicht with ane ambitius mynd.

And the thrid vyce he held maiſt odius,
Becauſs it is the vyleſt of the thre;
That is quhen men of aige ar vicius,
Vſand thair luſt and ſenſualitie;
Wemen takkis als grit pleſour for to ſe
Ane man of aige in amouris for to carp,
As quhen thay heir ane aſs play on a harp.

Rycht ſeyndill in to landis quhair I haif bene,
I ſaw nevir auld men oft luve paramour,
Nor yit it wes nevir in no cuntre ſene,
That wemen did luve auld men day or hour;
Thocht ſum wemen be ſene be avingtour
To kiſs and clap auld men be luvis feir,
Sic fenyeit luve thay ſchaw to get thair geir.

Thairfoir thow ſowld richt prudently perpend
The denger, the diſhonour and defame,
Off povertie or ane miſchevous end,
Quhilk cumis of men of aige that tynis gud name;
Quhan yung men dois ſic thing it is na ſchame,
Becauſs yowtheid garris thair blude flow and rege,
Bot auld menis luſt proceidis of daft dotage.

[1] Sic in MS.; *Sircht* is an anagram of *Chriſt*.

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And ſen thy blude is becum cawld and dry,
And als thy fleſche and banis conſumys for eild,
Thairfoir thow ſowld leif wantone chevalry
Off Venus warkis, and to gif our the feild,
And nevir to beir in amouris ſpeir nor ſcheild;
Bot rathir at ane hett fyre the to hold,
With ane ſydgoun to keip the fra the cold.

Thow hes mair miſtir of ane dowbill cap,
Nor of the fareſt lady in to France,
With mittanis warme thy tendir handis to hap, Fol. 288. b.
Nor for to ſe thy deir lufe ſing or dance;
Reſtoratyvis, be wyiſs menis ordinance,
With ſweit confectionis, ſowld be thy confort,
Rathir nor with freſche ladeis for till ſport.

The meſſingeris of deid dois the aſſelye,
The quhilk no man nor woman may ganeſtand,
Thy memberis and thy ſtrenth begynnis to felye,
For butt ane ſtaff thow may nocht ſkantlie ſtand;
Thairfoir gif thow be wyiſs do my command,
And to putt wemen cleir furth of thy mynd,
Becauſs to men of aige thay ar vnkynd.

Thocht thow be coiſtlie cled in cap and goun,
Lyk the yung galyard gallandis in all thing,
And als thy claiſs maid of the new faſſoun,
And on thy finyeris mony joly ring,
Yit thy gray berd yung wemen ſall maling;
Thairfoir thow ſall putt thame furth of thy mynd,
Becauſs to men of aige thay ar vnkynd.

To the madin. And, noble ladeis and ſweit creatouris,
I exort yow naturaly to intend
The crewall and vnhappy aventouris,
Be jugement devyne quhilk God dois ſend,

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Schame, pouerty or ane vyle ſuddane end,
On thame that maculattis pudicitie,
Adherand to thair ſenſualitie.

The noble giftis of cheſtitie precell,
Off vertewis it is maiſt principall;
Na perſone can expreme, defyne nor tell
The godly vertew virginiall;
For the devyne theologgis vniuerſall,
And auld awttouris of maiſt excellent gre,
Aboif all giftis thay preffer cheſtitie.

Thairfoir gif ye wald keip pudicitie,
Ye ſowld extremely deteſt vane amouris,
And to fle evill occaſioun ſpecialie,
As is foirſaid be ornat oratouris;
And als ye ſowld prepend bayth day and houris,
To grit miſcheif, miſery and neid,
Fra paramouris dois evir mair ſucceid.

Finis quod Weddirburne.

CCCXIV.

[*Ye blindit Luvaris, luke.*]

YE blindit luvaris, luke
The rekleſs lyſe ye leid,
Eſpy the ſnair and huke
That haldis yow be the heid;
Thairfoir I reid remeid
To leiſe and lat it be,
For lufe hes non at feid,
Bot fulis that can nocht fle.

Fol. 289. a.

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Quhat is your luſe bot luſt,
Ane littill for delyte,
Ane beiſtly game robuſt,
To reif your reſſoun quyte;
Ane ſowſum appetyte,
That ſtrenth of perſoun waikis,
Ane paſtance vnperfyte,
To ſmyte yow with the glaikis.

Quhair ſenſuall luſt proceidis,
All honeſt luſe is pynd;
Ye ma compair your deidis,
Vnto ane brutall kynd.
Fra vertew be contrynd
To follow vyce, conſiddir
That reſſoun, wit and mynd,
Ar all ago togiddir.

The wyſeſt woman thairout,
With wirdis may be wyllit
To do the deid, but dout,
That honour hes exyllit.
How mony ar begyllit,
And few I fynd that chaipis;
Thairfoir your faithis ar fylit
To frawd thay ſilly aipis.

Ye mak regaird for grace
Quhair nevir grace yit grew;
Ye lang to ryn the race,
That ane or baith ſall rew;
Ye preiſs ay to perſew
Thair ſyte and your awin ſorrow;
Ye treſt to find thame trew,
That nevir wes be ſorrow.

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Ye cry on Cupeid king, Fol. 289. b.
And Venus quene, in vane;
Ye ſend all maner thing,
With trattillis thame to trane;
Ye preiche, ye fleich, ye frane,
Ye grane ay quhill thay grant;
Your prettikis ar profane
Pure ladeis to fupplant.

Ye ſchowt as ye wer ſchent,
Thay ſwoun to ſe yow ſmartit;
Ye rame as ye wer rent,
And thay ar rewthfull hairtit.
Your play ar[1] ſone peruertit,
Fra that thair belly ryſs;
Thay wary yow that gartit,
And ye thame inlykwyſs.

Yit thair is leſum lufe,
That lawchtfully fuld leſt;
He is nocht to reprufe,
That is with ane poſſeſt.
That band I hald it beſt,
And nocht to paſs attour,
Bot ye can tak no reſt,
Quhill thay kaſt vp all four.

Sic luvaris feyndill meitis,
Bot ladeis ay forlorne is;
Quhen thay bewaill and greitis,
Sum of yow lawchis and ſkornis.
Your hecht, your aith menſworne is,
Your lippis ar lyk burd lyme;
I hald ye want bot hornis,
As bukkis in belling tyme.

[1] So in MS.

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Ye trattill and ye tyſt,
Quhill thay foryet thair fame;
Ye trane thame to ane tryſt,
And thair ye get thame tame.
Thay ſuſſy nocht for ſchame,
Nor caſtis nocht quhat cumis ſyne;
Bot quhen ye claw thair wame
Thay tummyll our lyk ſwyne.

Thocht yung perwerſit natouris[1] Fol. 290. a.
To palyardy applawddis,
Bot yit auld rubiatouris,
To[2] hant the laittis of lawdis,
Quhen[3] thay begyn ſic gawdis,
To leif thay ar moſt laith,
Quhen thay haif gottin blawdis,
With Venus bowtyne cleth.

Ye wantoun wowaris waggis
With thame that hes the cunye,
For haif ane biſmeir baggis,
Ye grunche nocht at hir grunye;
Swa[4] ladeis will nocht ſounye,
With waiſtit wowbattis rottin,
Bot prowdly thay will prounye,
Quhair geir is to be gottin.

Quhair money may yow moiſ,
I hald it aweryce,
Thair is na conſtant luſe,
Bot commoun merchandyce.
This ordour now is nyce,
Quhair lufe is ſauld and coft,
It is ane dowbill vyce,
To bring the Devill on loft.

[1] Originally *creatouris*. [2] Originally *That*. [3] Originally *Quhill*.
[4] Originally *Rycht ſwa*.

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The bich the curtyk fannis;
The wolf the wilrone vſis;
The mull frequentis the annis,
And hir awin kynd abuſis.
Rycht ſwa the meir refuſis
The[1] curſour for ane awer;
Swa few I fynd excuſis,
Bot[2] wemen quhilk will wauer.

Yit poyettis few[3] decreitis,
Saif ane hecht[4] Percifie,
Bot of your ſodomeitis
In Rome and Lumbardie,
In Aipillis[5] and Italie,
To compt how ye converſs,
I vg for villanie
Your vycis[6] to reherſs.

Quhair lechery belappis, Fol. 290. b.
All ſteidfaſt luve it ſtoppis;
Quhair hurdome ay vnhappis,
With quenry, canis and coppis,
Ye pryd yow at thair proppis,
Till hair and berd grow[7] dapill;
Ye cowet all kyn croppis,
As Eua[8] did the apill.

Thus ye haif all the wyte,
And thair miſcheif ye mak it,
That ſuld haif wit perfyte,
And wiſdome[9] to abſtrakit.
Suld ladeis than be lakkit,
Thocht few of thame be gud?

[1] Originally *Ane.* [2] Originally *Saif.* [3] Originally *nane.* [4] *Hecht* inſerted. [5] *and* afterwards deleted. [6] Originally *vſingis.* [7] Originally *be.* [8] Originally *Eue that.* [9] Originally *reſſoun.*

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For all diſſait[1] thay tak it,
Of your awin fleſch and blude.

Wald ye foirſe the forme,
The faſſoun and the fek,
Ye ſuld it fynd inorme,
With bawdry yow to blek.
Thairſoir fle fra[2] ſuſpek,
Or than ſa mot I thryfe,
Your natouris ye neglek,
And wantis your wittis fyve.

Appardoun me of thiſs,
Gif ocht be to diſpleiſs yow,
And quhair I mak a miſs,
My mynd ſalbe to meiſs yow.
Thir reſſonis ar to raiſs yow
Fra crymes vndir coite;
Or war[3] ye ſay nocht, waiſs yow,
Quod Allexander Scote.

[*Finis*] *quod* Scott.[4]

CCCXV.

The Prollog of the Fourt Buik of Virgell, treting of the Incommoditie of Luve and Remeid thairof, compyld be Biſchop Gawyne Dowglas. Fol.291.a.

The Poet dreſſis him firſt to Venus and Cupeid.

WITH bemes ſchene, thow bricht Cytherea,
Quhilk only ſchaddowis among ſterris lite,

[1] Firſt *thair evill.* [2] Originally *ye fle.* [3] Originally *Thairfoir.*
[4] "Heir endis the haill four pairtis of this ballat buke, anno 1565," was originally written at the foot of folio 290, but afterwards carefully inked over, except the date, which was altered to 1568. The eraſing ink having faded, the words can now be read.

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And thy blind wingit ſone Cupido, ye twa
Foſterreris of birnyng carnall het delite,
Your joly wo neidlingis moſt I endite,
Begynning with ane fenyeit faynt pleſance,
Continewith with luſt and endis with pennance.

In fragill fleſche your febill ſeid is ſaw,
Rutit in delyte, welth and fude delicate,
Nureiſt with ſlewith, and mony vnſemelie ſaw;
Quhair ſchame is loiſt, thair ſpreidis your burgeons hate,
Oft to revolue ane vnlefull conſait,
Rypis your perrellis fructis and vncorne;
Off wicket grane how ſall gude ſchaif be ſchorne?

The Hant of vnleſum Luve. Quhat is your force bot febling of the ſtrenth?
Your curious thochtis quhat bot miſſery?
Your fremmit glaidnes reſtis not ane houris lenth,
Your ſport for ſchame ye dar not ſpecify;
Your fruct is bot vnfructous fanteſſy,
Your ſory joyis bene bot jangling and jaipis,
And your trew ſcherwandis ſilly Godis aipis.

The Commodeteis of Luve. Your ſweit mirthis ar mixt with bittirneſs;
Quhat is your drery game and mery pane?
Your werk vnthrift, your quiet is reſtles,
Your luſt lyking in langor to remane;
Freindſchipis torment, your treſt is bot ane trane;
O luve, quhidder art thow joy or fulichenes,
That makis folk ſa glaid of thair diſtres?

Salomons wit, Sampſone thow rubeſt his forſs,
And Dauid thow bereft his prophecy;
Exampillis. Men ſayis thow brydlit Ariſtotell as ane horſs, Fol. 291. b.
And crelit vp the ſloure of poetry;
Quhat ſall I of thy michtis notify?
Fairweill, quhair that thy luſty dart aſſalis,
Remeid. Wit, ſtrenth, riches, nathing bot grace availis.

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Thow chene of luve, ha, benedicite,
How hard ſtrenyeis thy bandis every wicht?
The God above, for his hie maieſte,
With the ybound, law in ane maid did licht;
Thow vincuſt the ſtrong gyand of grit micht;
Thow art mair forcy than the Deid ſo fell,
Thow plenneiſt Paradyce and thow herreit Hell.

Thow makis febill wicht, and thow lawiſs hie,
Thow knyttis freindſchip, quhair thair be na parage;
Thow Jonatha conſidderit to Dauye,
Thow danttit Alexander for all his vaſſillage,
Thow feſtnyt Jacob fourtene yeiris in boundage,
Thow teichit Hercules to go lerne and ſpyn,
Reik[1] Dianiyre his meiſs and lyoun ſkyn.

Domage in Luve.

For luve Narciſſus perreiſt at the well,
For luve thow ſterviſt moſt duchty Achill,
Theſeus for luve his fallow ſocht to Hell;
The ſnaw quhyt dow oft to the gray maik will:
Allace, for luve, how mony thame ſelf did ſpill?
Thy fury, luve, motheris tawcht for diſpyte
Fyle handis in blude of thair yung childryne lyte.

O Lord, quhatt wryitis Virgill of thy forſs,
In his Georgikis? How thy vndantit micht
Conſtrenis ſumtyme ſo the ſtonyt horſs,
That by the ſent of ane meir far of ſicht,
He braidis brayis annon, and takis the flicht;
Na brydill may him dant nor buſtous dynt,
Nor bra, hie roche, nor braid fludis ſtynt.

The buſteous bullis oft for the yung ky
With horne to horne wirkis vthir mony wound, Fol. 292. a.
So rummeſſing with mony low and cry,
The feildis all doith of thair rowtting reſound:

[1] Originally *And eik.*

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The meik hairtis oft in belling ar found
Mak ferſs bargan, and rammis to gidder rin,
Bairis thair tuſkis frettis on vthiris ſkin.

The ſtory of Leander and Hero.

The rewthfull ſmart and lamentable caice,
Quhilk thair he wryttis of Leander ying,
Quhome for thy luve, Hero, allace, allaice,
In fervent flamb of hait deſyre birning,
By nichtis tyd, the hevynnis lowid thundring,
And all with ſtorme trublit the ſeyis flude,
Beittand on rolkis and rowttand as it war woud.

Set he him not to ſwym ovir, welloaway,
The firth betuix Seſtos and Abidane,
In Ewrop and Aſia, citeis tway?
His fader and moder micht him not call agane;
O God, quhair thair, he was tynt and ſlane;
And quhen his luve ſaw this miſcheif attanis,
Owttour the wall ſcho lap and brak hir banis.

Lo, how Venus can hir ſchervandis acquite,
Lo, how hir paſſionis vnbryddills all thair wit,
Lo, how thay tyne thame ſelf for ſchort delyt,
Lo, frome all grace to miſcheif thay ar flit,
Fra weill to wo, fra pane to deid, and yit
Thair bene bot fewe exampill takkis of vther,
Bot wilfully fallis in the fyre, leif brother.

To abſtene frome Wyne and Luſt veneriane.

With luſt of wyne nor werkis veneriane
Be nevir ouirſett, myne awctor teichis ſo;
Stryfe and debait engenderis and feill hes ſlane;
Thay febill the ſtrenth, reiveillis ſecreittis both two;
Honeſt proves, dreid, ſchame and luck ar gane,

Quhat Luſt is.

Quhair thay habound; attempir thame for thy;
Childer to engender vſe Venus, and not in vane;
Hant na ſurfet, drink bot quhen thow art dry.

Fol. 292. b.

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To the Men Luvaris. Quhat, is this luve, nyce luvaris, that ye mene,
Or fals diſſait, fair ladyis to begyle?
Thame to defoule, and ſchent your ſelf betuene,
Is all your lyking, with mony ſubtell wyle.
Is that trew luve, gud faith and ſame to fyle?
Quhat is Lufe? Gif luve be vertew, than is it lefull thing;
Gif it be vyce, it is your vndoing.

Luſt is no lufe, thocht leidis lyk it weile;
This furious flamb of ſenſualite
Ar nane amouris bot fanteſy ye feill,
Carnall pleſance, but ſicht of honeſtie,
Haitis him ſelf forſuth and luvis not the:
Twa Luvis. Thair bene twa luvis, perfyt and vnperfyt,
That ane lefull, that vthir fowll delyt.

Diffinitioun of Luf. Luve is ane kyndly paſſioun engendrit of heit,
Naturall Lufe. Kendlit in the hairt, overſpredand all the corſs;
And as thow ſeis ſum perſone waik in ſpreit,
Sum hait birnyng as ane vnbridlit horſs,
Lyk as the patient hes hait of our grit forſs,
And in yung babbis warmenes inſufficient,
And in to aige it failyeis and is owtquent.

Luve inordinat. Richt ſo in luve thow may be exceſſive,
Inordinatly luvand ony creature;
Thy luve alſo it may be difective,
To luve thyne awin, geving of vthiris no cure:
Bot quhair that luve is rewlit by meſure,
It may be licknit to ane haill man eſtait,
Intemperat warmeneſs, nothir to cald nor hait.

Than is thy luve inordenat, ſay I,
Quhen ony createur mair than God thow luvis,
Or yit lufis ony to that fyne, quhairby
Thy ſelf or thame thow ſrawartis God remvffis;

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For till attempir thyne amouris the behuffis,
Luve every wicht for God and to gude end, Fol.293.a.
Thame be na wayis to harme bot to amend.

That is to knaw, luve God for his gudnes,
With hairt, haill mynd, trew ſeruice day and nicht;
Nixt lufe thy ſelf, eſchewand wicketneſs,
Luve ſyne thy nychtbouris and wirk thame na vnricht,
Willing that thow and thay may haif the ſicht
Of hevinis bliſs, and tyſt thame not thairfra,
For and thow do ſic luf dow not a ſtra.

Faynt luve but grace for all thy fenyeit layis,
Thy wantoun wylis ar verry vanitie;
Gracelès thow aſkis grace, and thus thow prayis,
Haive mercy, lady, haif rewth and ſum petie;
And ſcho rewthles agane rewis on the;
Heir is na parramouris found, bot all hatrent,
Quhair nowthir to weill nor wa tak thay tent.

Callis thow that rewith, quhilk of thair ſelf na rakkis?
Or is it grace to fall ſra grace? Na, nay,
Thow ſeikis mercy and thairof miſchefe makkis;
Renoun and honour quhy wald thow dryve away?
A brutale appetyte makis yung fulis forvay,
Quhilk be reſſone liſt not thair heit refrane,
Haldand opinioun deir of a borit bene.

Sayis not your ſentence thus, ſkant of a faſs;
Quhat honeſtie or renoun is to be dram,
Or for to drowp lyk a fordullit aſs?
Latt ws in ryott leif, in ſport and gam;
In Venus court, ſen born thairto I am,
My tyme weill ſall ſpent; wenis thow not ſo?
Bot all your ſollace ſall returne in gram,
Sic thewilles luſtis in bittir pane and wo.

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Aganis ald Lichery.

Thow awld haſard lechour, ſy for ſchame,
That ſlotteris furth evirmair in ſlugardry;
Owt on the, awld trat, aigit wyf or dame,
Eſchamis na tyme in rowſt of ſyn to ly;
Thir Venus warkis in yowtheid ar foly,
Bot in to eild thay turne in fury rage;
And quha ſchameles dowbillis thair ſyn, ha, ſy,
As dois thir vantouris othir in yowth or aige?

Quhat neidis avant yow of your wicketnes,
Ye that delytis allane in villanis deid?
Quhy gloir ye in your awin vnthriftines?
Eſchame ye not reherſs and blaw on breid
Your awin defame, havand of God na dreid,
Na yit of hell provokand vthiris to ſyn,
Ye that liſt of your palyerdie nevir blin?

Wald God ye purcheſt bot your awin miſchance,
And war na banarreris for to perriſs mo;
God grant ſumtyme ye turne yow to pennance,
Refrenyng luſtis inordinat, and cry ho,
And thair affix your luſe and mynd alſo,
Quhair evir is verry joy withowttin offens,
That all ſic beiſtly fury ye lat go hens.

Aganis Makrellis.

Off brokkaris and ſic bawdry how ſowld I wryt,
Of quhome the filth ſtynkis in Godis neiſs?
With Venus henwyffis, quhat wayis may I flyt,
That ſtraikis thir wenchis heidis thame to pleiſs?
Dochtir, for thy luve this man hes grit diſeiſs,
Quod the biſmeir, with hir ſleikit ſpeiche;
Rew on him, it is mirreit his pane to meiſs;
Sic poid makcrellis for Lucifer bene leiche.

To Virginis.

Eſchame yung virgynis and fair damecellis,
Furth of wedlok for to diſteyne your kellis;

Fol. 293. b.

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Treſt not all tailis that wantoun wowaris tellis,
Yow to defloir, purpoſing nothing ellis;
Abhor ſic pryce or prayer quhilk wirſchep ſellis;
Quhair ſchame is loſt, quyt ſchent is womanheid;
Quhat of bewtie quhair honeſtie lyis deid? 200 Fol. 294. a.

Rew on your ſelf, ladyis and madynis ying,
Grant na ſic rewith for evir ma cauſs yow rew;
Ye freſche gallandis, in hait deſyre birning,
Refrene your curage ſic paramouris to perſew;
Ground your amouris on cheretie all new,
Found yow on reſſoun; quhat neidis moir to preiche?
God grant yow grace in lufe as I yow teiche.

Fy on diſſait and fals diſſimulance,
Contrar to kynd with fenyeit cheir ſmyling,
Vndir the cloke of luvis obſervance,
The vennoum of the ſerpent reddy to ſting;
Bot all ſic crymes in luvis cauſs I reſing,
To the confeſſioun of morall Johine Gower,
For I mon ſollow the text of our mater.

Thy dowble wound, Dido, to ſpecify,
I mene thyne amouris and thyne funerall fait,
Quha may endyt, but teiris, with ene dry?
Aguſtyne confeſſis him ſelf wepit, God wait,
Reding thy lamentable end misfortunat;
By the will I repeit this verſs agane,
Temporall joy endis with wo and pane.

Allace, thy dolorus caice and hard miſchance,
Frome bliſs to wo, frome ſorrow to fury rage,
Fra nobilnes, welth, prudence, and temperance,
In brutall appetyt fell, in wyld dotage;
Dantar of Affrik, quene foundar of Cartage,

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Vmquhile in riches and ſchynnyng gloir ringing,
Throw ſuliche luſt wrocht thyne awin vndoing.

Lo, with quhat thocht, bittirnes and pane,
Luve vnſilly breidis every wicht;
How ſchort quhyle dois his ſchort pleſance remane,
His reſtles bliſs how ſone takis the flicht? Fol. 294. b.
His kyndnes alteris in wreth within ane nicht;
Quhat is bot torment all his langſum fair,
Begun with feir and endit in diſpair?

Quhat ſuſſy, ceur and ſtrange ymagening,
Quhat wayis vnlefull his purpois to attene,
Hes this fals luſt at his firſt begynnyng?
How ſubteill wylis and mony quiet mene,
Quhat ſlicht diſſait quently to flat and fene?
Syne in ane thraw can nocht him ſelfin hyd,
Nor at his firſt eſtait no quhyle abyd.

O, thow ſwelth devorar of tyme vnrecoverable,
O, luſt infernall, ſurnes inextinguibill,
Thy ſelf conſumyng worthis inſaciabill,
Quent feindis net, to God and man odibill;
Of thy triggittis quhat tung may tell the tribill?
With the to wreſtill thow waxis evirmair wicht;
Eſchew thyne hant, and mynneis ſall thy micht.

Se how blind luves inordinat deſyre
Degraidis honour, and reſſone dois exyle;
Dido of Cartage floure, and lamp of Tyre,
Quhais he renoun no ſtrenth nor gift micht ſyle,
In hir faint luſt ſo maid within ſchort quhyle,
That honeſtie baith and gud fame war adew,
Syne for deſdene, allace, her ſelfin ſlew.

O, quhat availit thy brute and glorius name,
Thy nobill treſſour and workis infinyt,

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Thy citeis beilding and thy ryell fame,
Thy realmis conqueſt, weilfair and delyte;
To ſtynt all thingis ſaif thyne awin appetyte?
So was in luve thy frawart deſtanye,
Allace, the quhyle thow knew the[1] ſtrange Enee.

[1] The MS. has *thre*, an evident miſtake.

NOTE.—Three folios (295, 296, and 297) are here miſſing. In the original Table of Contents, appended to the MS., *Dik and Durie* is marked as occurring on folio 295, and probably there were other pieces in theſe folios.

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HEIR ENDIS THE BALLATTIS OF LUVE, REMEDY THAIROF AND CONTEMPT OF LUVE.

Fol. 298. a.

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HEIR FOLLOWIS THE FYIFT PAIRT OF THIS BUIK, CONTENYNG THE FABILLIS OF ESOP, WITH DIUERSS VTHIR FABILLIS AND POETICALL WORKIS, MAID AND COMPYLD BE DIUERS LERNIT MEN, 1568.

To the Redar.

Fol. 298. b.

MY freindis thir ſtoreis ſubſequent,
Albeid bot fabillis thay preſent,
Yit devyne doctowris of jugement
Sayis thair ar hid, but dowt,
Grave materis wyiſs and ſapient,
Vnder the workis of poyetis gent;
Thairfoir be war that thow conſent
To blame thir heir ſetowt.

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CCCXVI.

[*Fable I.* Fol. 299. a.

The Swallow and othir Birdis.]

THE he prudence, and wirking mervellus,
The profound wit of God omnipotent,
Is ſo perfyt and ſo ingeing,
Excelland fer all manis argument.
For quhy? till him all thing is preſent,
Rycht as it is, or ony tyme ſalbe,
Befoir the ſicht of his devinite.

Thairfore our ſaull with ſenſualitie
So fettrit is in preſoun corporale,
We may nocht cleirlye vndirſtand nor ſee
God as he is, a thing celeſtiale.
Oure mirk and deidlye corſs materiale
Blindis the ſpirituall operatioun,
Lyke as man war bundin in preſoun.

In metaphiſik Ariſtotle ſayis,
That man ſaule is lyke ane bakkis ee,
Quhilk lurkis ſtill as lang as lycht of day is,
And in the gloming cumis furth to flee;
Hir eine ar waik, the ſun ſcho may nocht ſee:
So is oure ſaule with phanteſye oppreſt,
To knaw the thingis in nature manifeſt.

For God is in his power infinyte,
And mannis ſaule is febill and owir ſmall,
Off vndirſtanding waik and vnperfyte,[1]
To comprehend him that contenis all:

[1] MS. has *vnperfyſe.*

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Non ſuld preſume be reaſoun naturale
To ſerche the ſecretis of the Trinetie,
Bot trow fermlie, and lat dirk reſſounis be.

Yit nevirtheles we may hawe knawlegeing
Off God Almychtie, be his creatouris,
That he is guid, fair, wyiſs and bening,
Exemple takis be thir jolye flouris,
Rycht ſweit off ſmell and pleſand of colouris,
Sum grene, ſum blew, ſum purpure, quhyte and ride,
Thus diſtribute the gift of his godheid.

The firmament paintit with ſtarris cleir,
Fra eiſt to weſt rolland in circill round,
And everye planete in his propir ſphere,
In moving makand armonye and ſound;
The fyre, the air, the watter, and the ground;
Till vnderſtand it is anuch, I wiſs,
That God in all his warkis wittie is.

Luik we the fiſche that ſowmis in the ſe;
Luik we in erd all kynd of beſtiall;
The ſoulis fair ſo forcelye thay flee,
Scheddand the air with pennis grite and ſmall;
Syne luik to man, quhilk God maid laſt of all,
Lyke till his ymage and his ſimilitude;
Be thir we knaw that God is fair and guid.

All creatouris he maid for the behuiffe
Off man, and till his ſuppertatioun,
Into this erd, baith vnder and abowe,
In nowmer, wecht and dew proportioun;
The differens off tyme and ilk ſeaſoun,
Concordand to oure oportunitie,
As daylie be experiens we do ſee.

Fol. 299. b.

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The Somer with his jolye mantill grene,
With flouris fair furrit on everye fent,
Quhilk Flora, goddes of everye flouris quene,
Hes to that lord as for his feaſoun lent;
And Phebus, with gowdin beames gent,
Hes purfillit, and paintit pleſandlie,
With heat and moſture ſtilland fra the ſkye.

Syne Herweſt hait, quhen Seres that goddes,
Hir barnis benit hes with abundance;
And Bachchus, god of wyne, renewit hes
Hir tome pypes in Italie and France,
With wynis wicht and liccour of pleaſance;[1]
And copia tempis to fill hir horne,
That nevir wes full of quhite nor vthir corne.

Syne Winter wan, quhen auſterne Eolus,
God off the wind, with blaſtis boriall,
The grene garmont of Symmer glorious
Hes all to rent and revin in peices ſmall;
Than flouris fair, faidit with froſt, moiſt fall,
And birdis blyith changeis thair notis ſweit
Intill murning, neir ſlane with ſnaw and ſleit.

Thir dailis deip with dubbis drownit is,
Baith hill and holt heilit with froſtis hair;
And bewis bene ar bethit bare of bliſs,
Be wikkit windis of the Wintare wair:
All wyild beiſtis than fra the bentis bair
Drawis for dreid vnto thair dennis deip,
Couchand for cauld in cowis thame to keip.

Syne cumis Wer, quhen Wintare is away,
The ſecretare of Somer with his ſeill,
Quhen columbie vp kikis throw the clay,
Quhilk ſleit was before with froſtis ſeill:

[1] MS. has *pleaſaimece.*

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The maviſs[1] and the merle beginnis to meale;
The lark on loft, with vthir birdis ſmale,
Than drawis furth fra darne, on down and daile.

That ſamin ſeaſoun, into a ſoft morning,
Rycht blyith thai bitter blaſtis wer ago,
Wnto the wod to ſee the flouris ſpring,
And heir the mawiſs[2] ſing, and birdis mo,
I paſſit furth, ſyne luikit to and fro,
To ſe the ſuyll, that was richt ſeaſonable,
Sappie, and to reſſawe all ſeidis hable.

Movand thus gait, grit mirth I tuik in mynde
Off lawboraris to ſee the beſynace,
Sum makand dike, and ſum the pleuch can wynd, Fol.301.a.[3]
Sum ſawand ſedis faſt, fra place to place,
The harrowis hoppand in the ſawaris trace:
It was grite joy to him that lufit corne,
To ſe thame laboure ſa at evin and morne.

And as I baid vnder a bank full bene,
In hert gritlie reioſit of that ſicht,
Vnto a hege, vnder a hawthorne grene,
Off ſmall birdis thair come a ferlye flicht;
And doun belyve can on the levis lycht,
On everye ſyde about me quhair I ſtude,
Rycht meruelous a mekle multitude.

Amang the quhilk a Sualow loud coud cry,
On that hawthorne heich in the crop ſittand;
O, ye birdis on bewis, here me by,
Ye ſall wele knaw and wyiſly vndirſtand
Quhair danger is and perrell appeirand;
It is grite wiſſdome to prowdye before,
It to deuoid, or drede it hurt yow more.

[1] MS. has *maveiſſs.* [2] MS. has *mawiſſs.* [3] The folios are here wrongly numbered and arranged; 300 and 301 ſhould be tranſpoſed.

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Schir Suallow, quod the Lark agane, and leuch,
Quhat hawe ye ſene that cauſis yow to drede?
Se ye yone churll, quod ſcho, beyond yone pleuch,
Faſt ſawand hemp, lo, ſe, and lynget ſede?
Yone lynt will grow in lytill tyme of dede,
And thairof will yone churll his nettis mak,
Vnder the quhilk he thinkis ws to tak.

Thairfore I rede pas we quhen he is gone
At evin, and with our nailis ſcharp and ſmall,
Out of the erd ſchraip we yone ſede anone,
And ete it wp, for gif it growis, we ſall
Haue cauſs to weip here eftir ane and all;
Se we remede thairfore furth with inſtante,
Nam leuius ledit quicquid prouidimus ante.

For clerkis ſayis it is ſufficient
To conſidder that is befoir thine ee,
Bot prudence is ane inward argument,
That garris a man prowyde befoir and ſee
Quhat guid, quhat evill, is likly for to be
Off everye thingis, at the final end,
And ſe fro perrell ethar him defend.

The Lark lauchand, the Suallow thus coud ſcorne,
And ſaid ſcho fiſchit lang befoir the nett;
The barne is eith to buſk that is vnborne;
All growis nocht that in the ground is ſett;
The nek to ſtoup quhen it the ſtrake ſall get
Is ſone eneuch; dede on the feyeſt ſall:
Thus ſcornit thay the Suallow ane and all.

Deſpiſing thus hir hailſum document,
The foulis ferſſlye tuke thair flicht annone,
Sum with a bir thaj braidit our the bent,
And ſum agane ar to the grenewod gone:

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Vpoun the land, quhair I wes left allone,
I tuke my club and hamewart coud I carye,
So ſerlyand as I had ſene a ſarye.

We furth paſſit quhill June, that jolye tyde, 155 Fol. 301. b.
And ſedis, that war ſawin of beforne,
War growin heich, that hairis mycht thame hyde,
And als the Qualye crakand in the corne;
I movit furth, betwene mid day and morne,
Vnto the hege, vnder the hawthorne grene, 160
Quhair I befoir the ſaid birdis had ſene.

And as I ſtude be aventure and cais,
The ſamin birdis as I haif ſaid yow air,
I hoip, becaus it was thair hanting place,
Mair of ſuccour, or yit mair ſolitare, 165
Thay lychtit doun; and quhen thaj lychtit ware,
The Suallow ſuyſt put furth a piteouſs pryme,
Said, Wois him can nocht be war in tyme.

O, blind birdis, and full of negligence,
Vnmyndfull of your proſperitie, 170
Caſt vp your ſycht, and tak guid aduertence,
Luik to the lynt that growis on yone lye,
Yone is the thing I bad, furthwith that we,
Quhill it was ſeid, had tane it out of the erd;
Now is it lynt, now is it heych on breird. 175

Go yit, quhill it is tendir, young and ſmall,
And pull it vp, lett it no moir increſs;
My fleſch growis, my bodye quakis all;
Thinkand on it I may nocht ſleip in peſs.
Thaj cryit all, and baid the Suallow ceiſs, 180
And ſaid, Yone lint heireſtir will do guid,
For lingett is a lytill birdis fuid.

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We think, quhen that yone lint bowis ar rype,
To mak ws feyſt and fill ws of the ſeid,
Mawgre yone churll, and on it ſing and pype.
Weill, quod the Suallow, freindis hardlye beit;
Do as ye will, bot certane ſair I dreid
Heireftir ye ſall find als ſoure as ſweit,
Quhen ye ar ſpeldit on yone cairlis ſpeit.

The awnare off yone lint ane fowlare is,
Rycht cawtelous and full of ſubteltye;
His pray full ſeindill tymes will he miſs,
Bot giff we birdis all the warrare be;
Full monye of our kin he gart dee,
And thocht it bot ane ſport till ſpill thair blude,
God keip me fra him, and the Hellie Rude.

Thir ſmall birdis, haifand bot litill thocht
Off perrell, that mycht fall be aventoure,
The counſale of the Suallow ſett at nocht,
Bot tuik thair flicht and on togidder ſure,
Sum to the wod, ſum markit to the mure.
I tuik my ſtalf, quhen this was ſaid and done,
And walkit hame, quhill it drew neir hand none.

This lint rypit, the carle pullit the lyne,
Ripplit the bowis, and in beitis ſett,
It ſteipit in the burne, and dryit ſyne,
And with a bittill knokit it, and bett,
Syne ſcutchit it weill, and heclit it in the flett;
His wyffe it ſpan, and twane it into freid, Fol. 300. a.[1]
Off quhilk the foular nettis war maid indeid.

The wintare cam, the wickit wind can blaw,
The woddis grene war wallowit with the weit,
Bayth firth and fell with froſtis war maid faw,
Slonkis and ſlak maid ſlidderie with the ſleit;

[1] Tranſpoſed: ſee note on p. 859.

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The foulis fair for falt thaj fell of feit;
Quhen bewis bair it was na bute to byde,
Bot hyit on in houſſis thame to hyde.

Sum in the berne, ſum in the ſtak of corne,
The ludgeing tuke and maid thair reſidence:
The fowlare ſaw and grit athis hes he ſworne,
Thaj ſuld be tane trewlie for thair expence.
His nettis he hes ſett with diligence,
And in the ſnaw he ſchulit hes a plane,
And healit it at ower with calf agane.

Thir ſmall birdis ſeand the calf was gled;
Trowand it had bene corne thaj lychtit doun,
Bot of the nettis na preſume thaj had,
Nor of the fowlaris falſs intentioun;
To ſchraip and ſeik thair meit thaj maid thame boun.
The Suallow into a branche litill by,
Dredand for gyle, thus loud on thame coud cry:

Into this caffe ſcraip quhill[1] your nailis bleid,
Thair is na corne, ye laubour all in vaine;
Trow ye yone churll for pietie will yow feid?
Na, na, he hes it lyit heir for a traine;
Remowe, I ride yow, or ellis ye wilbe ſlaine;
His nettis he hes ſett full priuelie,
Reddie to draw; in tyme be war for thye.

Grite full is he that puttis in danger
His lyfe, his honour, for a thing of nocht;
Grite fule is he that will nocht glaidlie heir
Counſale in tyme, quhill it availl him mocht;
Grite fule is he that na thing hes in thocht
Bot thing preſent, and eftir quhat may fall,
Nor off the end, hes na memoriall.

[1] MS. has *will*.

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Thir ſmall birdis, for hungar famiſt neir,
Full biſſie ſcraipand for to ſeik thair fude,
The counſale of the Suallow wald nocht heir,
Suppoiſs thair laubour did thame litill guid.
Quhen ſcho thair fuliſch hertis vnderſtude
So indurate, vp in a tree ſcho flew;
With that the churll owir thame his nettis drew.

Alace, it was rycht grite hertis ſair to ſee,
That bludye bouchure beit thaj birdis doun,
And for to heir, quhen thaj wiſt weill to dee,
Thair cirfull ſang and lamentatioun:
Sum with ane ſtaffe he ſtraik to erd in ſoun,
Sum offe the heid, off ſum he brak the craig,
Sum half on lywe he ſtappit in his bag.

And quhen the Suallow ſaw that thaj war deid,
Lo, quod ſcho, thus it happin oftin ſyiſs
Off thame that will nocht tak counſale nor reid
Off prudent men, or clerkis that ar wyiſs:
This grit perrell I tauld thame mair than thryiſs;
Now ar thaj deid, and wois me thairfore. 265 Fol. 300. b.
Scho tuik hir flycht,[1] bot hir I ſaw no moir.

[*Moralitas.*]

Lo, worthie folk, Eſope, that nobill clerk,
Ane poete wirthie to be lawreate,
Quhen he waikit fra moir autentik work,
With vther mo, this foirſaid faibill wrate,
Quhilk at this tyme may weilbe applicate
To guid morale edificatioun,
Hawand ane ſentence cordand to reaſoun.

[1] MS. has *ſtych*.

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This carll and bond of gentrice poliate,
Sawand this caff thir ſmall birdis to ſlay,
It is the feind, quhilk fra the angellis ſtate
Exylit is, as fals apoſtita,
Quhilk day and nycht nevir werye to ga,
Sawand poyſoun and monye wickit thocht
In mannis ſaule, quhilk Chriſt full deir hes bocht.

And quhen the ſaull, as ſeid dois in the erd,
Giffis conſent in delectatioun,
The wickit thocht than begynnis to breird
In deidlye ſyn, quhilk is dampnatioun;
Reaſoun is blindit with affectioun,
And carnall luſt growis full grene and gay,
Throw conſwetude hantit fra day to day.

Proceding furth be vſe and conſuetude
Syn rypis, and ſchame is ſett on ſyde,
The feind plettis his nettis ſtark and rude,
And vnder pleaſaunce priuelye dois hyde;
Syne on the feild he ſawis calf full wyde,
Quhilk is bot tome and verrye vanitie
Off fleſchlye luſt, and vaine proſperitie.

Thir hungrie birdis wretchis we may call,
Ay ſcraipand in this wardlis vaine pleſaunce,
Gredye to gadder guidis temporall,
Quhilk as the caff ar tome without ſubſtaunce,
Litill of vaill, and full of variance,
Lyke to the mow befoir the face of wind
Wiſkis away, and makis wretchis blind.

This[1] Suallow, quhilk eſcapit thus the ſnair,
The halye precheour weill may ſignifie,

[1] MS. has *Thus.*

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Exortand men to walk, and ay be war
Fra nettis of our wickit ennemye,
Quhilk ſlepis nocht, bot evir is reddye,
Quhen wretchis in this warldis wrak do ſcraip,
To draw his nett, that thaj may nocht eſchaip.

Alace, quhat cair, quhat weping is and wo,
Quhen ſaull and bodye pairtit ar in twane,
The bodye to the wirmis kitching go,
The ſaull to fyre and evirlaſting paine:
Quhat helpis than this caffe, and guidis vaine,
Quhen thou art putt in Luciferis bag,
And brocht to hell and hangit be the craig?

Thir hide nettis for to perſawe and ſee, Fol. 302. a.
This forye caffe wyiſlie to vnderſtand,
Beſt is be war in maiſt proſperitie,
For in this warld thair is no thing leſtand;
Is na man waitt quhow lang his ſtait will ſtand,
His lyfe will leſt, nor how that he ſall end
Eftir his deid, nor quhidder he ſall wend.

Pray we thairfore, quhill we ar in this lyffe,
For foure thingis; the firſt, fra fyn remowe;
The ſecund is to ſeiſs all weir and ſtryfe;
The thrid is perfyte cheritye and lowe;
The ferd thing is, and maiſt for our behowe,
That is in bliſs with angellis to be ſallow.
And thus endis the Preching of the Suallow.

Finis.

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CCCXVII.

[*Fable II.*]

The Houlate, maid be Holland.[1]

IN the middis of Maij, at morne, as I ment,
Throw mirth markit on mold, till a grene meid,
The bemis blyitheſt[2] of blee fro the ſone blent,
That all brychtnit about the bordouris on breid;
With alkin herbis off air that war in erd lent
The feildis flourifchit, and fret full of fairheid.
So ſoft was the ſeaſoun our Souerane doun ſent,
Throw the greabill gift off his Godheid,
That all was amiable ower the air and the erd.
Thus throw the cliftis ſo cleir,
Alone but fallow or feir,
I raikit till a riweir,
That ryallye reird.

This riche rywer doun ran, but reſting or rove,
Throw a forreſt on fauld, that ferlye was fair;
All the brayis off that bryme buir brenchis above,
And birdis blyitheſt off ble on bloſſomes bair;
The land loun was and lie, with lyking and love,
And for to lende[3] by that lak thocht me levare,
Becauſs that thir hertis in herdis coud hove,
Pranſand and prunyeand be pair and be pare.
Thus ſat I in ſolace ſekirlye and ſuire,
Content of the fair firth,
Mekle mair of the mirth,
Als was blyith off the birth,
That the ground buire.

[1] *Maid be Holland* afterwards written, but ſeemingly by the ſame hand as the MS.

[2] MS. has *blemis blywe eſt.* [3] Perhaps altered to *leynde.*

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The birth that the ground bure was broudyn on bredis,
With gerſs gay as the gold, and granis off grace,
Mendis and medicine for all mennis neidis,[1]
Help till hert, and till hurt, helefull it was.
Vnder the circle ſolar thir ſanourouſs ſedis
Were nuriſt be dame Nature, that nobill maiſtres;
Bot all thair namys to nyvin as now it nocht nedis;
It wer prolixit and lang, and lenthing of ſpace. Fol. 302. b.
And I haif mekle mater in metir to gloſs
Of ane vthir ſentence,
And waik is my eloquence;
Thairfoir in haiſt will I hence
To the purpoſs.

Off that purpoiſs in that place, be pryme of the day,
I hard a peteous appeill, with a pure mane,
Sowlpit in ſorrow, that ſadly could ſay,
Wois me, wreche, in this warld wilſum of wane,
With moir murnyng in mynd than I mene may,
Rowpit rewthfully roch in a roulk rud rane.
Off that ferly on fold I fell in affray,
Nyrar that noyus in neſt I nycht in ane,
I ſaw a Howlat in haiſt, vndir ane holyng,
Lukand the lak throw,
And ſaw his awin ſchadow,
At the quhilk he culd grow,
And maid a gowling.

He gret gryſlie grym, and gaif a grit youle,
Hedand and chydand with churlich cheir.
Quhy is my face, quod the fyle, faſſonit ſo foule,
My forme and my fetherem vnfrelie but ſeir?
My neb is nytherit as a nok; I am but ane Oule.
Aganis natur in the nycht I waik into weir;

[1] Originally *meidis* but afterwards altered and *leydis* added.

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I dar do nocht on the day, bot droup as a doule,
Nocht for ſchame of my ſchaip in pert till appeir;
Thus all thir foulis for my filth hes me at feid;
That be I ſene in thair ſicht,
To luke out on day lycht,
Sum will me dolefully dycht,
Sum ding me to my deid.

Sum bird will bay at my beke, and ſum will me byte,
Sum ſkirp me with ſcorne, ſum ſkyrme at myn e;
I ſe be my ſchaddow, my ſchap hes the wyte;
Quhame ſall I bleme in this breth, a beſym that I be?
Is none bot dame Natur I bid nocht to nyte
To accuſs in this cauſs, in cais that I de.
Bot quha ſall mak me amendis of hir wirth a myte,
That thus hes maid on the mold a monſter of me?
I will appeill to the Paip, and paſs to him plane;
For happin that his halynace,
Throw prayer may purchace,
To reforme my foule face,
And than wer I ſane.

Fane wald I wit, quod the fyle, or I furth fure,
Quha is Fader of all foule, Paſtour and Paip;
That is the pleſand Pacok, pretious and pure,
Conſtant and kirk lyk vndir his cleir kaip,
Myterit as the maner is, manſueit and demure,
Schrowd in his ſcheneweid, and ſchand in his ſchaip,
Sad in his ſanctitud, ſickerly and ſure;
I will go to that guid, his grace for to graip. Fol. 303. a.
Off that bourd I was blyith, and baid to behald
The Howlate, violent of vyce,
Raikit vnder the ryce,
To the Pacok of pryce,
That was Pape cald.

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Beffoir the Paip, quhen that puir preſent him had,
With ſic courtaſſye as he coud, on knees he fell,
Said, Ave rabye, be the Rude I am rycht rade,
To behald your hellynes, or my taill tell;
I may nocht ſuffiſe to ſe your ſanctitude ſad.
The Paip wyiſlie, I wiſs, of wirſchip the well,
Gawe him his braid benneſoun and baldlie him bade,
That he ſuld ſpecialie ſpeik and ſpair nocht to ſpell.
I com to ſpeir, quod the ſpreit, into ſpeciall,
Quhy I am formit ſa foull,
Ay to yout and to youll,
As ane horrible Oule,
Ougſum owir all.

I am nytherit ane Oule thus be Nature,
Lykar a fulle than a foull, in figure and face;
Byſſym of all birdis, that evir bodye bure,
Without caus or cryme kend in this cace.
I hawe appeillit to your preſence, pretious and puir,
To aſk help into haiſt at your holynace,
That ye wald crye vpoun Chriſt, that all hes in cuir,
To ſchape me ane ſchand bird in a ſchort ſpace;
And to accuſe Nature this is no way.[1]
Thus throw your halynes may ye
Mak a fair foull of me,
Or ellis dreidles I dee,[2]
Or my end day.

Off thy deid, quod the Paip, pitie I hawe,
Bot of Nature to pleyne it is parrell;
I can nocht ſay ſuddanlie, ſo me Chriſt ſawe,
Bot I ſall call my cardinallis and my counſell,
Patriarkis and prophetis, ourelerit all the lawe,
Thaj ſalbe ſemblit full ſone, that thow ſe ſall.

[1] MS. has *way*. [2] Originally *will dee*.

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He callit on his cubiculare within his conclawe,
Pape Jo. That was the propir Papingo, proud in his apparrell;
Bad ſend for his ſecretare, and his ſele ſone,
That was the Turture treweſt,
Ferme, faithfull and ſeſt,
That bure that office honeſt,
And enterit but hone.

The Paip commandit but hone to wryt in all landis,
Be the ſaid ſecretare, that the ſele yemyt,
For all ſtaitis of kirk that vnder Chriſt ſtandis,
To ſemble till his ſummondis, as it weill ſemyt.
The trew Turture has tane with the tithandis,
Done dewly his dett as the dere demyt,
Syne belyve ſend the lettres into ſere landis,
With the Suallow, ſo ſwift in ſpeciale expremit,
The Papis herald at poynt into preſent.
For he is ſurthward to flee,
And ay will haif entree,
In hous and in hall hee,
To tell his entent.

Quhat ſall I tell ony mair of thir materis; Fol. 303. b.
Bot thir lordis belyve thir lettres hes tane,
Reſſauit thame with reuerence, to reid as efferis,
And richelye the heraldis rewardit ilk ane.
Than buſk thaj but blin, monye bewſcheris
Graitheſs thame, but growching, that gait for to gane;
All the ſtaitis of kirk out of ſteid ſteris;
And I ſall note yow richt now thair namis in ane,
How thaj apperit to the Paip and preſent thame ay,
Fair, farrand and free,
In ane guidlye degree,
And manlyke, as thocht me
In middis off May.

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All thus in Maij, as I ment in a morning,
Come foure Phefandis, full fair in the firſt front,
Preſentit thame as patriarkis in thair appering,
Benygne of obedience, and blyith in the bront.
A college of cardinallis come ſyne in a ling,
That war Crannis of kynd, gif I rycht compt,
With ride hattis on heid, in hale taikinning
Off that deir dignitie with wirſchip ay wont.
Thir ar foulis of effect, but felonye or feid,
Spirituall in all thing,
Leill in thair leving,
Thairfore in dignetie ding
Thaj dure to thair deid.

Yit induring the day to that dere drew
Swannis ſuonchand full ſwyith, ſweiteſt of ſuare,
In quhyte rokcattis arrayit; as I rycht knew
That thaj wer biſchoppis bliſt, I was the blyvare;
Stable and ſteidfaſt, tendir and trew,
Off few wirdis, full wyiſs and worthye thaj ware.
Thair was Pyattis and Pertrekis and Plevaris a new,
As abbatis of all ordouris that honorable ar,
The See Mawis war monkis, the blak and the quhyte,
The Goull was a garintar,
The Swerthbak a cellerar,
The Scarth a fiſch fangar,
And that a perfyte.

Perfytelie thir Pik Mawis as for priouris,
With thair pairtie habitis prefent thame thair;
Herronis contemplatywe clein chertouris,
With toppit hudis on heid, and clethit[1] of hair;
Ay ſorowfull and ſaid at all houris,
Was nevir leid ſaw thame lauch, bot drowpand and dare.
All kin chennonis eik of vthir ordouris,

[1] Originally *cleir*.

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All maner of religioun, the leſs and the mair;
Kais. Cryand Crawis and Kais, that crewis the corne,
War puir freiris forward,
That with the leve of the lard
Will cum to the corne yard,
At evin and at morne.

Yit or evin enterit that bure offyce,
Obeyand thir biſchoppis, and bydand thame by,
Grit Ganaris on ground, in gudle awyce,
That war demit, but dout, denys[1] duchty.
Thaj mak reſidence reth, and airlie will ryiſs
To keip the college clein, and the clargye.
The Coke in his cleir kaip, that crawis and cryis, Fol.304.a.
Was choſin chantour full cheiff in the chennonrye;
Thair come the Curllew a clark, and that a cunand,
Chargit as chancellare,
For he coud wryte windir fare,
With his neb for meſtare,[2]
Vpoun the ſee ſand.

Vpoun the ſand yit I ſaw, as theſaurare tane,
With grene awmouſs on hede, Schir Gawane the Drake;
The Arſeene that ourman ay prechand in plane;
Correctour of kirkmen was clepit the Clake;
The Mortoun, the Murecok, the Myrſnyp in ane,
Lychtit as lerit men of law by that lake;
The Ravin, rowpand rudely in a roch rane,
Was dene rurall to rede rank as a rake;
Quhill the lardun was laid, held he na houſs,
Bot in vplandis townis,
At vicaris and perſonis,
For the procurationis,
Cryand full crouſs.

[1] Originally *denis*. [2] The margin has *myſtar*.

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The crouſs Capoun, a clerk vnder clere wedis,
Full of cherite, chaſte and vnchangeable,
Was officiale, but les that the law ledis,
In cauſis conſiſtoriale, that ar courſable.
The Sparrow Venus he veſyit for his vile dedis,
Lyand in lechorye, laith, vnlouable;
The Feldefar, in the forreſt that febily him ſedis,
Be ordour ane hoſpitular was ordanit full hable;
The Kowſchotis war perſonis in thair apparrele;
The Dow, Noyes meſſingere,
Rownand ay with his fere,
Was a curate, to here
Confeſſionis hale.

Confeſs cleir can I nocht, nor kyth all the cas,
The kynd of thair cummyng, thir compaignyes eke,
The manere nor the multitude, ſamonye thair was;
All Se foull and Sede foull was nocht for to ſeke.
Thir ar na foulis of ref, nor of rethnas,
Bot manſuete, but malice, manerit, and meke,
And all apperit to the Paip, in that ilk place,
Saluſt his ſanctitude with ſpirituall ſpeke;
The Pape gaif his beneſoun and bliſſit thame all;
Quhen thaj war rangit on rawis,
Off thair cuming the haill cawiſs
Was ſaid into ſchort ſawis,
As ye here ſall.

The Pape ſaid to the Oule, Propone thine appele,
Thy lamentabill langage, as like the beſt.
I am deformit, quod the foull, with faltis full fele,
Be Nature nytherit ane Oule noyus in neſt,
Wrech of all wrechis, fra wirſchip and wele;
All this tretye hes he tald be termes in teſt.
It nedis nocht to renew all myn vnhele,

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Sen it was menit to your mynd and maid manifeſt.
Bot to the poynt pietouſs he prait the Pape
To call the clergye with cure,
And ſe gif that Nature
Mycht reforme his figure,
In a fair ſchaip.

Than fairly the Fader thir foulis he frainyt
Off thair counſele in this caiſs, ſen thaj the rycht knewe;
Giff thaj the Houlat mycht help, that was ſo hard panyt. Fol. 304. b.
And thaj verelye aviſit, full of vertewe,
The mater, the maner, and how it remanyt;
The circumſtance, and the ſtait, all coude thaj argewe.
Monye alleageance lele, in lede nocht to lane it,
Off Ariſtotle and ald men, ſcharplye thaj ſchewe;
The prelatis thair apperance proponyt generall.
Sum ſaid to, ſum fra,
Sum nay, and ſum ya;
Bayth pro and contra
Thus argewe thaj all.

Thus argewe thaj erniſtlye woner oftſiſs,
And ſyne to the ſamyn forſuth thaj aſſent hale,
That ſen it nychlit Nature, thair alleris maiſtriſs,
Thaj coud nocht trete but entent of the temperale.
Thairfore thaj counſele the Pape to wryte on this wiſs
To the athill emperour, ſouerane in ſale,
Till addreſs to that diete, to deme his aviſs,
With dukis and with digne lordis, derreſt in dale,
Erlis of anceſtry and vthir ynewe.
So that ſpirituale ſtate,
And the ſeculare conſate,
Mycht all gang in a gate,
Tendir and trewe.

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The trew Turture and traiſt, as I heir tald,
Wrate thir lettres at lenth, leleſt in lede;
Syne throw the Papis precept planelye thame yald
To the Suallow ſo ſwift, harrald in hede,
To ettill to the emperoure, of anceſtry ald.
He wald nocht ſpare for to ſpring on a guid ſpede;
Fand him in Babilonis tour, with bernis ſo bald,
Cruell kingis with croun and duckis but drede.
He gaue thir lordis belyve the lettres to luke;
Quhilk the riche emperoure,
And all othir in the houre,
Reſſauit with honour,
Bayth princis and duke.

Quhen thaj conſauit had the cas and the credence,
Be the herald in hall hufe thaj nocht ellis,
Bot bownis out of Babilon with all obedience,
Sekis our the ſalt ſee, fro the ſouth fellis,
Enteris in Europ, free but offence,
Waillis wiſlye the wayis, be woddis and wellis,
Till thaj approch to the Pape in his preſence,
At the foirſaid triſte quhair the trete tellis.
Thaj fand him in a forreſt, frelye and fare;
Thay halſit his halyneſs,
And ye ſall here in ſchort ſpace
Quhat worthy lordis thair was,
Giff your willis ware.

Thair was the Egill ſo grym, gretteſt on ground is,
Athill emperoure our all, moſt awfull in erd;
Ernis ancient of air kingis that cround is,
Nixt his celſitude for ſuth ſecound apperd,
Quhilk in the firmament throw forſs of thair flycht foundis,
Percying the ſonne, with thair ſycht ſelcouth to herde.
Gyre Falcons, that gentille[1] in bewte habondis,

[1] The MS. has firſt *generalle*.

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War dere duckis, and digne, to deme as efferd.
The Falcon, faireſt of flycht fermyt on fold,
Was ane erle of honour,
Marſchall to the emperour,
Bothe in hall and in bour,
Hende to behold.

Goiſhalkis wer gouernouris of the grit oſt, Fol. 305. a.
Choſin chiftanis, chevelruſs in chairgis of weiris,
Marqueffis. Marchionnis in the mapamond, and of mycht moſt,
Nixt dukis in dignite, quhome no dreid deiris.
Sperk Halkis, that ſpedely will compas the coſt,
Wer kene knychtis of kynd, clene of maneiris,
Blycht bodeit and beild, but barrat or boſt,
With ene celeſtiall to ſe, circulit with ſapheiris.
The Specht wes a purſevand, proud to appeir,
That raid befoir the emperour,
In a cote of armour
Of all kynd of cullour,
Cumly and cleir.

The armes. He bure cumly to knaw be conſcience cleir
Thre cronis and a crucefix, all of clene gold,
The burd with orient perle plant till appeir,
Dicht as a dyademe digne, deir to behold,
Circlit on ilka ſyd with a ſapheir,
The jaſpis jonit the jem, and rubeyis inrold.
Syne twa keiſs our corſs, of ſiluer ſo cleir,
1. Paipis armes. In a feild of aſur flamit on fold;
The Paipis armes at poynt to blaſone and beir,
As feiris for a purſevant,
That will viage avant,
Actiue and auenant,
Armes to weir.

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2 Empriouris armes.
Syne in a feild of ſiluer, ſecound he beiris
Ane Egill ardent of air, that ettilis ſo he,
The membiris of the ſamyn foule diſplayit as affeiris,
Ferme formit on fold, ay ſet for to fle;
All of ſable the ſelf, quha the ſuth leiris,
The beke bypertitit bryme of that ilk ble.
The empriour of Almane tha armes he weiris,
3 France armes.
As ſignifer ſouerane; and ſyne culd I ſe
Thre flour delycis of France, all of fyne gold,
In a feild of aſure,
The thrid armes in honour
The ſaid purſevand bure,
That blenkit ſo bold.

Thairwith linkit in a lyng, be leirit men approvit,
Scotlandis armes.
He bure a lyoun as lord, of gowlis full gay,
Maid maikles of mycht, on mold quhair he movit,
Rycht rampand as roy ryell of array.
Off pure gold wes the grund, quhair the grym hovit,
With dowble treſſour about, flowrit in fay;
And flourdelycis on loft, that mony leid lovit;
Off gold ſignet and ſet, to ſchaw in aſſay;
Our ſouerane of Scotlandis armes to knaw,
Quhilk ſalbe lord and ledar
Our bred Britane all quhair,
As ſanct Mergaretis air,
And the ſigne ſchaw.

The diſcriptioun of the Dowglaſs armes.
Next the ſouerane ſigne wes ſickerly ſene,
That ſcheruit his ſerenite euir ſcheruiable,
The armes of the Dowglaſs duchty bedene,
Knawin throw all Chriſtindome be cognoſcence hable.
Off Scotland the weir wall, wit ye but wene,
Our fais forſs to defend, and vnſelyeable;
Baith barmekin and bar to Scottis blud bene,

Fol. 305. b.

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Our loſs, and our liking, that lyne honorable.
That word is ſo wondir warme, and euir yit waſs,
It ſynkis ſone in all pairte
Off a trew Scottis hairte,
Reioſand ws invart
To heir of Dowglaſs.

Off the duchtie Dowglaſs to dyte I me dreſs;
Thair armes of anceſtre honorable ay,
Quhilk oft blithit the Bruce in diſtreſs,
Thairfoir he bliſſit that blud bald in aſſay.
Reid the writ of thair werk, to your witneſs,
Furth on my mater to muſe I move as I may.

The grene tre.

The ſaid purſevandis gyd wes grathit I geſs,
Bruſit with a grene tre, gudly and gay,
That bure branchis on bred blytheſt of hew;
On ilk bewch to imbraſs,
Writtin in a bill waſs,
O Dowglas, Dowglaſs,
Tendir and trew.

Syne ſchyre ſchapin to ſchaw, mony ſchene ſcheild,
With tuſcheis of treſt ſilk ticht to the tre;
Ilk brenche had the birth, burly and beild,

Four branchis of the tre.

Four flureiſt our all gritteſt of gre.
Ane in the crop heich, as cheif I beheld,[1]
Quhilk bur in to aſure, blytheſt of ble,
Siluer ſternis ſo fair; and pairte of the feild
Was ſiluer ſett with a hairt, heirly and he,
Of gowlis full gratius, that glemit full gay;
Syne in aſure the mold,
A lyoun, cronit with gold,
Of ſiluer ye ſe ſchold,
To ramp in array.

[1] Originally *as I cheiſly beheld.*

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Quhilk caſſin be conyſance quarterly was,
With barris of beſt gold it brint as the fyre;
And vthir ſingis, forſuth ſindre I geſs,
Of mettelis and cullouris intentfull attyre.
It wer lere for to tell, dyte or addreſs,
All thair deir armes in dolie deſyre;
Bot pairte of the principale neuirtheleſs,
I ſall haiſt me to hew[1] hairtly but hyre.
Thair loſs and thair lordſchip of ſa lang date,
That bene cot of armouris of eld,
Thair in to herald I held;
Bot ſen thai the Bruce beld,
I wret as I wate.

In the takin of trewth and conſtance kend,
The azure. The cullour of azure, hevinly hew,
Forthy to the Dowglaſs that ſenye wes ſend,
As leleſt, all Scotland fra ſkath to reſkew.
The ſiluer. The ſiluir in the ſamyn half, trewly to tend,
Is cleir curage in armes, quha the richt knew.
Bludy hairt. The bludy hairt that thaj beir the Bruce at his end,
With his eſtaitis in the ſteid, and nobillis enew,
Addit in thair armes for honorable cauſs,
As his tendereſt and deir,
In his maiſt miſteir;
As ſalbe ſaid to yow heir
In to ſchort ſawis.

The roy Robert the Bruce to raik he avowit, Fol. 306. a.
With all the hairt that he had, to the haly graue;
Syne quhen the date of his deid derfly him dowit,
With lordis of Scotland, lerit, and the lave,
As worthy, wyſeſt to waile, in wirſchip allowit,
To James lord of Dowglaſs thay the gre gave,
To go with the kingis hairt; thairwith he nocht growit;

[1] Originally *have*.

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Bot ſaid to his ſouerane, So me God ſaue,
Your grete giftis and grant ay gratius I fand;
Bot now it movis all thir maiſt,
That your hairt nobilleſt
To me is cloſit and keſt,
Throw your command.

I love yow mair for that lofe[1] ye lippin me till,
Than ony lordſchip or land, ſo me our Lord leid;
I ſall waynd for no way to wirk as ye will,
At wiſs, gife my werd wald, with yow to the deid.
Thair with he lowttit full law. Thame lykit full ill,
Bayth lordis and ladeis, that ſtud in the ſteid.
Off commoun natur the courſs be[2] kynd to fulfill.
The gud king gaif the geft to God for to rede;
In Cardroſs that crownit cloſit his end.
Now God, for his grit grace,
Sett his ſaule in ſolace;
And we will ſpeik of Dowglace,
Quhat wey he coud wend.

The hairt coiſtly he coud cloſs in a cleir cace,
And held alhaill the beheſt he hecht to the king;
Come to the haly graue, throw Godis grit grace,
With offerandis and oriſonis, and all vthir thing;
Our ſaluatouris ſepultour, and the ſamyn place,
Quhair he raiſs, as we reid, richtouſs to ring;
With all the relikis rath, that in that rowm wace,
He gart hallow the hairt, and ſyne cud hit hing,
About his hals foull hend, and on his awin hart.
Oft wald he kiſſit, and cry,
O flour of cheuelry!
Quhy leiſ I, allace, quhy,
And thow deid art?

My deir, quod the Dowglaſs, art thow to deid dicht?

[1] Originally *loſs*. [2] Originally *the*.

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My ſingular ſouerane, of Saxonis the wand;
Now bot I ſemble for thy ſawlis with Sarazenis mycht,
Sall I neuir ſene be in to Scotland.
Than in deſenſs of the faith he fure to the ficht,
With knychtis of Chriſtindome to keip his command;
And quhen the battellis ſo brym, brathly and blicht,
Wer jonit thraly in[1] thrang, mony thowſand,
Amang the hethin men the hairt hardely he ſlang,[2]
Sayd, Wend on as thow wont,
Throw the battell in bront,
Ay formeſt in the front
Thy fayis amang.

And I ſall fallow the in faith, or with fayis be[3] fellit;
As thy lege man lele, my lyking thow arte.
Thair with on Mahonis men manly he mellit,
Braid throw the battelis in bront, and bur thame bakwart.
The wayis quhair the wicht went wer in wa wellit;
Wes nane ſa ſture in the ſteid mycht ſtand him a ſtart.
Thus frayis he the fals ſolk, trewly to tell it,
Ay quhill he couerit and come to the kingis hart;
Thus fell feildis he wan ay wirchipand it. Fol. 306. b.
Throwcht out Criſtindome kid
Wer the deidis he did;
Till on a tyme it betyd,
As tellis the writ,

He bownit to a battell and the beld wan,
Ourſett on the ſathanas ſide Sarazenis micht;
Syne followit faſt on the chace, quhen thay fle can,
Full ferly fele hes he fellit, and ſlane in ficht.
As he releuit was, ſo wes he wer than,
Off a wycht him allane, wirthy and wicht,
Sirclit with Sarazenis mony a ſad man,
That tranoyntit with a trane vpoun that trew knycht.

[1] Originally *and*. [2] Perhaps ſhould be *ſlang*. [3] Originally *or with fay to be*.

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Thow ſall nocht de the allane, quod the Dowglace;
Sen I ſe the ourſett,
To fecht for the faith ſett,
I ſall dewoyd the of dett,
Or de in this place.

He ruſchit in the grit rowt the knycht to reſkew,
Fell of the faſs folk, that fled of befoir,
Releuit in on thir twa for to tell trew,
That thai war be the[1] ſamyn ourſett; thairfoir I murne ſoir.
Thus in defence of the faith, as fermes anew,
And pete of the pretius knycht that wes in pane thore,
The duchty Dowglaſs is deid doun adew,
With loſs and with liking, that leſtis euirmoir.
His hardy men tuk the hairt ſyne vpoun hand;
Quhen thay had bureit thair lord,
With mekle mane to remord,
Thay maid it hame be reſtord
In to Scotland.

Be this reſone we reid, and as our Roy leuit,
The Dowglaſs in armes the bludy hairt beiris;
For it bled he his blud, as the bill breuit,
And in batellis full bred, vndir baneris,
Throw full chevelrous chance he this hart cheuit,
Fra walit wayis, and wicht wirthy in weiris.
Mony galyard grome wes on the grund leuit,
Quhen he it flang in the feild fellon of feiris,
Syne reſkewand agane the hethin menis harmys.
This hart, red to behald,
Throw thir reſſonis ald,
The bludy harte it is cald
In Dowglaſſis armes.

The ſternis. The ſternis of ane vther ſtrynd ſteris ſo fair,
Ane callit Murray, the riche lord of renownis,

[1] *Be the* afterwards written in.

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The ſternis.

Deit, and a dochter had to his deir air,
Off all his treſour vntald, touris and townis.
The Douglaſs in thay dayis, duchtye alquhare,
Archibald the honorable in habitacions,
Weddit that wloink wicht, worthye of ware,
With rent and with richeſs; and be thaj reſſons,
He bure the ſternis of eſtate in his ſtele wedis,
Blithe, blomand and brycht,
Throw the Murrayis mycht;
And ſo throw Goddis foirſycht,
The Dowglaſs ſuccedis.

The lyoun.

The lyoun lanſand on loft, lord in effere,
For guid cauſs, as I ges, is of Galloway.[1]
Quhen thaj rebellit the croun; and caus the king dere,
He gawe it to the Douglaſs, heretabill ay;
On this wiſs gif he coud win it of were,
Quhilk for his ſoueranis ſaik he fett to aſſay;
Killit doun his capitanis, and coud it conquere;
Maidit ferme, as we find, to our Scottis fay.
Thairfoir the lyoun he bure, with loving and loſs.
Of ſiluer, ſemely and ſur,
In a ſeild of aſur,
Crownit with gold pure
To the purpoſs.

The forreſt of Etrik, and vthir ynew,
The landis of Lauder, and lordſchipis ſeir,
With dynt of his derf ſourd, the Dowglaſs ſo dew,
Wan wichtly of weir, wit ye but weir,
Fro ſonis of Saxonis. Now gife I ſall ſew
The ordour of thair armes, it wer to tell teir;
The barris of beſt gold, thocht I thame haill knew,
It ſuld occupy ws all; thairfoir I end heir,
Refferring me to herraldis, to tell yow the haill.

Fol. 307. a.

[1] MS. has *Galway*.

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Off vthir ſcheildis ſo ſchene,
Sum pairte will I mene,
That wer on the tre grene,
Worthy to waill.

Thre coddis. Secund ſyne, in a feild of ſiluer certane,
Off a kynd cullour thre koddis I kend,
With dowble treſur about, burely and bane,
And flour delycis ſo fair trewly to tend.
The tane and the tuthir of goulis full gane,
He bur quarterly, that nane mycht amend;
The armes of the Dowglaſs thairof wes I ſane,
Quhilk oft fayand[1] with forſs his ſa till offend.
Off honorable anceſtry thir armes of eld
Bur the Erle of Murray,
As ſad ſigne of aſſay,
His fell fais till affray,
In a fair feld.

Ane vthir, Erle of Ormond, alſo he bure
The ſaid Dowglaſs armes with a difference;
And rycht ſo did the ferd, quhair he furth fure,
Yaip thocht he yung was to faynd his offenſs.
It ſemit that thay ſib wer, forſuth I aſſure.
Thir four ſcheildis of price in to preſence
Wer changit ſo chivelrouſs, that no creatur
Of lokkis nor linkkis mycht louſs worth a lence.
Syne ilk brench and bew bowit thame till;
And ilk ſcheild in that place
Thair tennent or man wace,
Or ellis thair allyace,
At thair awin will.

Als hieſt in the crop four helmis full fair,
And in thair tynnerallis tryd trewly thay beir
The pleſand Powin in a port prowd to repair;

[1] *Wes fayn* has been written above.

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The powyn.

And als kepit ilk armes that I ſaid eir,
The rowch wodwiſs wald that buſtouiſs bare,
Our growin gryſly and[1] grym in effeir;
Mair awfull in all thing ſaw I nevair,
Bayth to walk and to ward as wechis in weir.
That terrable felloun my ſperit affrayit,
Sa ſeidfull of fanteſy,
I durſt nocht kyth to copy
All vthir airmes thairby,
Off renkis arrayit.

Thairfoir of the ſaid tre I tell nocht the tend, Fol. 307. b.
The birth and the brenchis, that blomit ſo bred,
Quhat fele armes on loft, lufly to lend,
Off lordingis in ſeir[2] landis, gudly and glaid,
The ſaid purſevand bur quhair he away wend
Off his garment ſo gay, of ane he hede,
I leif thame blaſound to be with herrauldis hend;
And I will to my mater as I air maid,
And begyn, quhair I left, at lordingis dere,
The court of the empriour,
How thay come in honour,
Thir fowlis of rigour,
With a grit rere.

Than rerit thir Merlionis that montis ſo he,
Furth borne bechleris bald on the bordouris;
Buſardis and Beld Cyttis,[3] as it mycht be
Soldiouris and ſubiect men to thay ſenyeouris.
The Pitill and the Pipe Gled, cryand pewe,
Befoir thir princis ay paſt as pairt of purveyouris,
For thay culd cheires chikkynis and purchace pultre,
To cleik fra the commonis as kingis katouris,
Syne hove houir and behald the harbry place.
Robene Reidbreiſt nocht ran,

[1] *Grow* has been deleted here. [2] Originally *and ſeir*. [3] Perhaps *Tyttis*.

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Bot raid as a henſeman;
And the littill we Wran
That wrechit dwerch waſs.

Thair wes the herraldis fa, the Hobby, but fable,
Stanchellis, Steropis, ſtrycht to thair ſterne lordis,
With alkin officiaris in erd, avenand and hable;
So mekle wes the multitud no mynd it remordis.
Thus aſſemblit thir ſeggis, ſiris ſenyerable,
All that wer ſoulis of reif, quha richtly recordis,
For the temporalite tretit in table;
The ſterne empriouris ſtyle thus ſtaitly reſtord is.
The Paip and the patriarkis, the prelattis, I wiſt,
Welcomit thame wyſalie, but weir,
With haly ſarmondis ſeir,
Pardoun and prayeir,
And blythly thame bliſt.

The bliſſit Paip in the place prayd[1] thame ilk ane
To remane to the meit at the midday;
And thay grantit that gud, but gruching, to gane,
Than to ane worthelich wane went thay thair way;
Paſſit to a palice of price pleſand allane,
Was erectit ryelly, ryke of array,
Pantit and apparalit prowdly in pane,
Sylit ſemely with ſilk, ſuthly to ſay.
Braid burdis and benkis, ourbeld with bancouris of gold,
Cled our with clene clathis,
Raylit full of riches,
The eſieſt wes the arreſs,
That ye ſe ſchold.

Falcone merchell. All thus thay move to the meit; and the merſchale
Gart bring watter to weſche, of a well cleir,
That wes the Falcone ſo fair, frely but faile Fol. 308. a.

[1] Originally *praid*.

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Bad bernis burdis vpbred with a blyth chere.
The Paip paſt to his place in his pontificall,
The athill empriour annon nycht him neir;
Kingis and patrearkis, kend with cardynnallis all,
Addreſſit thame to that deſs, and dukis ſo deir.
Biſchopis bownis to the burd, and merchonis of michtis,
Erlis of honouris,
Abbottis of ordouris,
Proueſtis and priouris,
And mony kene knychtis.

Denis, and digneteis, as are demit,
Scutiferis and ſquyeris, and bachelaris blyth,
I preſs nocht all to report; ye hard thame exprimit;
Bot all wer merchellit to meit mekly and myth:
Syne ſeruit ſemely in ſale, forſuth as it ſemit,
With all cureis of koſt that cukis coud kyth.
In fleſche tyme, quhen the fiſche wer away flemit,

Stewartis. Quha was ſtewart bot the Stork, ſtalwart and ſtyth;
Syne all the lentren but les, and the lang rede,
And als in the aduent,
The Soland ſtewart was ſent,
For he coud fra the firmament
Fang the fiſche deid.

Cuke. The Boytour callit wes cuke, that him weill kend
In craftis of the kiſchin, coſtlyk of curis;
Mony ſauorous ſawce with ſewaris he ſend,
And confectionis of forſs that pheſick furth furis.
Mony mane meitis, gife I ſall mak end,
It neidis nocht to renew all thair naturis;
Quhair ſic ſtaitis will ſteir thair ſtyll till oſtend,
Ye wait all welth and wirſchip daily induris.

Menſtralis. Syne, at the middis of the meit, in come the menſtralis,
The Maveiſs. The Maviſs and the Merle ſingis,
The Merle.
The Oſill. Oſillis and Stirlingis,

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The Lark. The blyth Lark that begynnis,
And the Nythingalis.

And thair notis in ane, gife I rycht nevin,
Wer of Mary the myld, this[1] maner I wifs;
Thair ſong. Hale, temple of the Trinite, crownit in hevin;
Hale, mudir of our makar, and medecyn of miſs;
Hale, ſuccour and ſalue for the ſynnis ſevin;
Hale, but of our barret and beld of our bliſs;
Hale, grane full of grace that growis ſo evin;
Ferme our ſeid to the ſet quhair thy Sone is.
Haill, lady of all ladeis, lichteſt of leme;
Haill, chalmer of cheſtite;
Haill, charbuncle of cherite;
Haill, bliſſit mot thow be
For thy barne teme.[2]

Haill, bliſſit throch the bod wird of blith angellis;
Haill, princes that compleitis all profecis pure;
Haill, blyther of the Bapteiſt, within thy bowellis,
Of Elezabeth thy aunt, aganis nature;
Haill, ſpeciouſs moſt ſpecifeit with the ſpritualis;
Haill, ordanit or Adame, and ay to indure;
Haill, oure hope and our help, quhen that harme ailis;
Haile, altare of Eua in ane but vre; Fol. 308. b.
Haile, well of our weilfair, we wait nocht of ellis;
Bot all committis to the,
Saull and lyfe, Ladye;
Now, for thy fruyte, mak ws free
Fra feindis that fell is.

Fra thy gree to this ground lat thy grace glyde,
As thow art grantare thairof, and the gevare;
Now, ſouerane, quhair thow ſittis, be thy Sonis ſyde,
Send ſum ſuccour doun ſone to the ſynnare.

[1] Indiſtinct. [2] Originally *tyme.*

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The feind is our felloun fa, in the we confyde,
Thow moder of all mercye, and the menare.
For ws wappit in wo in this warld wyde,
To thy ſone mak thy mane, and thy makar.
Now, Ladye, luke to the lede, that the ſo lele luifis,
Thow ſekir trone of Salomon,
Thow worthy wand of Aaron,
Thow joyus flece of Jedion,
End of the ſang. Vs help the behufis.

All thus our Ladye thaj lofe, with lyking and liſt,
Menſtralis and muſicians, mo than I mene may;
The kyndis of inſtrumentis. The pſaltery, the citholis, the ſoft citharift,
The croude, and the monycordis, the gythornis gay;
The rote, and the recordour, the ribup, the riſt,
The trump, and the taburn, the tympane but tray,
The lilt pype, and the lute, the cithill in fiſt,
The dulſate, and the dulſacordis, the ſchalm of aſſay;
The amyable organis vſit full oft;
Clarionnis loud knellis,
Portatiſis, and bellis,
Symbaclanis[1] in the cellis,
That ſoundis ſo oft.[2]

Quhen thaj had ſangin, and ſaid ſoftly a ſchoure;
And playd[3] as of paradyſs it a poynt ware;
The ſportaris. In come japand the Ja as a jugloure,
With caſtis, and with cantelis, a quynt caryare.
He gart thame ſee, as it ſemyt, in the ſamin houre,
Hunting at herdis, in holtis ſo haire;
Sound ſailand on the ſee ſchippis of toure;
Bernis batalland on burd, brym as a bare;
He coud carye the coup of the kingis des,
Syne leve in the ſtede
Bot a blak bunwede;

[1] Altered to *Symbaclis*. [2] Afloan MS. has *ſoft*. [3] Originally *plait*.

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He coud of a hennis hede
Mak a man mes.

He gart the emperoure trow and trewlye behald,
That the Corncraik, the pundare at hand,
Had poyndit all his priſs horſs in a poynd fald,
Becaus thaj eite of the corne in the kirkland.
He coud wirk windaris quhat way that he wald;
Mak of a[1] gray guſs a gold garland,
A lang ſpere of a bittill for a berne bald,
Noblis of nut ſchellis, and ſiluer of ſand;
Thus jowkit with juperteis the jangland Ja.
Fair ladyis in ringis,
Knychtis in caralyngis,
Bayth danſis and ſingis,
It ſemyt as ſa.

The Ruke callit the bard.

Sa come the Ruke with a rerde and a rane roch,
A bard out of Irland with Banachadee.
Said, Gluntow guk dynydrach hala miſchy doch;
Reke hir a rug of the roſt, or ſcho ſall ryve the.
Miſch makmory ach mach mountir[2] mochloch;
Set hir doun, gif hir drink; quhat deill aylis the?
O Der myn, O Donnall, O Dochardy droch;
Thir ar the Ireland kingis of the Erchrye. Fol. 309. a.
O Knewlyn, O Conoquhor, O Gregre Macgrane;
The Chenachy, the Clarſchach,
The Beneſchene, the Ballach,
The Crekrye, the Corach,
Scho kennis thame ilkane.

Monye leſingis he maid; wald lat for na man
To ſpeke quhill he ſpokin had, ſparit no thingis.

Dene rurall.

The dene rurall, the Ravin, reprevit him than,
Bad him his leſingis leue befoir thaj lordingis.

[1] Originally *Mak a.* [2] May be read *momitir.*

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The bard wox branewod, and bitterlye coud ban,
How Corby meſſinger, quod he, with ſorow now ſingis;
Thow iſchit out of Noyis ark, and to the erd wan,
Tareit as tratour and brocht na tadingis.
I ſall rywe the, Ravin, bayth guttis and gall.
Than the dene rurall worth rede,
Stall for ſchame of the ſtede.
The bard held a grit plede,
In the hie hall.

The fulis. In come twa flyrand fulis with a fond fare,
The Tuquheit and the gukkit Golk, and yede hiddiegiddie;
Rwiſchit[1] bayth to the bard, and ruggit his hare;
Callit him thriſs theviſnek, to thraw in a widdie.
Thaj fylit him fra the foir top to the fute thare.
The bard, ſmaddit lyke a ſmaik ſmorit in a ſmiddie,
Ran faſt to the dur, and gaif a grite raire;
Socht watter to weſch him thairout in ane ydy.
The lordis leuch vpoun loft, and lyking thaj had,
That the bard was ſo bet.
The folis fond in the flet,
And monye mowis at mete
On the fluir maid.

Syne for a figonale of fruct thaj ſtrave in the ſtede;
The Tuquheit gird to the Golk, and gaif him a fall,
Raiff his taill fra his heid with a rathe pleid;
The Golk gat vp agane in the grit hall,
Tit the Tuquheit be the tope, and owirtirwit his heid,
Flang him flat in the fyre, fedderis and all.
He cryit, Allace, with a rair, revin is my reid,
I am vngretiouſlye gorrit, bayth guttis and gall;
Yit he lope fra the low lycht in lyne.
Quhen thaj had remyllis raucht,
Thai foirthocht that thaj facht,

[1] Originally *Wiſchit*.

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Kiſſit ſyne and ſacht,
And ſatt doun ſyne.

All thus thir athillis in hall herlie remanit,
With all welthis at wiſs, and wirſchip to waill:
The Pape beginnis to grace, as greablie ganit;
Wiſch with thir wirthyis, and went to counſale.
The puir Howlattis appele compleitlie was planit,
His ſalt and his foull forme, vnfrelie but ſale;
For the quhilk thir lordis in lede nocht to lane it,
He beſocht of ſocour, as ſouerane in ſaile,
That thaj wald pray Nature his preſent to renewe;
For it was hale his beheſte,
At thair alleris requeſte,
Mycht dame Nature areſte
Of him for to rewe.

Than rewit thir ryallis of that rath man,
Bayth ſpirituale and temperale that kennit the cas;
And, conſiderand the cauſs, concludit in ane,
That thaj wald Nature beſeke, of hir grit grace
To diſcend that ſamin hour as thair ſouerane,
At thair alleris inſtance, in that ilk place.
The Pape and the patriarkis, the prelatis ilk ane,
Thus pray thaj as penitent, and all that thair was.
Quhairthrow dame Nature the traiſt diſcendit that tyde,
At thair haile inſtance;
Quham thaj reſawe with reuerance,
And bowſum obeyſance,
As goddes and gyde.

It nedis nocht, quod Nature, to renewe ocht
Off your entent in this tyde, or forthir to tell;
I waitt your will, and quhat way ye wald that I wrocht,
To reaſoun the Houlate, of faltis full fell.

Fol. 309. b.

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It ſall be done as ye deme, drede ye rycht nocht;
I conſent in this caiſs to your counſell,
Sen my ſelf for your ſake hidder hes ſocht,
Ye ſalbe ſpecialye ſped, or I mair ſpell.
Now ilk foull of the firth a feddir ſall ta,
And len the Houlat, ſen ye
Off him hes pitie;
And I ſall gar thame ſamyn be
To grow or I ga.

Than ilka foull of his flicht a fethir has tane
And lent the Houlat in haſte hurtly but hone.
Dame Nature the nobilleſt nychit in ane,
For to ferm this[1] fetherem and dewly[2] hes done,
Gert it ground and grow gaylye and gane,
On the famin Houlat, ſemelye and ſone.
Than was the ſchand of his ſchaip, and his ſchroud ſchane,
Off all coloure maiſt clere beldit abone;
The faireſt foull of the firth, and hendeſt of hewis,
So clene and ſo colourike,
That no bird was him lyke,
Fro Byron to Berwike,
Vnder the bewis.

Thus was the Houlat in herd herely at hicht,
Floure of all foulis, throw fetheris ſo faire,
He lukit to his licame lemyt ſo lycht,
So proper pleſand of prent, proud to repaire.
He thocht maid on the mold makles of mycht,
As ſouerane him awin ſelf throw beautie he baire,
Counterpalace with the Pape, our princis, I plicht;
So hielie he hyit him in Luciferis laire,
That all the foulis of the firth he defoulit ſyne.
Thus lete he no man his pere;
Gif ony nygh wald him nere,

[1] MS. has *this* twice. [2] Originally *dowly*.

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He bad thame rebaldis oreir,
With a ruyne.

The Paip, and the patriarkis, and princis of prow,
I am cumin of thair blud, be conſingage knawin;
So fair is my fetherem I haif no fallow,
My ſchroud and my ſchene weid ſchyre to be ſchawin.
All birdis he rebalkit that wald him nocht bow;
In breth as a battell, wrycht full of boſt blawin,
With vnlowable latis nocht till allow.
Thus vicut he the Valantene thraly and thrawin,
That all the foulis with aſſent aſſemblit agane, Fol. 310. a.
And plenyeit to Natur
Off this intollerable iniure;
How the Howlat him bure,
So he and ſo hautane.

So pompeous, impertinax, and reprouable,
In exceſſis our arrogant, thir birdis ilk ane
Beſocht Natur to ceiſs that inſufferable,
That with that lady allyt lewch hir allane.
My firſt making, quod ſcho, wes vnamendable,
Thocht I alterit, as ye all aſkit in ane;
Yit ſall I preif yow to pleiſs, ſen it is poſſible.
Scho callit the Howlat in haiſt, that was ſo hautane;
Thy pryd, quod the princes, approchis our he,
Lyke Lucifer in eſtait,
And ſen thow art ſo elait,
As the evangeliſt wrait,
Thow ſall law be.

The rent and the riches, that thow in rang,
Wes of vthir menis all, and nocht of thyne awin;
Now ilk fowll his awin feddir ſall agane fang,
And mak the catyve of kynd, to thy ſelf knawin.

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As ſcho hes demyt thay haif done thraly in thrang;
Thair with dame Natur hes to the hevin drawin,
Aſcendit ſone, in my ſicht, with ſolace and ſang;
And ilk foule tuke the flicht, and, ſchortly to ſchawin,
Held hame to thair hant, and to thair harbry;
Quhair thay wer wont to remane,
All thir gudly and gane;
And thair leuit allane,
The Houlat and I.

Than this Howlat, hidouſs of hair and of hyde,
Put firſt fra pouerty to priſs, and princis awin peir;
Syne degradit fra grace, for his grit pryd,
Bannyt bittirly his birth belfully in beir.
He welterit, he wrythit, he wareit the tyd,
That he wes wrocht in this warld wofull in weir;
He criplit, he cryngit, he cairfully cryd,
He ſolpit and ſorrowit, in ſichingis ſeir;
He ſaid, Allace, I am loſt, latheſt of all,
Byſym in bale beſt;
I may be ſample heir eft,
That pryd yit nevir left
His feir but a fall.

I coud nocht won in to welth wrech wayeſt,
I wes ſo wantoun in will, my werdis ar wan;
Thus for my hicht I am hurt and harmit in haiſt,
Carfull and catiſe for craft that I can.
Quhen I wes of hevit as heir all thill hieſt,
Fra rewll, reſſone and rycht, redles I ran;
Thairfoir I ly in the lymb, lympet the lathaiſt.
Now mek your mirrour be me, all maner of man,
Ye princis, prelettis of pryd for pennyis and prow, Fol. 310. b.
That pullis the pure ay,
Ye ſall ſing as I ſay,

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All your welth will away,
Thus I werne yow.

Think how bair thow wes borne, and bair ay will be,
For ocht that ſedis of thy ſelf in ony ſeſon;
Thy cud, thy claithis, thy coiſt, cumis nocht of the,
Bot of the fruct of the erd, and Godis fuſion.
Quhen ilka thing hes the awin, ſuthly we ſe
Thy nakit corſs bot of clay, a foule carion,
Hatit and hafles; quhairof art thow he?
We cum pure, we gang pure, bath king and common;
Bot thow rewll the richtouſs thy rowme ſall ourrere.
Thus ſaid the Houlat on hicht.
Now, God, for thy grit micht,
Sett our ſaulis in ſicht
Off ſanctis ſo ſeire.

Thus for a Dow of Dumbar drew I this dyte,
Dowit with a Dowglaſs, and baith wer thay Dowis;
In the forreſt foirſaid ſrely perfyte,
Of Terway, tendir and tryd, quho ſo treſt trowis.
Wer my wit as my will, than ſuld I weill wryt,
Bot gif lak in my leid that nocht till allow is,
Ye wiſe, for your wiſchip, wryth me no wyte.
Now blyth ws the bliſt barne that all bern bowis;
He len ws lyking and lyfe euirleſtand.
In mirthfull moneth of May,
In middis of Murray,
Thus in a tyme, be Ternway,
Hapnit Holland.

Explicit. The Tod followis.

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CCCXVIII.

Fable III.

The Fox and the Cock.

THOUCHT brutale beſtis be irrationale,
That is to ſay, lakking diſcretioun,
Yit ilkane in thair kyndis naturale
Hes monye diuerſs inclinatioun;
The bair buſtouſs, the wolf, the wyld lyoun;
The fox fenyeit, craftye and cautelouſs;
The dog to berk in nycht and keip the houſs.

So different thay bene in propirteis,
Vnknawin vnto man, and infynite;
In kynd haifand ſo fele diuerſiteis,
My connyng it excedis for to dyte:
Forthy as now my purpois is to wryte
A caſs I fand, quhilk fell this hinder yere,
Betuix a Fox and gentill Chanteclere.

A wedow duelt intill a drope thaj daiſs,
Quhilk wan hir fude with ſpynning on hir rok,
And no moir guidis, as the fable ſais,
Except of hennis ſcho had a joly flok;
And thame to kepe ſcho had a joly Cok, Fol. 311. a.
Rycht curageouſs, vnto this wedow ay
Deuidand nycht, crawand beſoir the day.

A lytill fra that foirſaid wedois houſs,
A thorny ſchaw thair was of grit defence,
Quhairin a Fox, craftye and cawtelouſs,
Maid his repair and daylie reſidence;
Quhilk to this wedow did grete violence,

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In piking of hir pultry day and nycht;
And be no mene reuengit on him ſcho mycht.

This wily Tod quhen that the lark coud ſing,
Full ſare hungrye vnto the toun him dreſt,
Quhair Chanteclere into the gray dawing,
Wery of nycht, was flowin fra his neſt.
Lourence this ſaw, and in his mynd he keſt
The juperteis, the wayis and the wile,
Be quhat menis he mycht this Cok begile.

Diſſimuland thus in countenance and chere,
On knees fell, and ſmyland thus he ſaid;
Gude morne, my maiſter, gentill Chanteclere.
With that the Cok ſtert bakward in a braid.
Schir, be my ſaull, ye neid nocht be affraid,
Nor yit for me to drede nor flee abak,
I come bot here yow ſervice for to mak.

Wald I nocht ſerve yow, ſchir, I wer to blame,
As I hawe done to youre progenitouris;
Your ſader oft fulfillit hes my wame,
And ſend me mete fra middingis to the muiris.
At his ending I did my beſy curis,
To hald his hede and gife him drinkis warme;
Syne at the laſt that ſuete ſuelt in my arme.

Knew thow my ſader? quod the Cok, and leuch.
Ya, my fair ſone, forſuth I held his hede,
Quhen that he ſwelt vnder a birkyn beuch;
Syne ſaid the Dirige, quhen that he was dede;
Betuix ws twa how ſuld thair be a fede?
Quhom ſuld ye treſt bot me your ſeruitour,
Quhilk to your ſader did ſa grite honour?

Quhen I behald your ſetheris fair and gent,
Youre breſte, your beke, your hekill and your came,

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Schir, be my ſaule, that bliſſit ſacrament,
My hert warmys, me think I am at hame.
Yow for to ſerve I wald crepe on my wame,
In froſt and ſnaw, in wederis wan and wete,
And lay my lyart lokkis vnder your fete.

This feynit Fox, ſalſs and diſſimulate,
Maid to the Cok a cauillatioun;
Me think yow changit and degenerate,
Fra your ſader and his conditioun.
Off crafty crawing he mycht bere the croun,
For he wald on his tais ſtand and crawe,
This is no lee, I ſtude beſyde and ſawe.

With that the Cok, vpoun his tais hee,
Keſt vp his beke, and ſang with all his mycht.
Quhod Lourence than, Now, ſchir, ſa mot I thee,
Ye ar your faderis ſone, and air vp rycht;
Bot yit ye want of his cunnyng ſlicht. 75 Fol. 311. b.
Quhat, quod the Cok, he wald, and haif na dout,
Bayth wink and craw, and turne him thryis about.

Thus inflate with the wind of fals vaine gloir,
Quhilk puttis monye to confuſioun,
Treſtand to win a grit worſchip thairfore,
Wnwarlye winkand, walkit vp and doun,
And ſyne to chant and craw he maid him boun;
And ſuddanlie or he had ſung ane note,
The Fox was war and hynt him be the throte.

Syne to the ſchaw but tarye with him hyit,
Off countermaund haifand bot lytill dout;
With that Sprowtok, Coppok and Partlot[1] cryit,
The wedow hard and with a cry come out;
Seand the caiſs ſcho ſaid, and gaif a ſchout,

[1] MS. repeats *Coppok*.

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How murthour, reylock, with a hiddeous beir,
Alace, hawe I now loſt guid Chanteclere.

As ſcho war wod, with monye yell and cry,
Ryvand hir hair, vpoun hir breiſt can bete,
Syne paill of hew, half in ane extaſye,
Feldoun for cair in ſwoning, and in ſwete;
With that the ſillye hennis left thair mete,
And, quhill this wyfe was lyand thus in ſwoun,
Fell of that caiſs in diſputatioun.

Alace, quod Partlot, makand ſair murning,
With teiris grete attour hir chekis fell,
Yone was our drourye, and our day darling,
Oure nychtingale, and our horlage bell;
Oure walcryif weche ws for to warne and tell
Quhen that Aurora, with hir curchis gray,
Put vp hir hede betuix the nycht and the day.

Quha ſall our lemmane be? quha ſall ws leid?
Quhen we ar ſad, quha ſall vnto ws ſing?
With his ſweit bill he wald brek ws the breid;
In all this warld was thair na kyndar thing;
In paramouris he wald do ws pleſing
At his power, as nature liſt him gyffe;
Now eftir him, alace, how ſall we lywe?

Than Sprowtok ſpak, Seiſs, ſiſter, of your ſorrow,
Ye be to made for him ſic murning maiſs;
We ſall ſair weill, I find, Sanct Johne to borrow;
The proverb[1] ſayis, As guid luif cumis as gaiſs.
I will put on my hellye dayis clais,
And mak me freſch aganis this jolye May,
Syne chant this ſang, Was nevir wedow ſo gay.

He was angrye, and held ws in grete aw,
And woundit with the ſpeir of jelofye;

[1] MS. has *proverd*.

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Off chaumer glew, Partlot, how weill ye knaw,
Waiſtit he was, of nature cald and drye.
Sen he is gone, thairfore, ſiſter, ſay I,
Be blyith in bale, for that is beſt remeid;
Lat quik to quik, and deid go to the deid.

Thus Sprowtok, that feynyeit fayth befoir,
In luſte but luif that ſett all hir delyte;
Syſter, ye watte of ſic as him a ſcoir
May it nocht ſiffiſe to ſlak your appetyte.
I hecht yow be my hand, ſen ye ar quyte,
Within a wolk, for ſchame and I durſt ſpeik,
To gett a berne could better claw your beke.

Than Coppok lyke a curate ſpak full crouſs, Fol. 312. a.
Yone was ane verrye weangeance fra the hevin;
He was ſa loweouſs, and ſo licherouſs,
Seiſs coud he nocht with ſiſſokkis mo than ſevin.
Bot rychtuous God, haldand the ballan[c]eis evin,
Smytis full ſoir, thocht he be patient,
Adulteraris that liſt thame nocht repent.

Prydefull he was, and joyit of his ſyn,
And comptit nowthir of Goddis ſalvour nor feid,
Bot traiſtit ay to rax and ſa furth rin,
Till at the laſt his ſynnis could him leid
To ſchamefull end, and to yone ſuddane deid;
Thairfore I wait it was the hand of God,
That cauſit him be wirreit with the Tod.

Quhen this was ſaid, the wedow fra hir ſwoun
Stert vp in haiſt, and on hir kènnattis cryid,
How Birkye, Burreye, Bell, Balſye, Broun,
Rypeſchaw, Ryn weill, Courteſs, Cutt, and Clyid,
Togidder all but gruncheing furth ye glyid;

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Reſkew my nobill cok or he be ſlane,
Or ellis to me ſe ye cum nevir agane.

With that, but bade, [thay] breddit our the bent,
As fyre of flynt that our the feildis flaw;
Wichtlye, I wiſs, throw woddis and watteris went,
And ſeiſſit nocht ſchir Lourence till thay ſaw.
Bot quhen he ſaw the raches cum on raw,
Vnto the Cok he ſaid in mynde, God then,
Sen I and thow wer liftit in my den.

Than ſpak the Cok, with ſum guid ſpreit inſpyrit,
Do my counſale, and I ſall warrand the;
Hungrie thow art, and for grit travell tyrit,
Rycht fant of force, and may nocht ſorder flee;
Swyith turne agane, and ſay that I and ye
Freindis ar maid, and fallowis for a yeir;
Than will thaj ſtynt, I ſtand for it, and nocht ſteir.

This Fox, thocht he was fals and ſriuelouſs,
And hes frandis his quarrellis to defend,
Diſſauit was throw mynis marvellous,
For falſheid failyeis at the latter end;
He turnit about, and cryit as he was kend;
With that the Cok brade vnto a buche.
Now reid ye ſall quhair at ſchir Lowrence luche.

Begylit thus, the Tod vnder a tree
On knees fell, and ſaid, Gude Chanteclere,
Cum doun agane, and I but mete or fee,
Salbe your man and ſervand for ane yeir.
Nay, murther theif and rivere, ſtand on reir,
My bludye hekkill, and my nek ſo bla,
Hes pairtit lowe for evir betwene ws twa.

I was vnwyis that winkit at thy will,
Quhairthrow allmaiſt I loſſit had my heid.

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I was moir full, quod he, coud nocht be ſtill,
Bot ſpake to put my pray vnto pleid.
Fair on, fals theiſ, God keip me fra thy feid.
With that the Coke our feildis tuke the flicht,
In at the wedowis lewar coud he licht.

Moralitas.

Now, worthy folk, ſuppois this be a fable, 190 Fol. 312. b.
And ourhelit with typis figurall,
Yit may ye find a ſentence rycht greabill,
Vnder the fenyeit termys textuall.
Till oure purpois this Cok wele may we call
Pryd. A nyce proud man, void and vaneglorioufs
Off kyn or gude, quhilk is preſumptuouſs.

Fy, pompouſs pryd, thow art rycht poyſonable,
Quha fauouris the of force man haue a fall;
Thy ſtrenth is nocht, thy ſtule ſtandis vnſtable;
Tak witneſs of the ſeindis infernall,
Quhilk huntit war doun fro the hevinly all
To hellis hole, and to that hidous houſs,
Becaus of pryde thaj war preſumptuouſs.

This feynit Fox may wele be figurate
To flatteraris, with plefand wirdis quhite;
With fals menyng, and mouth mellifluate,
To loiſe and lee quhilk ſettis thair delyte;
All worthy folk at ſic ſuld hafe diſpyte,
For quhair is moir perilouſs peſtilence,
Than giff to liaris haiſtelye credence.

Flattery. This wikkit wind of adulatioun,
Off ſwete ſocour haifand a ſimilitude,
Bittir of gall, and full of fell poyſoun,

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Quha taſtis it, and clerelye vnderſtude.
Forthy as now ſchortly for to conclude,
Thir twa ſynnis, flattery and vaine glore,
Ar venemouſs; guid ſolk, fle thame thairfore.

CCCXIX.

Fable IV.

The Fox and the Wolf.

Incipit aliam fa[bulam].

LEWE we this wedow gled, I yow aſſure,
Off Chanteclere more blyith than I can tell,
And ſpeke we of the fatal aventure,
And deſtenye that to this Fox befell,
That durſt no more with miching intermell,
Als lang as leme and lycht was of the day,
But bydand nycht, full ſtill lurkand he lay;

Quhill that Thetes, the goddeſs of the flude,
Phebus had callit to the herverye,
And Eſperus put of his cloudy hude,
Schawand his luſtye viſage in the ſkye;
Than Lourence lukit vp, quhare he coud lye,
And keſt him hand vpoun his ee on hicht,
Mery and gled that cummyn was the nycht.

Out of the wod vnto ane hill he went,
Quhare he mycht ſe the twynkling ſternis clere,
And all the planetis of the firmament,
Thair courſis, and thair moving in thair ſphere,

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Sum retrograde and ſum war ſtationere;
And in the zodyak, in quhit degree
Thaj wer ilkane, as Lourance lerit me.

Than Saturne alde was enterit in Capricorne,
And Jupiter movit in Sigittarye,
And Mars vp in the Rammys hede was borne,
And Phebus in the Lyoun furth coud carye,
Venus the Crab, the Mone was in Aquarye;
Mercurius, the god of eloquence,
Into the Virgine maid his reſidence.

Bot aſtrolab, quadrant or almanak,
Techit of nature be inſtructioun,
The moving of the hevin this Tod can tak, Fol.313.a.
Quhat influence and conſtillatioun
Was lyk to fall vpone this erd heir doun;
And to him ſelf he ſaid withouttin mair,
Weill worthye fadir, that ſend me firſt to lair.

My deſtany, and eik my werd I watt,
Myn evintour is cleirly to me kend,
With miſcheif mynyet is my mortall fait,
My myſleving the ſoner bot I mend;
Deid is reward of ſyn and ſchamefull end;
Thairfoir I will ga ſeik ſum confeſſour,
And ſcryſe me clene of all ſynnis to this hour.

Allace, quod he, rycht [waryit are[1]] we thevis,
Our lyfe is ſett ilk nycht in avinture,
Our curſit craft full mony ane miſchevis,
For evir we ſteill, and evir alyk ar pure.
In dreid and ſchame our dayis we indure;
And widdy nek and crakraip callit als,
And ſyne till our hyre ar hangit be the hals.

[1] Evidently omitted in the MS.

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Accuſand thus his cankerit conſcience,
Vnto a craig he keſt about his e;
So ſaw he cumand a littill than frome thence,
A worthy doctour of diuinite,
Freir Wolf Waitſkath, in ſcience wondrouſs ſle,
To preche and pray was new cum of cloſtir,
With beidis in hand ſayand his Paternoſter.

Seand the Wolf, this wylie tratour Tod
On kneis fell, with hud in to his nek;
Welcome, my gaiſtly ſadir vndir God,
Quod he, with mony binge and mony bek.
Than quod the Wolf, ſchir Fox, to what effek
Mak ye ſic feir? ryſs vp, put on your hude.
Fader, quod he, I haif grit cauſs to dude;

Ye ar the lanterne, and the ſicker way,
Suld gyd ſic ſympill folk as me to grace;
Your bairfeit, and your ouſett coull of gray
Schawis full weill your perfyt halynace,
Your lene cheikis, your paill and petouſs face:
For weill war him that anis in his lyfe
Had hap to yow his ſynnis anis to ſchryfe.

A, ſilly Lowrance, quod the Wolf, and lewch,
It pleſſis me that ye ar penitent.
Of reif and ſtowth, ſir, I can tell ennewch,
That cauſſis me full ſair for till repent;
Bot, fader, byd ſtill heir on this bent,
I yow beſeik, and heir me now declair
My conſcience, that prikis me ſo ſair.

Weill, quod the Wolf, ſit doun vpone thy kne.
And ſo he did bairheid full humly,
And ſyn began with Benedicite.

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Quhen I thus ſaw, I drew a littill by,
For it effeiris nowdir to heir, nor ſpy,
Nor to reweill thing ſaid vndir that ſele;
Bot to the Tod thus gait the Wolf quod mele.

Art thow contreit, and ſory in thy ſpreit,
For thy treſpas? Nay, ſchir, I can nocht dude;
Me think that hennis ar ſua hony ſueit,
And lambis fleſch that new ar lattin blud;
For to repent my mynd can nocht conclude, Fol. 313. b.
Bot this thing, that I haif ſlane ſo few.
Weill, quod the Wolf, in ſouth thow art a ſchrew;

Sen thow can nocht forthink thy wicketnaiſs,
Will thow forbeir in tyme cuming, and mend?
And I forbeir, how ſall I leif, allaiſs,
Haifand na vthir craft me to defend?
Neid cauſſis me to ſteill quhair evir I wend;
I ſchame to beg, I can nocht wirk, ye wat,
Yit wald I fane pretend a gentill ſtait.

Weill, quod the Wolf, thow wantis pontis twa
Belangand to perfyt confeſſioun;
Now to the thrid pairte of pennance lat ws ga,
Will thow tak pane for thy tranſgreſſioun?
A, ſchir, conſiddir my complexioun,
And ſeikly and waik, and of my natur tendir,
Lo, will ye ſe I am baith lene and ſklendir;

Yit nevir the les, I wald, ſa it wer lycht,
And ſchort, nocht grevand to my tendirneſs,
Tak pairte of pane, fulfill it gife I micht,
To ſett my ſilly ſaule in way of grace.
Thow ſall forbeir, quod he, fleſche hyne to Paiſs,
To tame thi corſs, that curſit carioun,
And heir I reik the full remiſſioun.

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I grant thairto, ſa ye will giſe me leif
To eit puddingis, or laip a littill blude,
Or heid and feit, or penchis lat me preif,
In caiſs I fant of fleſche in to my fude.
For, grit miſter, I giſe the leif to dude
Twyſs in the owlk, for neid may haif no law.
God yeild yow, ſchir, for that text full weill ye knaw.

Quhen this was ſaid, the Wolf his wayis went.
The Fox in fute he fure vnto the flude,
To fang ſum fiſche wes hellely his intent;
Bot quhen he ſaw thir walterand wawis wude,
All ſtoneiſt ſtill into a ſtair he ſtude,
And ſaid, Bettir that I had biddin at hame,
Than be a fiſchar, in the Deuillis name;

Now mon I ſkraip my meit out of the ſand,
For I haif nowdir net, bottis, nor bate.
As he wes thus for falt of meit murnand,
Lukand about his leving for to late,
Vndir a tre he ſaw a trip of gate;
Than wes he fane, and in a huche him hid,
And fra the gait he ſtall a littill kid.

Syne our the huche vnto the ſe him hyis,
And tuk the kid rycht be the hornis twane,
And in the wattir owthir twyſs or thryſs
He dowkit him, and thus gait cowth he ſane;
Ga doun ſchir Kid, cum vp ſchir Salmound agane,
Quhill he wes deid, ſyne to the land him drewch,
And of that new made Salmond eit ennewch.

Thus fynaly fillit with tendir meit,
Vnto a den for dreid he hes him dreſt,
Vndir a buſk, quhair that the ſone cowth beit,

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To beke his breiſt and bellye he thocht beſt; Fol. 314. a.
And rakleſlye he ſaid, quhair he coud reſt,
Strakand his wambe agane this ſonnes hete,
Vpoun this bellye ware ſett a bolt full mete.

Quhen this was ſaid, the kepare of the gayte,
Carefull in hert his kid was ſtollin away,
On everye ſyde full warlye culd he wayte,
Till at the laſt he ſaw quhair Lowrence lay;
His bow he bent, a flane with fedderis gray
He hailit to the heid, or evir he ſterd,
The Fox faſt he prikkit to the erd.

Now, quod the Fox, alace, and welloway,
Gorrit I am, and may no forther gane;
Me think no man may ſpeke a word in play,
Bot now on dayis in erniſt it is tane.
The hird him hynt, and out he drew a flane,
And for his kid, and vthir violence,
He tuke his ſkyn and maid a recompence.

Moralitas.

This ſuddane deid, and vnprouiſit end,
Off this ſals Tod, without contritioun,
Exemple is exhortand folk to mend,
For dreid of ſic alyke concluſioun;
For monye gois now to confeſſioun
Can nocht repent, nor for thair ſynnis greit,
Becaus thaj think thair luſtye lyfe ſo ſweit.

Sum bene alſo throw conſuetude and ryte
Vincuſt with carnall ſenſualitie,
Suppoſe thaj be as for the tyme contryte,
Can nane forbere, nor fra thair ſynnis flee,

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Ws drawis nature ſo in propertie
Off beiſt and man, that nedis thaj mon do,
As thaj of lang tyme hawe hantit thame to.

Beware, guid folk, and dreid this ſuddane ſchote,
Quhilk ſmytis ſoir withouttin reſiſtence,
Attent wyiſlye, and in your hartis note,
Aganis Deid may no man mak defence.
Ceiſs of your ſyn, remord your conſcience,
Do wilfull pennance here, and ye ſall wend,
Eftir your deid, to joy withouttin end.

Explicit exemplum veritatis et falſitatis.

CCCXX.

Fable V.

The Fox tryed before the Lyon.

THIS foirſaid Fox, thus deid for his miſdede,
Had nocht a ſone was gottin rychtuuſlye,
That to his airſchip mycht of law ſuccede,
Except ane ſone, the quhilk in lemanrye[1]
He gottin had in purchace priuely,
And to his name was clepit Fader Were,
That lufit wele with pultry tig and tere.

It followis wele be reaſoun naturale,
And gree be gree, of rycht compariſoun,
Off evill cummys war, of ware cummys warſt of all,
Off wrangus get cummys wrang ſucceſſioun.

[1] MS. has *lenanrye*.

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This Fox, baſtard of generatioun,
Off verrye kynd behufit to be fals,
So was his grantſchir and his fader als.

As nature will, ſekand his ſude be ſent, 15 Fol. 314. b.
Off caiſs he fand his ſaderis caryon,
Naikit, new ſlane, and till him is he went,
Tuke vp his hede, ſyne on his kneis fel doun,
Thankand grete God of that concluſioun;
And ſaid, Now ſall I brouk, ſen I am aire,
The boundis quhare he wont was to repaire.

Fy, covetous, vnkynd and venemous,
The ſone was fayn he ſand his fader dede,
Be ſudane ſchote, for deid is odious,
That he mycht rax and regne into his ſtede;
Dredand nothing that ſamin lyife to lede,
In ſtouth and reif as he had done before;
Bot to the end entent he tuke no more.

Yit, nevirtheles, for faderlye pitee,
The caryon vpoun his bak he tais;
Now find I wele this prouerbe trew, quod he,
Ay rynnis the Fox als lang as he ſut hais;
Syne with his cors vnto a petpot gais,
Off watere full, and keſt him in the depe,
And to the Devill his banis gaue to kepe.

O, fulich man, ploungit in warldlynes,
To conqueſt wrangwiſs guidis, gold or rent,
To put thy ſaule in pane and hevynes,
To riche thyne air quhilk eftir yow be went;
Haue he thy gude he takis ſmall entent
To ſing or ſay for thy ſaluatioun,
Fra thow be dede done is thy deuotioun.

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This Tod to reſt he carit to a crag,
And herd a buſtouſs bugill brymly blawe,
Quhilk, as him thocht, maid all this warld to wag;
Than ſtert I wp and cumand nere I ſawe
Ane Vnicorne ſemely lanſand our lawe;
With horne in hand, and buſte on breſt he bure,
A purſevant ſemelye, I yow aſſure.

Vnto a bank, quhair he mycht ſe about
On euerye ſyde, in haſte he coud him hye,
Put furth his voce full loud and gave a ſchout,
And, Oyas, oyas, twiſs or thriſs coud cry;
With that the beſtis in the feildis nere by
All meruailand quhat ſic a cry ſuld mene,
Govand agaſt thaj gadderit on a grene.

Out of his buſte a bill ſone coud he braide,
And red the text withouttyn tarying;
Commaundand ſilence, ſadly thus he ſaid,
We, noble Lyoun, of all beiſtis king,
Greting to God ay leſtand but ending,
To brutall beſtis and irrationall,
I ſend, as to my ſubiectis grete and ſmall.

My celſitude and hie magnificence
Lattis yow witt furthwith incontinent,
Thinkis to morne, with riall diligence,
Vpoun this hill to hald a parliament;
Straitlye thairfore I geve commandiment
For to compeir before my tribunall,
Vnder all pane and parrell that may fall.

The morowing come, and Phebus with his bemys
Conſumit had the myſty cloudis gray:
The ground was grene, and as the gold it glemys, Fol. 315. a.
With greſis growand gudelie grete and gay;

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The ſpice than ſpred to ſpring on euery ſpray,
The Lark, the Mauiſs, and the Merle ſo hee,
Suetlye can ſing trippand fra tree to tree.

Thre Leopardis come, a croun[1] of maſſy gold
Berand, thaj brocht vnto that hillis hicht,
With jaſpis junyt, and riall rubies rold,
And monye diuerſs dyamantis wele dicht,
With pollis proud a palyoun doun thaj picht:
And in that trone thair ſat a wild Lyoun,
In rob riale, with ceptur, ſuerd and croun.

Eſter the tennour of the crye before,
That gais on ſut all beſtis in the erd,
Rycht as thaj ware commandit without more,
Before thair lord the Lyon thaj comperd:
And quhat thaj ware, as Tod Laurence me lerd,
I ſall reherſs a pairt of ewery kynd,
Als far as now occurris to my mynd.

The Menataur, a monſtour merveloufs,
Bellorophant, that beiſt of baſtarde,
The Warwolf and the Pegaſs peroluſs,
Transformit be aſſent of ſocerre:
The Lynx, the Tegir full of tyrrane;
The Oliphant and eik the Dromodare,
The Camell with his cran craig furth culd care.

The Leopard, as I haif taute beſorne,
The Antelop, the Sparth furth culd hir ſpeid,
The paynttit Panther, and the Vnicorne,
The Raynder ran throuch rever, ron and reid,
The jolye Jonet, and the gentill Steid,
The Aiſs, the Mwll, the Horſs of ewerye kynd,
The De, the Re, the hornit Hairt, the Hynd.

[1] MS. has *crann* or *craun*.

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The Bull, the Beir, the Bugill and the Bair,
The Wodwyſs, Wildcat, and the wild Wolfyne,
The hard bak Hurtchoun, and the hyrpilland Hair,
Bayth Ottour, Aip, and pennytt Porcapyne,
The guckit Gait, the ſyllye Scheip, the Suyne,
The Bauer bakon, and the batterand Brok,
The Fumard, with the Fyber, furth culd flok.

The gay Grwhund, the Sleuthhund furth can flyd,
With Doggis all dyuerſs and deſerent,
The Rattoun ran, the Globert furth culd glyd;
The quherland Quhithrat with the Waſyll wentt,
The Fythow that hes furrit mony ane ſent;
The Martryk, with the Cunnyng and the Con,
The Lurdane lane, and eik the Lerron:

The Mermiſſat the Modewart could leid,
Becaus that natour denyit had hir ſycht.
Thus dreſſit thai all furth, for dreid of deid,
The Muſk, the litill Mowſs with all hir mycht,
In haiſt haykit vnto that hillis hycht;
And mony ane kynd of beiſt that I nocht knaw,
Befoir thair lord ilkane thai lowtit law.

Seand thir beiſtis at his bidding bown,
He gave a braide, and blenkit all about,
Than flatlingis to his feit thai fell all doun,
For dreid of deid thay drowpit all in dout.
The Lyoun lukit quhen he ſaw thame lout,
And bad thaim, with ane countenance full ſweit,
Be nocht afferit, bot ſtand vpoun your feit.

I lat you wit, my mycht is merceabill,
And ſteris none that ar to me proſtrat;
Angrye, auſterne, and als vnameabill,
To all that ſtandis aganis myne eſtait.

Fol. 315. b.

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I rug, I ryve all beiſtis that makis debait
Aganis the mycht of my magnefecence,
Se none pretend to pryde in my preſence.

My celſitude, and my hie maieſtye,
With mycht and mercye myngit ſalbe ay,
The laweſt heir I may rycht ſone vp hie,
And mak him maiſter ouer yow all I may.
The Dromadair, gif he will mak deray,
Or the greit Cameill, thocht thai be neuir ſa crouſs,
I can thame law as litill as ane mowſs.

Se neir be twenty mylis quhair I am,
The Kid ga ſalflie be the Wolf ſyde,
Se Tod Lowrye luke nocht vpoun the Lamb,
Na revand beiſtis nowther ryn nor ryde.
Thay cucheit all and eftir this wes cryit,
The iuſtice bad anone the court do fenſs,
The ſutis call, and foirfalt all abſenſs.

The Panthere with his payntit coit of armour
Fenſit the court, as he of law efferit,
Tod Laurence lukit vp quhair he could lowr,
And ſtert on ſute, all ſtoneiſt and all ſterit.
Ryvand his hair, he rarit with a reird,
Quakand for dreid, ran ſichand could he ſay,
Allace, this hour allace, this wofull day.

I wait this ſuddane ſemblay that I ſe, Fol. 316. a.
Havand the poyntis of a parliament,
Is maid to mar ſic miſdoaris[1] as me.
Thairfoir and I me ſchaw I wilbe ſchent,
I wilbe ſocht gif I be red abſent:
To byde or fle it makis no remeid,
All is alyke, thair ſollowis nocht bot deid.

[1] This word is not diſtinct.

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Perplexit thus in to his mynd can mene,
With falſheid quhow he mycht him ſelf defend;
His hude he drew far doun attour his ene,
And wynkand with the ane e, furth can wend;
Clyncheand he come, that he ſuld nocht be kend,
And for dreddour that he ſuld thoill a reiſt,
He playit bukhud anone, fra beiſt to beiſt.

Compering thus he come befoir the king,
In ordour ſett as to thair ſtait efferit;
Off euerye kynd he gart ane pairt furth bring,
And awfulye he ſpak, and at thame ſpeirit,
Gif thair wis ony beiſt in to this erd
Abſent, and thair gart thaim all deiplie ſwere,
And thai ſaid, Nay except ane gray ſtude Meir.

Go mak ane meſſage ſone vnto that ſtude.
The court than cryit, My lord, quha ſall that be?
Cum heir, Lowrye, lurkand vndir ane hude;
A lord, mercye, lo I have bot ane e.
Hurt in the hanch, and crukit ye may ſe;
The Wolf is bettir in ambaſſadry,
And mair cunning in clergye than I.

Braiding he ſaid, Go furth, ye brybouris bayth;
And thai to ga withoutin tareying,
Our ron and riyce thai ran togidder rayth,
And fand the Meir at meit in the morning;
How, quod the Tod, Madame go to the king,
The court is callit, and ye ar contumax.
Lat be, Laurence, your carping and your knax.

Maiſtres, quod the Tod, to the court ye mon,
The Lyoun hes commandit you in deid.
Laurence, tak you the flirdome and the fon,

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I have a reſpit heir and ye will rede.
I can nocht ſpell a word, ſa God me ſpeid:
Heir is the Wolf, a nobill clerk at all,
And of this meſſage he is principall.

He is autentik and a man of aige,
And hes the practik of the chancellary;
Lat him ga luke, and reid your priuilege,
And I fall ſtand, and beir you witnes by.
Quhair is your reſpit, quod the Wolf, in hy.
Sir, it is heir vndir my hoiſe weill hid.
Hald vp your hele, quod he; and ſa ſcho did.

Thocht he wes brynt throucht pryde, yit he preſumis
To luke doun law, quhair that thir lettres lay;
With that the Mere ſcho gird him on the gumys, Fol. 316. b.
And ſtrake the hattrell of his hede away.
Half out of lyfe, lenand doun he lay;
Alace, quod Lourence, Lupus, that thow art loſt.
His conyng, quod the Mere, was wirth ſum coſt.

Lourans, will thow nocht luke vpoun my letter,
Sen that the Wolf thairof can nothing wyn?
Nay, be Sanct Bryde, quod he, me think far better
To ſlepe in hele and in ane vnhurt ſkyn.
A ſcrow I fand, and thus writtin thairin,
For fyve ſchillingis I wald nocht anys faltum
Felix quem faciunt aliena pericula cautum.

With brokin ſcalp and bludye chekis rede,
This Wolf wepand on his wayis went,
Off his maynye merkand to gete remede;
To tell the king the caiſs was his entent.
Schir, quod the Tod, bid ſtill vpoun the bent,

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And fra your browis weſche away the blude,
And tak a drink, for it will do yow gude.

To fech water this fraudfull Fox furth fure,
Sidlingis a bank he ſocht vnto a ſike;
Off caiſs he metis, cumand fra the mure,
A trip of Lambis danſand on a dike.
This traytour Tod, this tyran and this tike,
The fatteſt of the flok he fellit has,
And ete his fill, ſyne to the Wolf he gais.

Thay drank but tary, and thare journay takis
Befoir the king, ſyne knelit on thare knee.
Quhare is the Mere, ſchir Tod, was contumax?
Than Lourance ſaid, My lord ſpere nocht at me;
This new maid doctour of diuinitee,
With his rede cap, can tell yow wele yneuch.
With that the Lyon and the lave thaj leuch.

Tell on the caiſs, ſchir Lourence, lat ws here.
This witty Wolf, this noble clerk of aige,
On your behalf he bad the Mere compere;
And ſcho allegit till a preuilege,
Cum nere and fe, and ye ſall have your vage;
Becauſs he red hir reſpit plane and wele,
Yone rede bannete ſcho raucht him with hir hele.

The Lyoun ſaid, Be yone rede cap I ken
This tale is trew, quha tent vnto it takis;
The gretteſt clerkis ar nocht the wyſſeſt men;
A mannis hurt ane other happy makis.
As thaj ware carpand chuſgatis in knakis,
And all the court in garray and in gam,
Sa com the Yow, the moder of the Lam.

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Before the iuſtice doun on knees fell,
Put furth hir playnt on this wiſs wofullye;
This harlot here, this hurſoun hund of hell,
He werryit hes my Lam full doggitlye,
Within a myle, incontrare of your cry.
For Goddis luſe, my lord, gif me the lawe
Off this lymmar. With that Lourence lete drawe.

Bide, quod the Lyon, lemmar, lat ws ſe Fol. 317. a.
Giff this be ſuyth the ſely Yow has ſaid.
A, ſouerane lord, ſauf your mercy, quod he,
My purpois was with him bot to haue plaid.
Cauſſles he fell as he had bene affraid,
For drede of dede he duſchit our a dike,
And brak his nek. Thow leis, quod ſcho, fals tike.

His dede be practik may be previt eth,
Thy gorry gomys and thy bludy ſnowt;
The woll, the fleſche, yit ſtikkis in thy teth,
And that is euident eneuch but dout.
The Juſtice bad go cheiſs a ſiſs a bout,
And ſo thaj did, and fand that he was fals
Off murthour, thiſt, and party treſoun als.

Thaj band him faſt, the Juſtice bad belyve
To geve the dome, and tak of all his clathis.
The Wolf, that new maid doctour, coud him ſchryve;
Syne furth with him vnto the gallowis gais,
And at the ledder fute his leue he tais;
The Ape was baſare and bad him ſone aſcend,
And hangit him; and thus he maid ane end.

Moralitas.

Rycht as the mynoure in his mynorall,
Faire gold wiſh ſyre may fra the lede wele wyn,
Rycht ſa vnder a fable figurall,

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A ſad ſentence may ſeke and efter ſyn,
As daylie dois thir doctouris of dyvyn,
Apertly be oure leving can applye,
And preue thare preching be a poeſye.

The Lyon is this warld be liklynace,
To quhom lowtis bayth emperour and king,
And thinkis of this warld to get mare grace,
And gapis for to get mare lifing;
Sum for to reule and ſum to rax and regne,
Sum gadderis gere, ſum gold, ſum vther gude;
To wyn this warld ſum wirkis as thay wer wode.

This Mere is men of contemplatioun,
Off pennance walkand in this wildernace,
As monkis and othir men of religioun,
That preſis God to pleiſs in euery place;
Abſtrackit fra this warldlis wretchidnes,
In wilfull pouertee, fra pomp and all pryde,
And fra this warld in mynd ar mortifyde.

This Wolf I likkin vnto ſenſualitee,
As quhen, like brutall beſtis, we accord
Our mynd all to this warldeis vanitee,
Liking to tak and love him as our lord;
Flee faſt thairfra gif thow will rycht remord;
Than ſall reaſoun riſs, rax and regne,
And for thy faull thair is no better thing.

Hir lufe I likkin to the thocht of dede;
Will thow remembere, Man, that thow man dee;
Thow may brek ſenſualiteis hede,
And fleſchlye luſt away fra the ſall flee;
Wiſs Salomon ſais, Will thow nocht ſee,
For as thow may thy ſely ſaull now wyn,
Think on thine end, thow ſall nocht gladlye ſyn.

Fol. 317. b.

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This Tod I likin to temptatioun,
Berand to mynd monye thochtis vane,
That daylie ſagis men of religioun,
Cryand to thame, Cum to the warld agane;
Bot quhen thaj ſee ſenſualitie neir ſlane,
And ſudane dede with ithand panis ſore,
He gois abak, and tempis him no more.

O Lord, eternall medeator, for ws maſt meke,
Sitt doun before thy Fader celeſtiall;[1]
For ws ſynnaris his celſitude beſeke,
Ws to defend fra payne and perallis all;
And help ws vp vnto that hevinlye hall,
In glore quhair we may ſe the ſycht of God.
And thus endis the talking of the Tod.

Explicit.

CCCXXI.

Fable VI.

Orpheus and Eurydice.

THE nobilnes and grit magnificens
Of prince and lord, quhai liſt to magnifie,
His anceſtre and lineall diſcens
Suld firſt extoll, and his genolegie,
So that his harte he mycht inclyne thairby
The moir to vertew, and to worthineſs,
Herand reherſs his elderis gentilneſs.

[1] Theſe lines originally were—
O, Mary, myld medeatour of mercy meke,
Sitt doun before thy ſone celeſtiall;—
and have been altered by the ſame hand.

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It is contrair the lawis of nature
A gentill man to be degenerat,
Nocht following of his progenitour
The worthe rewll, and the lordly eſtait;
A ryall rynk for to be ruſticat
Is bot a monſture in compareſoun,
Had in diſpyt and full deriſioun.

I ſay this be the grit lordis of Grew,
Quhich ſet thair hairt, and all thair haill curage,
Thair faderis ſteppis juſtly to perſew,
Eiking the wirſchep of thair he lenage;
The anſeane and ſadwyſe men of age
Wer tendouris to yung and inſolent,
To mak thame in all vertewis excellent.

Lyke as a ſtrand or watter of a ſpring Fol. 318. a.
Haldis the ſapour of the fontell well,
So did in Grece ilk lord and worthy king,
Of forbearis thay tuk knawlege and ſmell
Among the quhilk of ane I think to tell;
Bot firſt his gentill generatioun
I ſall reherſs, with your correctioun.

Vpone the Mont of Electone,
The moſt famouſs of all Arrabea,
A goddes dwelt, excellent in bewte,
Gentill of blude, callit Memoria;
Quhilk Jupiter that goddes to wyfe can ta,
And carnaly hir knew, and eftir ſyne,
Apone a day bare him fair dochteris nyne.

The firſt in Grew wes callit Euterpe,
In our language gud delectatioun;
The ſecound maid clippit Melpomyne,

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As hony ſueit in modelatioun;
Therſycore is gud inſtructioun
Of every thing, the thrid ſiſter, I wiſs;
Thus out of Grew in Latyne tranſlait is.

Caliope, that madin mervalouſs,
The ferd ſiſtir, of all mvſik maiſtreſs,
And mother to the king Schir Orpheouſs,
Quhilk throw his wyfe wes efter king of Traiſs.
Clio, the ſyift, that now is a goddeſs,
In Latyne callit meditatioun,
Of every thing that hes creatioun.

The ſext ſiſter is callit Herato,
Quhilk drawis lyk to lyk in every thing;
The ſevint lady was fair Polimio,
Quhilk cowth a thowſand ſangis ſueitly ſing;
Talia ſyne, quhilk can our ſaulis bring
In profound wit, and grit agilite
Till vndirſtand, and haif capacitie.

Vrania, the nynt and laſt of all,
In Greik langage quha couth it rycht expound,
Is callit armony celeſtiall,
Reioſing men with melody and ſound.
Amang thir nyne Calliope wes cround,
And maid a quene be michty god Phebuſs,
Off quhome he gat this prince Schir Orpheouſs.

No wondir wes thocht he wes fair and wyſe, Fol. 318. b.
Gentill and gud, full of liberalitie,
His fader god, and his progenetryſe
A goddeſs, finder of all armony;
Quhen he wes borne ſcho ſet him on hir kne,
And gart him ſouk of hir twa paupis quhyte
The ſueit lecour of all mvſik perfyte.

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Increſſand ſone to manheid vp he drew,
Off ſtatur large and frely ſair of face;
[H]is noble fame ſo far it ſprang and grew,
Till at the laſt the michty quene of Trace,
Excelland fair, haboundand in richeſs,
A meſſage ſend vnto that prince ſo ying,
Requyrand him to wed hir and be king.

Euridices this lady had to name,
And quhene ſcho ſaw this prince ſo glorius,
Hir erand to propone ſcho thocht no ſchame,
With wordis ſueit, and blenkis amorouſs;
Said, Welcum, lord and luſe, Schir Orpheuſs,
In this provynce ye ſalbe king and lord.
Thay kiſſit ſyne, and thus thay can accord.

Betuix Orpheuſs and ſair Erudices,
Fra thai wer weddit, on fra day to day,
The low of luſe cowth kyndill and increſs,
With mirth and blythneſs, ſolace, and with play
Off wardly joy; allace, quhat ſall I ſay?
Lyk till a flour that pleſandly will ſpring,
Quhilk fadis ſone, and endis with mornyng.

I ſay this be Erudices the quene,
Quhilk walkit furth in to a May mornyng,
Bot with a madyn vntill a medow grene,
To tak the air, and ſe the flouris ſpring;
Quhair in a ſchaw, neir by this lady ying,
A buſteouſs hird callit Arreſteuſs,
Kepand his beiſtis, lay vndir a buſs.

And quhen he ſaw this lady ſolitar,
Bairfut, with ſhankis quhyter than the ſnaw,
Preckit with luſt, he thocht withoutin mair
Hir till oppreſs, and to his cave hir draw;

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Dreidand for evill ſcho fled quhen ſcho him ſaw,
And as ſcho ran all bairfute on a buſs,
Scho ſtrampit on a ſerpent vennemuſs.

This crewall vemome wes ſo penetrife,
As natur is of mortall pvſoun, Fol. 319.a.
I[n] peiſſis ſmall this quenis harte can rife,
And ſcho annone fell on a deidly ſwoun.
Seand this caiſs Proſerpyne maid hir[1] boun,
Quhilk clipit is the goddes infernall,
Ontill hir court this gentill quene can call.

And quhen ſcho vaneiſt was and vnwiſible,
Hir madyn wepit with a wofull cheir,
Cryand with mony ſchowt and voce terrible,
Quhill at the laſt king Orpheus can heir,
And of hir cry the cauſs ſone cowth he ſpeir.
Scho ſaid, Allace, Euridiceſs, your quene,
Is with the phary tane befoir my ene.

This noble king, inflammit all in yre,
And rampand as a lyoun rewanuſs,
With awfull luke, and ene glowand as fyre,
Sperid the maner, and the maid ſaid thuſs;
Scho ſtrampit on a ſerpent venemuſs,
And fell on ſwoun; with that the quene of fary
Clawcht hir vpſone, and furth with hir cowth cary.

Quhen ſcho had ſaid, the king ſichit full ſoir,
His hairt neir birſt for verry dule and wo;
Half out of mynd he maid no tary moir,
Bot tuk his harp, and on to wod cowth go,
Wrinkand his handis, walkand to and fro,
Quhill he mycht ſtand, ſyne ſat doun on a ſtone,
And till his harp thuſs gait maid his mone.

[1] Originally *him*, but corrected in the margin to *hir*.

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O dulfull herp, with mony dully ſtring,
Turne all thy mirth and mvſik in murning,
And ſeiſs of all thy ſutell ſongis ſueit;
Now weip with me, thy lord and cairfull king,
Quhilk loſſit hes in erd all his lyking;
And all thy game thow change in gole and greit,
Thy goldin pynnis with mony teiris weit;
And all my pane ſoll till report thow preiſs,
Cryand with me, in every ſteid and ſtreit,
Quhair art thow gone, my luve, Ewridiceſs?

Him to reioſs yit playit he a ſpring,
Quhill that the fowlis of the wid can ſing,
And treis danſit with thair levis grene,
Him to deuod from his grit womenting;
Bot all in vane, that wailyeit no thing,
His hairt wes ſo vpoun his luſty quene;
The bludy teiris ſprang out of his ene,
Thair wes no ſolace mycht his ſobbing ſeſs, Fol. 319. b.
Bot cryit ay, with cairis cauld and kene,
Quhair art thow gone, my luſe, Euridiceſs?

Fair weill my place, fairweill pleſandis and play
And wylcum woddis wyld, and wilſum way,
My wicket werd in wildirneſs to ware;
My rob ryell, and all my riche array,
Changit ſalbe in rude ruſſet and gray,
My dyademe in till a hate of hair;
My bed ſalbe with beuer, brok and bair,
In buſkis bene with mony buſteouſs beſs;
Withowttin ſong, ſayand with ſiching ſair,
Quhair art thow gone, my luve, Euridiceſs?

I the beſeik, my fair ſadir, Phebuſs,
Haif pety of thy awin ſone Orpheuſs;

Wait thow nocht weill I am thy ſone and chyld;
Now heir my plaint pelfull and peteuſs,
Direk me fro this deid ſo doloruſs,
Quhilk gois thus withouttin gilt begyld;
Lat nocht thy face with cluddis to be ourſyld,
Len me thy lycht, and lat me nocht go leiſs,
To find that fair in fame that was neuir ſyld,
My lady quene, and lufe, Euridices.

O Jupiter, thow god celeſtiall,
And grantſchir to my ſelf, on the I call
To mend my mvrning and my drery mone,
Thow gif me forſs, that [I] nocht fant nor fall,
Till I hir fynd; forſuth ſeik hir I ſall,
And nowthir ſtint nor ſtand for ſtok nor ſtone;
Throw thy godheid grant me quhair ſcho is gone,
Gar hir appeir, and put my hairt in peſs.
King Orpheuſs thus, with his harp allone,
Soir weipand for his wyfe Euridices.

Quhen endit wer thir ſongis lamentable,
He tuk his harp, and on his breiſt can hing,
Syne paſſit to the hevin, as ſayis the fable,
To ſeik his wyfe, bot that welyeid no thing.
By Wedlingis Streit he went but tareing,
Syne come doun throw the ſpeir of Saturne ald,
Quhilk fadir is to all the ſtormis cald.

Quhen ſcho wes ſocht outhrow that cauld regioun,
Till Jupiter his grandſchir can he wend, Fol. 320. a.
Quhilk rewit ſoir his lamentatioun,
And gart his ſpheir be ſocht fro end to end;
Scho was nocht thair, and doun he can deſcend
Till Mars, the god of battell and of ſtryfe,
And ſocht his ſpheir, yit gat he nocht his wyfe.

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Than went he doun till his ſadir Phebus,
God of the ſone, with bemis bricht and cleir;
Bot quhen he ſaw his awin ſone Orpheuſs
In ſic a plicht, that changit all his cheir,
And gart annone ga ſeik throw all his ſpheir,
Bot all in vane, his lady come nocht thair;
He tuk his leif, and to Venus can fair.

Quhen he hir ſaw, he knelit and ſaid thuſs,
Wait ye nocht weill I am your awin trew knycht,
In luve none leler than Schir Orpheuſs,
And ye of luve goddeſs, and moſt of micht,
Of my lady help me to get a ſicht.
For ſur, quod ſcho, ye mone ſeik nedir mair.
Than fra Venus he tuk his leif but mair.

Till Mercury but tary is he gone,
Quhilk callit is the god of eloquens,
Bot of his wyfe thair gat he knawlege none;
With wofull hairt he paſſit doun frome thens,
On to the mone he maid no reſidens;
Thus frome the hevin he went onto the erd,
Yit be the way ſum melody he lerd.

In his paſſage amang the planeitis all,
He hard a hevinly melody and ſound,
Paſſing all inſtrumentis muſicall,
Cauſit be rollyn of the ſpeiris round;
Quhilk armony of all this mappamound,
Quhill moving ſeiſs vnyt perpetuall,
Quhilk of this warld Pluto the ſaule can call.

Thair leirit he tonis proportionat,
As duplare, triplare and emetricus,
Enolius, and eik the quadruplait,

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Epoddeus rycht hard and curius;
Off all thir ſex, ſueit and delicius,
Rycht confonant ſyſe hevinly ſymphonyſs
Componyt ar, as clerkis can devyſe.

Firſt diateſſerone, full ſueit, I wiſs,
And dyapaſone, ſemple and dowplait, Fol. 320. b.
And dyapenty, componyt with the dyſs;
Thir makis ſyve of thre mvltiplicat;
This mirry mvſik and mellefluat,
Compleit and full of nummeris od and evin,
Is cauſit be the moving of the hevin.

Off ſic mvſik to wryt I do bot doit,
Thairfoir of this mater a ſtray I lay,
For in my lyfe I cowth nevir ſing a noit;
Bot I will tell how Orpheus tuk the way
To ſeik his wyfe attour the grauis gray,
Hungry and cauld, with mony wilſum wone,
Withouttin gyd, he and his harp allone.

He paſſit furth the ſpace of twenty dayis,
Fer and full fer, and ferrer than I can tell,
And ay he fand ſtreitis and reddy wayis;
Till at the last vnto the yet of Hell
He come, and thair he fand a porter fell,
With thre heidis, wes callit Serberus,
A hound of hell, a monſtour mervellus.

Than Orpheus began to be agaſt,
Quhen he beheld that vgly hellis hound,
He tuk his harp, and on it playit faſt,
Till at the laſt, throw ſueitnes of the ſound,
This dog ſlepit and fell doun on the ground;
Than Orpheus attour his wame in ſtall,
And neddirmair he went, as ye heir ſall.

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He paſſit furth ontill a ryvir deip,
Our it a brig, and on it ſiſteris thre,
Quhilk had the entre of the brig to keip,
Electo, Mygra and Theſaphone,
Turnit a quheill wes vgly for to ſe,
And on it ſpred a man hecht Exione,
Rolland about rycht windir wo begone.

Than Orpheus playd a joly ſpring,
The thre ſuſteris full faſt thay fell on ſleip,
The vgly quheill ſeiſit of hir quhirling;
Thus left wes none the entre for to keip;
Thane Exioné out of the quheill gan creip,
And ſtall away, and Orpheus annone,
Without ſtopping, atour the brig is gone.

Nocht far frome thyne he come vnto a ſlude,
Drubly and deip, and rythly doun can rin,
Quhair Tantelus nakit full thriſty ſtude, Fol. 321. b.
And yit the wattir yeid aboif his chin;
Quhen he gaipit thair wald no drop cum in,
Quhen he dowkit the watter wald diſcend,
Thus gat he nocht his thrift no mend.

Befoir his face ane naple hang alſo,
Fast at his mowth vpoun a twynid [threid[1]],
Quhen he gaipit it rollit to and fro,
And fled as it refuſit him to feid.
Quhen Orpheus thus ſaw him ſuffir neid,
He tuk his harp and faſt on it can clink,
The wattir ſtud, and Tantalus gat a drink.

Syne our a mvre, with thornis thik and ſcherp,
Wepand allone a wilſum way he went,
And had nocht bene throw ſuffrage of his harp,

[1] Blank in MS.; Aſloan MS. has *threde*.

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With fell pikis he had bene ſchorne and ſchent;
As he blenkit, beſyd him on the bent
He ſaw lyand ſpeldit a wofull wycht,
Nalit full faſt, and Titius he hecht.

And on his breiſt thair ſat a griſly grip,
Quhilk with his bill his belly throw can boir,
Both maw, myddret, hart, lever and trip,
He ruggit out, his panis was the moir.
Quhen Orpheus thus ſaw him ſuffir ſoir,
He tuke his herp and maid ſueit melody,
The grip is fled, and Titius left his cry.

Beyond this mvre he fand a feirfull ſtreit,
Myrk as the nycht, to paſs rycht dengerus,
For ſliddreneſs ſkant mycht he hald his feit,
In quhilk thair wes a ſtynk rycht odiuſs,
That gydit him to hiddouſs Hellis houſs,
Quhair Rodomantus and Proſerpina
Wer king and quene, and Orpheus in can ga.

O dully place, grundles deip dungeoun,
Furneſs of fyre, and ſtink intollerable,
Pit of diſpair without remiſſioun,
Thy meit wennome, thy drink is pvſonable,
Thy grit panis and to compt wnnwmerable;
Quhat creature cumis to dwell in the,
Is ay deand, and nevirmoir ſall de.

Thair fand he mony cairfull king and quene,
With croun on heid with braſs full birnand, Fol. 321. b.
Quhilk in thair lyfe full maiſterfull had bene,
And conquerouris of gold, richeſs and land.
Hectore of Troy, and Priame, thair he fand,
And Alexander for his wrang conqueiſt;
Antiochus als for his foull inceſt.

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And Julius Ceſar for his foull crewaltie,
And Herod with his brudiris wyfe he ſaw,
And Nero for his grit iniquitie,
And Pilot for his breking of the law;
Syne vndir that he lukit, and cowth knaw
Creſus, that king none mychtiar on mold
For cuvatyſe, yet full of birnand gold.

Thair ſaw he Pharo, for the oppreſſioun
Of Godis folk on quhilk the plaigis fell,
And Sawll, for the grit abuſioun
Was juſtice to the folk of Iſraell;
Thair ſaw he Acob and quene Jeſabell,
Quhilk ſilly Nabot, that wes a propheit trew,
For his wyne yaird withouttin mercy ſlew.

Thair ſaw he mony paip and cardynall,
In haly kirk quhilk did abuſioun,
And biſchopis in thair pontificall,
Be ſymonie and wrang intruſioun;
Abbottis and all men of religioun,
For evill diſponyng of thair place and rent,
In flame of fyre wer bittirly torment.

Syne neddirmair he went quhair Pluto was
And Proſerpyne, and hiddirwart he drew,
Ay playand on his harp quhair he cowth paſs;
Till at the laſt Erudices he knew,
Lene and deidlyk, and peteouſs paill of hew,
Rycht warſche and wane, and walluid as the weid,
Hir lilly lyre wes lyk vnto the leid.

Quod he, My lady leill, and my delyt,
Full wo is me to ſe yow changit thus;
Quhair is your rude as roſs with cheikis quhyte,

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Your criſtell ene with blenkis amorus,
Your lippis reid to kiſs delicius?
Quod ſcho, As now I der nocht tell perfay,
Bot ye ſall wit the cauſs ane vther day.

Quod Pluto, Schir, thocht ſcho be lyk ane elf, Fol. 322.a.
Scho hes no cauſs to plenye, and for quhy?
Scho fairis alſweill daylie as dois my ſelf,
Or king Herod for all his chevelry;
It is langour that putis hir in ſic ply;
War ſcho at hame in hir cuntre of Trace,
Scho wald rewert full ſone in [fax[1]] and face.

Than Orpheus befoir Pluto ſat doun,
And in his handis quhit his herp can ta,
And playit mony ſueit proportioun,
With baiſs tonis in ipotdorica,
With gemilling in yporlerica;
Quhill at the laſt for rewth and grit petie,
Thay weipit ſoir, that cowth him heir or ſe.

Than Proſerpine and Pluto bad him aſs
His wareſoun, and he wald haif rycht nocht
Bot licence with his wyfe away to paſs
To his cuntre, that he ſo far had ſocht.
Quod Proſerpyne, Sen I hir hiddir brocht,
We ſall nocht parte without conditioun.
Quod he, Thairto I mak promiſſioun.

Euridices than be the hand thow tak,
And paſs thi way, bot vndirneth this pane,
Gife thow turnis or blenkis behind thy bak,
We ſall hir haif to Hell for evir agane.

[1] Blank in MS.; Aſloan MS. has *fax*.

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Thocht this was hard, yit Orpheus was ſane,
And on thay went, talkand of play and ſport,
Till thay almoſt come to the outwart port.

Thus Orpheus, with inwart lufe repleit,
So blindit was with grit effectioun,
Penſyfe in hart apone his lady ſueit,
Remembrit nocht his hard conditioun.
Quhat will ye moir? in ſchort concluſioun,
He blent bakwart, and Pluto come annone,
And on to Hell with hir agane is gone.

Allace, it wes grit pety for to heir
Of Orpheus the weping and the wo,
How his lady, that he had bocht ſo deir,
Bot for a luk ſo ſone wes tane him fro.
Flatlingis he fell and micht no fordir go,
And lay a quhile in ſwoun and extaſy;
Quhen he ourcome, this out of lufe gan cry.

Quhat art thow, luve, how ſall I the defyne?
Bittir and ſueit, crewall and merciable,
Pleſand to ſum, to vthir plent and pyne,
Till ſum conſtant, to vthir wariable,
Hard is thy law, thy bandis vnbrekable;
Quho ſcheruis the, thocht thay be nevir ſo trew,
Perchance ſum tyme thay ſall haif cauſs to rew.

Now find I weill this proverb trew, quod he,
Hart on the hurd, and handis on the ſoir,
Quhair luve gois, on forſs mone turne the e;
I am expart, and wois me thairfoir,
Bot for a luke my lady is forloir.
Thus chydand on with luve, our burne and bent,
A wofull wedo hamewart is he went.

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Moralitas.

Now, wirthy ſolk, Boece, that ſenatour,
To wryt this ſenyeit fable tuk in cure,
In his gay Buke of Conſolatioun,
For our doctrene and gud inſtructioun;
Quhilk in the ſelf ſuppois it ſenyeid be,
And hid vndir the cloik of poetre,
Yit maiſter Trivat doctour Nicholaſs,
Quhilk in his tyme a noble theologe waſs,
Applyis it to gud moralitie,
Rycht full of fruct and ſerioſitie.
Fair Phebus is the god of ſapience,
Caliope his wyfe is eloquence;
Thir twa mareit gat Orpheus belyfe,
Quhilk callit is the pairte intelletyfe
Off mans ſaule, and vndirſtanding fre,
And ſeperat fra ſenſualitie.
Euridices is our effectioun,
Be fantefy oft movit vp and doun,
Quhile to reſſone it caſtis the delyte,
Quhyle to the fleſche it ſettis the appetyte.
Areſtius, this [hird[1]], that cowth perſew
Euridices, is nocht bot gud vertew,
That biſſy is to keip our myndis clene,
Bot quhen we fle outthrow the medow grene
Fra vertew, till this warldis vane pleſans, Fol. 323.a.
Myngit with cair and full of variance,
The ſerpentis ſtang, that is the deidly ſyn,
That poſownis the ſaule without and in,
And than is deid and eik oppreſſit doun
Till wardly luſt and all our affectioun.
Thane perfyte wiſdome weipis wondir ſoir,
Seand thus gait our appetyte miſfair,
And to the hevin he paſſit vp belyfe,

[1] Omitted from MS.; taken from Afloan MS.

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Schawand to ws the lyfe contemplatyfe,
The perfyte wit, and eik the fervent luve
We fuld haif allway to the hevin abuve;
Bot feildin thair our appetyte is fundin,
It is fo faft within the body bundin,
Thairfoir dounwart we caft our myndis e,
Blindit with luft and may nocht vpwartis fle,
Sould our defyre be focht vp in the fpheiris,
Quhen it is tedderit in thir warldly breiris,
Quhyle on the flefch, quhyle on this warldis wrak,
And to the hevin full fmall intent we tak.
Sir Orpheus, thow feikis all in vane
Thy wyfe fo he, thairfoir cum doun agane,
And [pas[1]] vnto the monfter mervellus,
With thre heidis, that we call Cerberus,
Quhilk fenyeid is to haif fo mony heidis,
For to be takin thre maner of deidis.
The firft is in the tendir yong bernage,
The fecound deid is in the middill age,
The thrid is in greit eild quhen men ar tane.
Thus Cerberus to fwelly fparis nane,
Bot quhen our mynd is myngit with fapience,
And plais vpoun the herp of eloquence;
That is to fay makis perfuafioun,
To draw our will and our affectioun
In every eild fra fyn and fowll delyte,
The dog our fawll na power hes to byte.
The fecound monftour ar the fiftiris thre,
Electo, Migera, and Thefaphany,
Ar nocht ellis, in bukis as we reid,
Bot wicket thocht, ill word, and thrawart deid.
Electo is the bolling of the harte,
Mygera the wickit word inwart,
Thefaphony is operatioun,
That makis fynall executioun

[1] Omitted from MS.; taken from Afloan MS.

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In deidly ſyn, and thir thre turnis ay
The vgly quheill, is nocht ellis to ſay,
Bot warldly men ſumtyme ar caſſin he 485 Fol. 323. b.
Vpone the quheill, in gret proſperitie,
And with a quhirle, onwarly or thai wait,
Ar thrawin doun to pure and law eſtait.
Off Exione that on the quheill wes ſpred,
I ſall yow tell of ſum pairte, as I haif red; 490
He was of lyfe brukle and lecherouſs,
And in that craft hardy and curaguſs,
That he wald luve in to no lawar place
Bot Juno, quene of nature and goddace;
And on a day he went vp on the ſky, 495
And ſocht Juno, thinkand with hir to ly.
Scho ſaw him cum and knew his foull intent;
A rany clud one fra the firmament
Scho gart diſcend and keſt betuix thame two,
And in that clud his nature yeid him fro, 500
Off quhilk was generat the Sentowriſs,
Half man, half horſs, vpoun a ſerly wiſs.
Thane for the inwart crabing and offens,
That Juno tuke for his grit violens,
Scho ſend him doun vnto the ſiſtiris thre, 505
Vpone a quheill ay turnyt for to be.
Bot quhen reſſoun and perfyte ſapience
Playis vpone the herp of eloquens,
And perſuadis our fleſchly appetyte
To leif the thocht of this warldly delyte, 510
Than ſeiſſis of our hert the wickit will,
Fra frawart language than the tong is ſtill,
Our ſynfull deidis fallis doun on ſleip,
Thane Exione out of the quheill gan creip;
That is to ſay, the grit ſolicitud, 515
Quhyle vp, quhyle doun, to win this warldis gud,
Seiſſis furthwith, and our affectioun

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Waxis quiet in contemplatioun.
This Tantalus, of quhome I ſpak of aire,
Quhill he levit he was a gay oſtlaire,
And on a nycht come travilland thairby
The god of richeſs, and tuk harbery
With Tantalus, and he till his ſupper
Slew his awin ſone that was leif and deir,
Syne in a few, with ſpycis ſoddin weill,
He gart the god eit vp his fleſche ilk deill.
For this diſpyt, quhen he wes deid annone,
Was dampnit in the flud of Acherone,
Till ſuffer hungir, thriſt, nakit and cawld,
Rycht wo begone, as I befoir haif tauld.[1] Fol. 324. a.
This hungry man and thriſty Tantalus
Betaknis men gredy and couetouſs,
The god of riches that ar ay reddy
For to reſſaif, and tak in harbery,
And till him ſieth his ſone in pecis ſmall,
That is the fleſch and blud with grit travell,
To full the bag, and neuir fund in thair hairt
Vpoun thame ſelf to ſpend nor tak thair pairte.
Allace, in erd quhair is thair mair foly,
Than for to want and haif haboundantly,
Till haif diſtreſs on bed, on bak and burd,
And ſpair till wyn men of gold a hurd?
And in the nycht ſleip ſoundly thay may nocht,
To gaddir geir ſo gredy is thair thocht.
Bot quhen reſſoun and intelligence
Smytis vpoun the herp of conſcience,
Schawand to ws quhat perrell on ilk ſyd
That thai incur quhay will treſt or confyd
Into this warldis vane proſperitie,
Quhilk hes thir ſory properteis thre,
That is to ſay, gottin with grit labour,
Keipit with dreid, and tynt with grit dolour.

[1] MS. has *tould*.

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This grit avariſs be grace quha vndirſtud,
I trow ſuld leif thair grit ſolicitude
Off ythand thochtis and he beſines
To gaddir gold, ſyne leif in diſtres,
Bot he ſuld eit and drink quhen evir he liſt
Off cuvatyſe to ſlaik the birnand thriſt.
This Titius lay nalit on the bent,
And the grip his bowellis revin and rent,
Quhill he levit he ſet alhis intentioun
To find the craft of diuinatioun,
And lyrit it vnto the ſpyne all,
To tell beſoir ſic thingis as wald beſall;
Quhat lyfe, quhat deth, quhat deſtany and werd,
Provydit ware vnto every man on erd.
Appollo than for this abuſioun,
Quhilk is the god of diuinatioun,
For he, vſurpit of his facultie,
Put him to hell, and thair remanis he.
Ilk man that heiris this concluſioun
Suld dreid to ſerſs be conſtillatioun
Thingis to fall vndir the firmament, Fol. 324. b.
Till ye or na quhilk ar indefferent,
Without profixit cauſs and certane,
Quhilk nane in erd may knaw bot God allane.
Quhen Orpheus vpoun his harp can play,
That is our vndirſtanding for to ſay,
Cryis, O man, recleme thi folich harte;
Will thow be God and tak on the his pairte,
To tell thingis to cum that neuir wilbe,
Quhilk God hes kepit in his preuetie?
Thow ma no mair offend to God of micht,
Na with thi ſpaying reif fra him his richt,
This perfyte wiſdome with his melody
Fleyis the ſpreit of fenyeid profecy,
And drawis vpwart our affectioun[1]

[1] There ſeems to be a line omitted here.

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Fra wichcraft, ſpaying and forſery,
And ſuperſtitioun of aſtrolegy,
Saif allanerly ſic maner of thingis,
Quhilk vpoun trew and certane cauſſis hingis,
The quhilk mone cum to thair caus indure,
On verry forſs and nocht throw avanture,
As is the clippis and the coniunctioun
Of ſone and mone be calculatioun,
The quhilk ar fundin in trew aſtronomy,
Be moving of the ſpeiris in the ſky;
All thir to ſpeik it may be tollerable,
And none vdir quhilk no cauſſis ſtable.
This vgly way, this myrk and dully ſtreit,
Is nocht ellis bot blinding of the ſpreit,
With myrk cluddis and myſt of ignorance,
Affetterrit in this warldis vane pleſance,
And biſſines of temporalite,
To kene the ſelf a ſtyme it may nocht ſe,
For ſcammeris on eftir effectioun
Fra ill to war ale thus to hale gois doun,
That is wan howp throw lang hanting of ſyn,
And fowll diſpair, that mony fallis in.
Than Orpheus our reſſoun is full wo,
And twichis on his harp, and biddis ho,
Till our deſyre and fulich appetyte
Bidis leif this warldis full delyte.
Than Pluto, god and quene of hellis fyre,
Mone grant to reſſoun on forſs the deſyre.
Than Orpheus hes wone Euridices, Fol. 325.a.
Quhen our deſyre with reſſoun makis peſs,
And ſeikis vp to contemplatioun,
Of ſyn deſtand the abutioun,
Bot ilk man ſuld be wyſe, and warly ſe
That he bakwart caſt nocht his myndis e,
Gifand conſent, and delectatioun

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Off fleſchly luſt for the affectioun;
For thane gois bakwart to the ſone agane
Our appetyte as it befoir was ſlane,
In warldly luſt and vane proſperite,
And makis reſſoun wedow for to be.

Now pray we God, ſen our affectioun
Is allway promp[1] and reddy to fall doun,
That he wald vndirput his haly hand
Of mantenans, and gife ws forſs to ſtand
In perfyte luve, as he is glorius.
And thus endis the taill of Orpheus.

Finis quod Mr. R[obert] H[enryſon].

CCCXXII.

Fable VII.

The Bludy Serk.

THIS hindir yeir I hard be tald,
Thair was a worthy king,
Dukis, erlis and barronis bald,
He had at his bidding.
The lord was anceane and ald,
And ſexty yeiris cowth ring,
He had a dochter fair to ſald,
A luſty lady ying.

Off all fairheid ſcho bur the flour,
And eik hir faderis air,
Off luſty laitis and he honour,
Meik bot and debonair.

[1] Originally *pomp*, and altered by a later hand.

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Scho wynnit in a bigly bour,
On fold wes none fo fair;
Princis luvit hir paramour,
In cuntreis our allquhair.

Thair dwelt alyt befyde the king
A fowll gyane of ane,
Stollin he hes the lady ying,
Away with hir is gane,
And keft hir in his dungering,
Quhair licht fcho micht fe nane; Fol. 325. b.
Hungir and cauld, and grit thrifting
Scho fand in to hir wame.

He wes the laithlieft on to luk
That on the grund mycht gang;
His nailis wes lyk ane hellis cruk,
Thairwith fyve quarteris lang.
Thair wes nane that he ourtuk,
In rycht or yit in wrang,
Bot all in fchondir he thame fchuke,
The gyane wes fo ftrang.

He held the lady day and nycht
Within his deip dungeoun,
He wald nocht gif of hir a ficht,
For gold nor yit ranfoun,
Bot gife the king mycht get a knycht
To fecht with his perfoun,
To fecht with him both day and nycht,
Quhill ane wer dungin doun.

The king gart feik baith fer and neir,
Beth be fe and land,
Off ony knycht gife he micht heir
Wald fecht with that gyand.

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A worthy prince that had no peir
Hes tane the deid on hand,
For the luve of the lady cleir,
And held full trew cunnand.

That prince come prowdly to the toun
Of that gyane to heir,
And fawcht with him his awin perſoun,
And tuke him preſoneir;
And keſt him in his awin dungeoun,
Allane withouttin feir,
With hungir, cauld and confuſioun,
As full weill worthy weir.

Syne brak the bour, had hame the bricht,
Vnto hir fadir deir;
Sa evill wondit was the knycht
That he behuvit to de.
Vnluſum was his likame dicht,
His ſark was all bludy; Fol. 326. a.
In all the warld was thair a wicht
So peteouſs for to ſy.

The lady murnyt and maid grit mone,
With all hir mekle micht;
I luvit nevir luſe bot one
That dulfully now is dicht.
God ſen my lyfe wer fra me tone,
Or I had ſene yone ſicht,
Or ellis in begging evir to gone
Furth with yone curtaſs knycht.

He ſaid, Fair lady, now mone I
De, treſtly ye me trow,
Tak ye my ſark that is bludy,
And hing it forrow yow;

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Firſt think on it, and ſyne on me,
Quhen men cumis yow to wow.
The lady ſaid, Be Mary ſre,
Thairto I mak a wow.

Quhen that ſcho lukit to the ſerk,
Scho thocht on the perſoun,
And prayit for him with all hir harte,
That lowſd hir of bandoun;
Quhair ſcho was wont to ſit full merk,
In that deip dungeoun,
And evir quhill ſcho wes in quert,
That waſs hir a leſſoun.

Sa weill the lady luvit the knycht,
That no man wald ſcho tak.
Sa ſuld we do our God of micht,
That did all for ws mak;
Quhilk fullely to deid wes dicht,
For ſinfull manis ſaik;
Sa ſuld we do both day and nycht,
With prayaris to him mak.

Moralitas.

This king is lyk the Trinitie,
Baith in Hevin and heir;
The manis ſaule to the lady,
The gyane to Lucefeir;
The knycht to Chryſt, that deit on tre,
And coſt our ſynnis deir;
The pit to Hell, with panis fell,
The ſyn to the woweir.

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The lady was wowd, bot ſcho ſaid nay,
With men that wald hir wed;
Sa ſuld we wryth all ſyn away,
That in our breiſtis bred.
I pray to Jeſu Chryſt verrey,
For ws his blud that bled,
To be our help on domyſday,
Quhair lawis ar ſtraitly led.

The ſaule is Godis dochtir deir,
And eik his handewerk,
That was betraſit with Lucifeir,
Quha ſittis in Hell full merk.
Borrowit with Chryſtis angell cleir,
Hend men, will ye nocht herk?
For his luſe that bocht ws deir,
Think on the Bludy Serk.

Finis quod Mr. R. Henrici.

CCCXXIII.

Fable VIII.

The Cock and the Jewell.

Prolog.

THOCHT fenyeit fables of auld poetre
Be nocht grundit all vpoun trewth, yit than
Thair poleit termis of ſueit retory
Ar rycht pleſand vnto the heir of man;
And als the cauſs quhi thay firſt began

Was to repreiſe the vyce of myſdoing
Of man, be ſegour of ane vthir thing.

In lyk maner as throw abuſwous[1] erd,
So it be lawborit with grit diligence,
Springis the flouris and the cornis brerd,
Hailſum and gud to manis ſuſtenence;
So ſpringis thair a morall ſueit ſentence
Out of the ſcitell dyt of poetre,
To gud purpoiſe quha culd it rycht aply.

Thir nutis ſchellis, thocht thai be hard and tuich,
Thay hald the cirnall ſueit and delectable; Fol. 327. a.
So lyis thair a doctryne wyſe anewch,
And full of fruct, vndir a fenyeit fable.
As clerkis ſayis, it is rycht proffitable,
Amang ernyſt to myng a merry ſport,
To blyth the ſpreit, and gar the tyme be ſchort.

For as we ſe the bow that ay is bent
Wordis vnſmart, and dullis on the ſtring,
So dois the mynd, that is ay diligent
In ernyſt thocht and in ſtuddeing.
With ſad materis ſum mirrineſs to myng
Accordis weill; thus Iſop, I wiſs,
Dulcius arrident ſeria picta jocis.

Off this poyet, my maſteris, with your leiſe,
I me deffer to your correctioun,
In moder tong of Latyne I wald preiſe
To mak a maner of tranſlatioun;
Nocht of my ſelf, for vane preſumptioun,
Bot be requeiſt and prayeris of a lord,
Off quhome the name it neidis nocht record.

[1] This word is very indiſtinct in MS.

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In hamely langage and in termes rud,
Me neidis wryt, for quhy, of eloquence
No rethory I neuir vndirſtud;
Thairfoir meikly I pray your reuerens,
Giſe ye fynd ocht that throw my negligence
Or diminut, or yit ſuperfluys,
Correct at your willis gratius.

Myne auctour in his fable tellis fow
That brutall beiſtis ſpak and vndirſtud,
And till gud purpoiſs diſpit and argow
A ſylogyſme propone, and eik exclud;
Putting axample and ſymilitude,
How mony men in operatioun
Ar lyk to beiſtis in thair conditioun.

No mervell is a man be lyk a beiſt,
Quhilk leivis ay in carnall fowll delyte,
That ſchame can nocht derenye nor arreiſt,
Bot takis all thair luſt and appetyt,
Quhilk throw the cuſtome and the dayly ryte,
Syn in the mynd is ſa faſt radicat,
That he in brutall beiſt be transformat.

This noble clerk, Yſop, as I haif towld,
In gay metir facound and purperat,
Be ſegour wret his buk, for he nocht wowld
Tak the diſdane of he, nor law eſtate.
And to begyn, firſt at a Cok he wrate,
Seikand his meit, quhilk fand a joly ſtone,
Off quhome the fable ye ſall heir annone.

A Cok, ſumtyme with fethreme freſch and gray,
Rycht cant and crouſs, ſuppoiſs he was bot pure,
Flew furth at a dounhill ſone be day,

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To get his denner ſett was all his cure;
Screpand amang the aſs, be auenture
He fand a joly Jaſp, rycht pretiouſs,
Was caſtin furth in ſuowpyne of the houſs.

As madynis wantoun, and inſolent,
That ſane wald play, and on the ſtreit be ſene,
To ſwopyne of the houſs takis no tent
Quhat be thairin, ſwa that the flure be clene;
Jowalis ar tynt, as oft tymes hes bene,
And in the ſwowpyne is caſtin furth annone;
Perauentour ſwa waſs the ſamyn ſtone.

Swa mervelland vpone the ſtone, quod he,
O gentill gem, O riche and noble thing,
Thocht I the fynd, thow ganis nocht for me;
Thow art a jowall for ony warldly king.
It war pety thow ſuld in this midding,
Be bvrit thus among this mvk and mwd,
And thow ſo deir, and worth ſo mekle gude.

It is pety I ſuld the fynd, for quhy,
Thy grit vertew, nor yit thy cullour cleir,
I may nowthir extoll nor magnify,
And thow to me ma mak bot littill cheir.
To grit lordis thocht thow be leif and deir, Fol. 328. a.
I lawſe fer bettir thing of leſs awaill,
As cafe, or corne, to fill my tome entrell.

I had leuir go ſkraip heir with my nailis
Among this moll, and luk my lyvis ſude,
As corne, or drafe, ſmall worme, or [ſ]naillis,
Or ony meit wald do my ſtomok gude,
Nor of Jeſpis a mekle multitude.
And thow agane, vpoun the ſamyn wyiſs,
May me as now for thyne awaill diſpyiſs.

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Thow hes no corne, and thairof I had neid;
Thy cullour dois bot comfort to the ſicht,
And that is nocht annwch my wame to feid;
For wyſe men ſayis that lukand wark was lycht.
[I wald haif ſum meit, get it gif I micht,[1]]
For hungry men may nocht weill leif on loikis;
Had I dry breid, I keipit nocht no kokis.

Quhair ſuld thow mak thi tributatioun?
Quhair ſuld thow dwell, bot in a ryall tour?
Quhair ſuld thow ſit, bot one a kingis croun,
Exalt in wirchep, and in gret honour?
Ryſs, gentill Jaſpis, of all ſtonis the flour,
Out of this aſs, and paſs quhair thow ſuld be;
Thow ganis nocht for me, nor I for the.

Levand this jowall full law vpone the ground,
To ſeik ſum meit this Cok his wayis went,
Bot quhen, or quhair, or quhow it was found,
As now I ſit to hold no argument;
Bot of the inwart ſentence and intent
Of this fable, as myne awtour dois wit,
I ſall reherſs in rude and hamely dyt.

Moralitas.

This joly Jaſp hes properteis ſevin:
The firſt, of collouris it is mervellouſs,
Pairte lyke the fyre, and pairte is lyk the hevin;
And makis a man ſtark and victorius,
Perſervis als fra caiſſis perrellouſs.
Quha hes this ſtone ſall haif gud hap to ſpeid,
Off fyre nor fallis him neidis nocht to dreid.

[1] This line, omitted in Bannatyne MS., is ſupplied from Makculloch MS.

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This gentill Jeſp, oft different in hew, Fol. 328. b.
Betakinis perfyt prudens and cunnyng,
Ornat with mony deidis of vertew,
Moir excelland than ony erdly thing;
Quhilk makis men in honour ay to ring,
Happy, and ſtark to haiſ the victory
Off all vicis, and ſpirituall ennemy.

Quha may be rycht hardy and gratious?
Quha can enſchew perrell and aventure?
Quha can gowern citie and burchgus
Without ſcience? non, I yow enſure;
It is the riches that evir ſall indure,
Quhilk motht nor mwſt may nocht rwſt nor ket,
And to manis ſawll it is eternall met.

This Cok deſyring moir the ſymple corne
Thane ony Jaſp, onto the fule is peir,
Makand at ſcience bot a knak and ſkorne,
Quhilk can no gud, and als littill will leir;
His hairt wamillis gud argumentis till heir,
As to the ſow, to quhome men for the nons
In hir drafe troch wald ſaw the pretius ſtons.

Quha is ennemy to ſcience and cunnyng,
Bot ignorantis that vndirſtandis nocht?
Quhilk is ſo noble, pretius and ding,
That may nocht with no erdly thing be bocht?
Weill war the man of all vthir, that mocht
All his lyſe dayis in perfyte ſtudy war,
To get ſcience, for him nedit no mair.

Bot now, allaiſs, this Jaſp is tynt and hid;
We ſeik it nocht nor preiffis it to find.
Haif we riches, no bettir lyſe we bid,
Off ſcience thocht the ſaull be bair and blind.

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Of this mater I do bot waiſtis wind,
Thairfoir I ſeiſs, and will no forder ſay;
Go ſeik the Jaſp quha liſt, for thair it lay.

Explicit, quod Mr. R[obert] H[enryſon].

CCCXXIV.

Fable IX.

The Mouſs and the Paddock.

VPONE a tyme, as Yſop can report,
A littill Mouſs come till a rever ſyd, Fol. 329. a.
Scho mycht nocht waid, hir ſchankis wer ſo ſchort;
Scho cowth nocht ſowme, ſcho[1] had no horſs till ryd;
Off verry forſs behuvit hir to byd,
And to and fro vpone that rever deip
Scho ran, cryane with mony peteuſs peip.

Help our, help our, the ſilly Mowſs can cry,
For Godis luſe, ſum body our this bryme.
With that a Paddok, on the wattir by,
Put vp hir heid and on the bank cowth clyme,
Quhilk be natur gowth dowk, and gaylie ſwyme.
With voce full rawk, ſcho ſaid on this maneir,
Gud morne, deme Mowſs, quhat is your erand heir?

Seis thow, quod ſcho, of corne yone joly flat,
Of ryp aitis, of beir, of peiſs, and quheit;
I am hungry, and ſane wald be thairat,
Bot I am ſtoppit heir be this wattir greit;
And on this ſyd I get no thing till eit,
Bot hard nutis, quhilk with my teith I boir;
War I beyond, my feiſt wald be the moir.

[1] MS. has *ſo*.

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I haif no boit, heir is no mareneir,
And thocht thair ware, I haif no frawcht to pay.
Quod ſcho, ſiſtir, lat be your havy cheir,
Do my counſall, and I ſall fynd the way,
Withowttin horſs, brig, boit, or yit gallay,
To bring yow our ſaifly, be nocht affeird,
And nocht to weit the campis of your beird.

I haif mervell than, quod the ſilly Mowſs,
How thow can fleit without feddir or fyn;
The reuer is ſo deip and dengerouſs,
Me think that thow ſuld drowin to wed thairin.
Tell me, thairfoir, quhat faculty or gyn
Thow hes to bring me our this wattir wan?
That to declair the Paddok thus began.

With my twa feit, quod ſcho, lukkin and braid,
In ſteid of airis, I row the ſtreme full ſtill;
Suppoiſs the bruk be perrellus to waid,
Baith to and fro I ſwyme at my awin will.
I may nocht droun, for quhy, myne oppin gill
Devoydis ay the watter I reſſaif; Fol. 329. b.
Thairfoir to droun forſuth no dreid I haif.

The Mowſs beheld onto hir fronſyt face,
Hir runclit beik, and hir lippis ſyd,
Hir hyngand browis, and hir voce ſo hace,
Hir logrand leggis, and hir harſky hyd.
Scho ran abak, and on the Paddock cryd,
Gife I can any ſkeill of fyſnomy,
Thow hes ſum pairte of frawd and als invy.

For clerkis ſayis the inclinatioun
Of manis thocht perſavis commounly
Eftir the corporall complexioun
Till gud or yll, as natur will apply;

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A ſrawart will, a thrawin phiſnomy.
The auld proverb is witneſs of this; Lorum
Diſtortum vultum, ſequitur diſtortio morum.

Na, quod the Taid, that proverb is nocht trew,
For fair thingis oft tymes ar fowll fakin;
Thir bla berryis, thocht thay be blak of hew,
Ar gaddrit vp quhen prumroſs is forſakin.
The face may faill to be the hairtis taikin:
Thairfoir I fynd in Scriptour in a place,
Thow ſuld nocht juge a man eftir his face.

Thocht I vnluſty be to luk vpone,
I haif no wyt quhy ſuld I lakkit be;
War I als fare as joly Abſalone,
I am nocht cauſſar of that grit bewte.
This differens in forme and qualite
Almychty God hes cawſit dame Nature
To prent and ſet in every creature.

Off ſum the face may be rycht fluriſand,
With ſilkin tong and cheir moſt amorus,
With mynd inconſtant, fals and variand,
Full of diſſait, and menys cautelus.
Lat be preching, quod the hungry Mouſs;
And be quhat craft thow gar me vndirſtand,
How thow wald gyd me to the yondir land.

Thow wait, quod ſcho, a body that hes neid, Fol. 330. a.
To help thame ſelff ſuld mony wayis caſt;
Thairfoir go tak a dowble twynnit threid,
And bind thi leg to myne with knotis faſt;
I ſall the leir to ſwyme, be nocht agaſt.
Is that thi counſale? quod the ſilly Mouſs,
To preif that play it wer our perrellouſs.

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Suld I be bund and faſt quhair I am fre,
In howp of help, nay than eſchrew ws baith,
For I mycht loſs both lyfe and libertie;
Gife it wer ſa, quha mycht amend my ſkaith?
Bot gife thow ſueir to me the murthour aith,
But frawd or gyle, to bring me our this flude
But hurt or harme, quod ſcho, in faith I dude.

Scho golkit vp, and to the hevin can cry,
How Jupiter, of Natur god and king,
I mak ane aith to the trewly, that I
This littill Mouſs ſall our the wattir bring.
This aith was maid. This Mouſs, but perſawing
Of fals ingyne of this fals crabit Taid,
Tuk threid and band her leg, as ſcho hir bad.

Than fute for fute thay lap baith in the brime,
Bot in thair mynd thay wer rycht different;
The Mowſs thocht na thing bot to fleit and ſwyme,
The Padok for to ſlay ſet hir intent.
Quhen thai in mydwart of the ſtreme wer went,
With all hir forſs the Paddok dowkit doun,
And thocht the Mouſs without mercy to droun.

Perſevand this, the Mouſs on hir gan cry,
Tratour to God, and manſworne on to me,
Thow ſwoir the murthour aith faifly that I,
But harme or hurt, ſuld ſerreid be and fre.
And quhen ſcho ſaw thair waſs bot do or dy,
Scho bowtit vp and foirſit hir to ſwyme,
And preiſit on the Taidis bak to clyme.

The dreid of deid hir ſtrenthis gart increſs,
And fandit hir defend with mony mane;
The Mowſs vpwart, the Paddok doun can preſs,
Quhile to, quhile fra, quhile dowk, quhile vp agane.

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This ſilly Mouſs, this plungit in grit pane, Fol. 330. b.
Can ſecht als lang as breth wes in hir breiſt,
Till at the laſt ſcho cryit for a preiſt.

Sichand thus gait a Gled ſat on a twiſt,
And to this wrechit battell tuk gud heid,
And with a wiſk, or owthir of thame wiſt,
He claucht his cluke betuene thame in the threid;
Syne to the land he flew with thame gud ſpeid,
Fane of that ſang, pypand with mony pew;
Syne lowſit thame, and bayth but pety ſlew.

Syne bowellit thame, that bowchir, with his bill,
And bellyflawcht full ſetly he thame flaid;
Bot baith thair fleſche wald ſkant be half a fill,
And gutis als, vnto that gredy Gled.
Off thair debait thus quhen I had owt red,
He tuk his flicht and our the feildis he flaw;
Gife this be trew, ſpeir ye at thame that ſaw.

Moralitas.

My brother, gif thow will tak aduertens
Till this fable, thow may perſaif and ſe,
It paſſis far alkynd of peſtilens,
A wicket mynd, with wirdis fair and ſle.
Be war thairfoir quhome with thow followis the;
For thow war bettir beir of ſtone the barrow,
Of ſueitand ding and delffe quhill thow may dre,
Na be machit with a wicket marrow.

A fals intent vndir a fare pretence
Hes cawſit mony innocentis to de;
Grit folly is thairfoir to gife credence
Our ſone to all that ſpeikis fair to the.

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A ſilkin tong, a hairt of crewelte,
Smytis mair ſoir than ony ſchot of arrow;
Brudir, gif thow be vyiſs, I rid the fle
To mache the with a frawart fenyeit marrow.

I warne the als, it is grit negligence
To bind the faſt quhair thow was frank and fre;
Fra thow be bund, thow may mak na defens
To ſaif thy lyfe, or yit in libertie.
This ſemple counſale, bruder, tak at me,
And it to cwn perqueir; ſe nocht thow tarrow;
Bettir but ſtryfe to leif allone in le,
Than to be machit with a wicket marrow.

This hald in mynd; yit moir I ſall the tell
Quhat by thir beiſtis may be figurat.
This Paddok, vſand in this flud to dwell,
Is manis body, ſwmand air and lait
Into this warld, with cairis implicat;
Now he, now law, quhyle plungit vp, and doun,
Ay in to perrell, and redy for to droun.

Now dolorus, now blyth as bird on breir;
Now in fredome, now wardit in diſtreſs;
Now haill, now ſound, now deid and brocht on beir;
Now pure as Job, now rowand in richeſs;
Now gownis gay, now brattis to imbraſs;
Now full as fyſche, now hungry as a hound;
Now on the quheill, now wappit to the ground.

This littill Mouſs thus knet hard be the chin,
The ſaule of man betakin may in deid;
Bundin, and fra the body may nocht twin,
Quhill crewall Deid cum brek of lyfe the threid;
The quhilk to droun ſuld evir ſtand in dreid,

Fol. 331. a.

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Of carnall luſt be the ſuggeſtioun,
Quhilk drawis ay the ſaule, ay and haldis doun.

The waltir is the warld, ay walterand,
With mony wayiſs of tribulatioun,
In quhilk the ſaule and body ay waverand,
Standis diſtinyt and thair opinioun;
The ſpreit vpwart, the body preiſſis doun;
The natur of the ſaule wald our be borne
Out of this warld vnto the hevinly trone.

This Gled is Deid, that cumis ſuddanly
As dois the theif, and endis this battell.
Be vegeland, thairfoir, and ay reddy,
For manis lyfe is brukle, and mortall;
My freind, thairfoir, mak the a ſtrange caſtell
Of gud deidis, for Deid will the aſſay,
Thow wait nocht quhen; at evin, morne nor midday.

Adew, my freind, and gife that ony ſpeiris
Of this fable ſo ſchortly I conclude;
Thow ſay, I left the laif vnto the freiris,
To mak a ſample or ſimilitud.
Now Chryſt for ws that deit on the rud,
Of ſaule and lyf as thow art Saluiour,
Grant ws to paſs in till a bliſſit hour.

Explicit, quod Maiſtir R[obert] H[enryſon].

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CCCXXV.

Fable X.

The Twa Myſs.

ISOP, myne autour, makis mentioun Fol. 331. b.
Of twa Myſs, and thay war ſiſteris deir,
Off quhome the elder dwelt in a borrowis toun;
The yungir wend vp on land weill neir,
Rycht ſolitar, quhyle vndir buſk and breir,
Quhyle in the corne, in vthir menis ſchecht,
As outlawis dois and levis on thair wacht.

The rurall Mouſs in to the winter tyd
Had hungir, cauld, and tholit grit diſtres;
The tothir Mouſs, that in the burgh can byd,
Was gilt bruther and maid ane fre burgeſs;
Tolefre alſwa, but cuſtome mair and leſs,
And fredome had to ga quhair euir ſcho liſt,
Amang the cheiſs and meill in ark and kiſt.

A tyme quhen ſcho wes full and on fute fair
Scho tuk in mynd hir ſiſtir vp on land,
And langit for hir cheir and hir weilfair,
And ſe quhat lyfe ſcho led vndir the wand.
Bairfute allone, with pykſtaff in hir hand,
As pure pilgrem ſcho paſſit out of toun,
To ſeik hir ſiſter baith our daill and doun.

Throw mony wilſum wayis cwth ſcho walk,
Throwcht mure and moſs, throwcht bank, buſk and brayre,
Fra fur to fur, cryand fra balk to balk,
Cum furth to me, myne ſueit ſiſter deir;

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Cry peip anis. With that the Mowſs quod heir,
And knew hir voce, as kynnis men will do
Be verry kynd, and furth ſcho come hir to.

The hairtly cheir, Lord God, giſe ye had ſene
Was kynd quhen thir ſiſteris twa wer met;
Quhilk that oft ſyiſs was ſchawin thame betuene,
For quhyle thai luche, and quhyle for joy thay gret,
Quhyle kiſſit ſueit, and quhyle in armis plet;
And thus thay ſure quhill ſobirt wes thair meid,
Syne fute for fute onto thair chalmer yeid.

As I hard ſay, it wes a ſemple wane,
Off fog and farne full maiſterlie was maid,
A ſilly ſcheill vndir a erdfaſt ſtane,
Off quhilk the entre wes nocht he nor braid; Fol. 332. a.
And in the ſamyn than went but mair abaid,
Withouttin fyre or candill burnand bricht,
For commonly ſic pykeris luvis nocht licht.

Quhen thay wer lugit thus, thir ſilly Myſs,
The yungaſt ſiſter vntill hir burtre hyid,
Brocht furth nuttis and peiſs in ſteid of ſpyſs;
Giſe thair was weilfair doit on thame beſyid.
This burges Mouſs prwmmgit[1] full of pryd,
And ſaid, Siſtir, is this your daly fude?
Quhy nocht, quod ſcho, think ye this meiſs nocht gude?

Na, be my faule, me think it bot a ſkorne.
Madame, quod ſcho, ye be the moir to blame;
My moder ſaid, eftir that we wer borne,
That ye and I lay baith within hir wame;
I keip the ryt and cuſtome of my deme,
And of my ſchir levand in pouertie,
For landis haif we none of propirtie.

[1] This word is very indiſtinct in MS.

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My fair ſiſtir, quod ſcho, haif me excuſit,
This rude dyet and I can nocht accord;
Till tendir meit my ſtomok ay is wſit,
For quhy, I fair als weill as ony lord;
Thir widderit peiſs and nutis, or thai be bord,
Will brek my teith and mak my teith full ſklendir,
Quhilk vſit wer befoir to metis tendir.

Weill, weill, ſiſtir, than quod the rurall Mouſs,
Gife it yow pleiſs ſic thing as ye ſe heir,
Baith meit and drink, herbery and houſs,
Salbe your awin, will ye remane all yeir.
Ye ſall it haif with blyth and hairtly cheir,
That ſuld mak the meiſſis that ar rude
Amang freindis rycht tendir, ſueit and gude.

Quhat pleſans is in feiſtis delicat,
The quhilk ar gevin with a glowmand brow?
A gentill hairt is bettir recreat
With blyth viſage, than feche to him a cow;
A modicum is moir for till allow,
Sa that gud will be carver at the deſs,
Than thrawin vilt and mony ſpyſit meſs.

For all this mery exortatioun
This burges Mouſs had littill will to ſing, Fol. 332. b.
But hevely ſcho keſt hir viſage doun,
For all hir denteis ſcho cowth till hir bring;
Yit at the laſt ſcho ſaid, half in hething,
Siſtir, this wittell and your ryell feiſt
May weill ſuffyiſs for ſic a rurall beiſt.

Lat be this hole, and cum vnto my place;
I ſall yow ſchaw, be gude experience,
My Gud Fryday is bettir nor your Paſe,
My diſche likking is wirth your haill expens,

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I haif houſſis anew of grit defenſs,
Of cat, na fall, nor trap I haif no dreid.
I grant, quod ſcho, and on to geidir[1] yeid.

In ſkugry ay throw rankeſt girſs and corne,
And wondir ſly full preuely cowth thay creip;
The eldeſt was the gyd and went beforne,
The yunger till hir wayis tuke grit keip.
On nycht thay ran and on the day can ſleip,
Quhill in a mornyng, or the laverok ſang,
Thay fand the toun, and in blythly cowth gang.

Nocht fer fra thyne on till a worthy wane,
This burges brocht thame ſone quhair thay ſuld be;
Without God ſpeid thair harbery wes tane
In till a ſpens with vitall of grit plentie;
Bayth cheiſs and butter vpone ſkelffis he,
With fiſche and fleſche ennuche baith freſch and ſalt,
And ſekkis full of groitis, baith meill and malt.

Eftir quhen thai diſpoſit wer to dyne,
Withouttin grace thay weſche and went to meit,
With all curis that cukis can dewyne,
Motone and beif ſtrikin in telyeis greit;
A lordis fair thus can thay counterfeit,
Exceptand a thing, thay drank the wattir cleir
In ſteid of wyne, bot yit thay maid gud cheir.

With blyth vpcaſt and mery contenans,
The eldir ſiſtir ſperit at hir geſt
Gife that ſcho thocht be reſſoun differans
Betuix that chalmer and hir ſary neſt.
Yit, deme, quod ſcho, bot how long will this leſt?
For evirmoir, I wait, and langir to.
Gif it be trew, ye ar at eiſs, quod ſcho.

[1] The firſt letter of this word is almoſt illegible, having been re-written.

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Till eik the cheir the ſurharg furth ſcho brocht,
A plait of groitis and a diſche of meill,
Threſe caikis I trow ſcho ſparit nocht
Haboundantly about hir for to deill;
Furmag full fyne ſcho brocht in ſteid of geill;
A quhyt candill, out of a coffer ſtall,
In ſteid of ſpyce to creſch thair teithis withall.

Thus maid thay mirry quhile thay mycht no mair,
And, Haill Yule, haill, thay cryit vp on he;
Bot eftir joy oftymis cumis cair,
And truble eftir gret proſperite.
Thus as thay ſat in all thair ſolite,
The ſpens come in, with keis in his hand,
Oppinit the dur and thame at denner fand.

Thay tareit nocht to weſche, as I ſuppoiſs,
Bot on to go quha mycht formeſt win;
The burges had a hoill, and in ſcho gois,
Hir ſiſtir had no place to hyd hir in;
To ſe that ſilly Mouſs it wes grit ſyn,
So duſſalait and will of all gud reid,
For verry dreid ſcho fell in ſwoun neir deid.

Bot as God wald it fell a happy caiſs
The ſpenſar had no laiſar for to byd,
Nowdir to ſerſs, to ſeik, nor char no[r] chaiſs,
Bot on he went and keſt the dur vp wyd.
This burges his paſſage weill hes ſpyd,
Out of hir hoill ſcho come, and cryit on he,
How, fair ſiſtir, cry peip, quhair evir thow be.

This rurall Mouſs lay flatlingis on the ground,
And for the deid ſcho wes full dreidand,
For till hir hairt ſtraik mony wofull ſtound,
As in a ſewer trymlit ſute and hand;

Fol. 333.a.

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And quhen hir ſiſtir in ſic plyt hir fand,
For very pety ſcho began to greit,
Syne confortit hir with wirdis as huny ſueit.

Quhy ly ye thus? ryſs vp, my ſiſtir deir;
Cum till your meit, this perrell is ourpaſt.
The tothir anſchirit with a hevy cheir,
I may nocht eit, ſo ſoir I am agaſt;
I had levir thir fourty dayis faſt,
With wattir caill, or gnaw benis or peiſs,
Than all your feiſt in this dreid and diſeiſs.

With fair trety yit gart ſcho hir[1] ryſs; Fol. 333. b.
To burd thay went and on togidder ſat,
And ſkantly had thay drunkin anis or twyſs,
Quhen income Gib Huntar, our joly cat,
And bad God ſpeid; the burges vp with that,
And till hir hoill ſcho fled as fyre of flynt,
Bawdronis the tothir be the bak ſcho hint.

Fra fute to fute ſcho keſt hir to and fra,
Quhyle vp, quhyle doun, als tait as ony kid;
Quhyle wald ſcho lat hir ryn vndir the ſtra,
Quhyle wald ſcho wynk and play with hir bukhid.
Thus to the ſilly Mouſs grit harme ſcho did,
Quhile at the laſt, throw fair fortoun and hap,
Betuix the dreſſour and the wall ſcho crap.

Syne vp in haiſt behind the perraling
So he ſcho clam that Gilbert mycht nocht get hir,
And be the clukis craftely can hing,
Till he wes gone, hir cheir wes all the bettir;
Syne doun ſcho lap, quhen thair wes nane to let hir,
Than on the burges Mowſs lowd cowth ſcho cry,
Fair weill, ſiſtir, heir I thy feiſt defy.

[1] MS. has *him*.

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Thy mangery is myngit all with cair,
Thy guſs is gud, thy ganeſall ſour as gall,
The ſathugis[1] of thy ſcheruice is bot ſair,
So ſall thow find heireſtirwart may fall.
I thank yone courtyne and yone parpane wall
Of my defenſs now fra yone crewell beiſt;
Almychty God keip me fra ſic a feiſt.

War I in to the place that [I] come fro,
For weill nor wo I ſuld nevir cum agane.
With that ſcho tuke hir leif, and furth can go,
Quhyle throw the corne, and quhylis throw the plane;
Quhen ſcho was furth and fre, ſcho was rycht ſane,
And mirrely mirkit vnto the mvre:
I can nocht tell how eſtirwart ſcho fure.

Bot I hard ſay ſcho paſſit to hir den,
Als warme as wow, ſuppoiſs it wes nocht greit,
Full beynly ſtuft, bayth but and ben,
Off peiſs and nutis, benis, ry and quheit;
Quhen evir ſcho liſt ſcho had ennuche till eit,
In quiet and eiſs, withouttin dreid,
Bot till hir ſiſteris feiſt no moir ſcho yeid.

Moralitas.

Freindis, heir may ye find, will ye tak heid,
In this fable a gud moralitie;
As fitſchis myngit ar with noble ſeid,
So intermellit is aduerſitie
With erdly joy, ſo that no ſtait is fre,
Without truble or ſum vexatioun;
And namely thay that clymis vp moſt he,
And nocht content of ſmall poſſeſſioun.

[1] Or *ſachugis*. Perhaps ſhould have been written *ſachingis*.

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Bliſſit be ſymple lyfe withouttin dreid,
Bliſſit be ſobir feiſt in quiete;
Quha hes ennuche, of no moir hes he neid,
Thocht it be littill in to quantete.
Grit haboundance, and blind proſperite,
Oft tymis makis ane evill concluſioun;
The ſueteſt lyfe, thairfoir, in this cuntre
Is of ſickerneſs, with ſmall poſſeſſioun.

O wantoun man, quhilk vſis for to feid
Thy wame, and makis it a god to be,
Luke to thi ſelf, I warne the weill on deid;
The Cat cumis, and to the Mouſs hewis e,
Quhat dois awaill thy feiſt and ryelte,
With dreidfull hairt and tribulatioun.
Thairfoir beſt thing in erd, I ſay, for me,
Is mirry hairt, with ſmall poſſeſſioun.

Thy awin fyre, freind, thocht it be bot a gleid,
It warmis weill and is worth gold to the;
And Salamone ſayis, and ye will reid,
Vndir the hevin I can nocht bettir ſe,
Than ay be blyth and leif in honeſte.
Quhairfoir I may conclud, be this reſſoun,
Off erdly joy it beiris moſt degre,
Blythneſs in hairt, with ſmall poſſeſſioun.

Explicit, quod Maiſtir R[obert] H[enryſon].

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CCCXXVI.

Fable XI.

The Dog, the Scheip and the Wolff.

ISOPE a taill putis in memorie,
How that a Dog, becauſs that he wes pure,
Callit a Scheip vnto the conſiſtory, Fol. 334. b.
A certane breid of him for to recure;
A frawdfull [Wolf] was juge that tyme, and bure
Auctoritie and juriſdictioun,
And on the Scheip ſend furth a ſtrait ſummoun.

For by the vſe and courſs of commoun ſtyle,
On this maner maid his ſitatioun:
I, maiſtir Wolf, pairtles of frawd or gyle,
Vndir the panis of ſuſpentioun,
And gret curſing, and interdictioun,
Sir Scheip, I chairge the ſtraitly to compeir,
And anſueir till a Dog befoir me heir.

Sir Corby Rawin was maid a peritour,
Quhilk pyket hes full mony ſchepis e,
His chairge hes tane, and on the lettir bure,
Sommond the Scheip befoir the Wolf, that he
Peremptourly, within tha dayis thre,
Compeir vndir the panis in this bill,
And heir quhat burry Dog wald ſay him till.

This ſommond maid befoir witneſs ennew,
The Revin has till his office weill affeird,
Endorſit hes his writ, and on he flew;
The ſilly Scheip durſt lay no mowth till erd,

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Till ſcho befoir that awfull juge apperd,
Be hour of cauſs, quhilk that court vſit thane,
Quhen Eſperus to ſchaw his face began.

The Fox wes clerk and notar in that cauſs,
The Gled, the grip vp at the bar cowth ſtand,
As aduocatis expert in to the lawis,
The Doigis ply togiddir tuk on hand,
Quhilk wer confiderit ſtret in to ane band
Agane the Scheip to procure the ſentens;
Thocht it wer fals thay haif no conſcience.

The clerk callit the Scheip and he wes thair.
The aduocattis on this wyſs can propone,
A certane breid, worth fyve ſchillingis and mair,
Thow aw this Dog, quhilk the term is gone.
Of his[1] awin heid, but aduocat allone,
[The Scheip[2]] awyſitly gaif anſchier in that caiſs,
Heir I declyne the iuge, the tyme and place.

This is my caus and motive in effect;
The law ſayis it is rycht perelouſs
Till interply befoir a juge ſuſpect;
And thow, ſchir Wolf, hes ay bene odius
To me, with thyne tuſkis revenus
Hes ſlane full mony kynniſmen of myne;
Thairfoir as juge ſuſpect I the declyne.

And ſchortly, of this court the memberis all,
Bayth aſſeſſouris, clerke and aduocat,
To me and myne ar ennemeis immortall,
And ay hes bene, as mony ſcheiphird watt;
This place, as for the tyme, is feriat,
In quhilk no jugeis ſuld ſit in conſiſtory
So lait at evin, I yow accuſs forthy.

[1] MS. has *hir*. [2] Omitted from MS.

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Quhen that the juge on this wyſe wes accuſit,
He bad the pairteis cheiſs, with one aſſent,
Twa arbitouris, as in the law is vſit,
For to diſſyd, and giſe arbitrement,
Quhiddir the Scheip ſuld byd in jugement
Beſoir the Wolf; and ſwa thay did but weir,
Of quhome the names eftir ye ſall heir.

The Beir, the Brok this mater tuk on hand,
For to diſſyd giſe this exceptioun
Wes of na ſtrenth, or lawchfully mycht ſtand;
And thairvpoun, as jugeis thay ſat doun,
And held a lang quhyle diſputatioun,
Seikand full mony decretalis of the law,
And gloſis als the veritie to knaw.

Off ſewall [law] mony volum thay rewoll,
The codyſs and degeſtis new and ald;
Prowe and contra, ſtrait argument thay reſoll,
Sum a doctryne, and ſum a niowthir hald;
For pryſs nor prayer trow ye thay wald fald?
Bot held the text and gloiſs of the decreiſs, Fol. 335. b.
As trew jugeis; I ſchrew thame that leiſs.

Schortly to mak ane end of this debait,
The arbitrouris ſummar and plane
The ſentens gaif, and proceſs fulminat,
The Scheip ſuld paſs beſoir the Wolf agane,
And end his pleid. Than was he no thing ſane,
For ſra thair ſentens he mycht nowayiſs appeill;
On clerkis doid, giſe this ſentence be leill.

The Scheip agane beſoir the Wolf derenyeit,
But aduocat, abaſitly can ſtand.
Vp raiſs the Dog, and on the Scheip thus plenyeit,

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To the a ſowme I payit beſoir hand
For certane breid; thairto a borch I fand,
That wranguſly the Scheip held fra him breid,
And he denyit, and ſo began the pleid.

Thus quhen the Scheip this ſtryfe had conteſtat,
The jugeis into the cauſs furth cowth proceid;
Lawrence the actis and proces wrait,
And ſone the ply vnto the end thay ſpeid.
This curſit court corruptit all for meid,
Agane gud fayth, gud law and conſcience,
For this fals Dog pronuncit the ſentence.

And it to put in executioun,
The Wolf chairgeit the Scheip, without delay,
Vndir the pane of interdictioun,
The ſowme of ſiluer, or the breid, to pay.
Off this ſentens, allaiſs, quhat ſall we ſay,
Quhilk dampnit hes the ſilly innocent,
And inſtitut to wranguſs jugement?

The Scheip, dreidand moir perſecutioun,
Obeyit the ſentence, and cowth tak
His way vntill a merchand in the toun,
And ſald his fleiſs that he bur on his bak;
Syne bocht the breid, and to the Dog can mak
Reddy payment, as he foiriugeit waſs;
Nakit and bair ſyne to the feild cowth paſs.

Moralitas.

This ſilly Scheip may preſent the figure Fol. 336. a.
Of pure commownis, that daylie ar oppreſt
Be tirrane men, that ſettis all thair cure,
With fals menys to mak a wrang conqueiſt,

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In howp this preſent lyfe ſall evir leſt;
Bot all begyld thay will in ſchort tyme end,
And eftir deid to crewall panis wend.

This Wolf I likin vnto a ſchiref ſtout,
Quhilk byis a forfalt at the kingis hand,
And hes with him a curſit aſſyiſs about,
And dytis all the pure men vp of land,
And fra the crowner lay on thame his wand;
Suppoiſs he be als trew as was Sanct Johine,
Slane ſall thay be, or with the juge compone.

This Revin I likin till a fals crownar,
Quhilk hes a porteouſs of the endytment,
And paſſis furth befoir the iuſtice air,
All miſdoaris to bring till jugement.
Bot luke gife he be of a trew intent,
To ſkraip out Johine, and wryt in Will or Wate,
And ſo a bud at bayth the pairteis ſkat.

Off this fals Tod becauſs I ſpak befoir,
And of this Gled, quhat thay mycht ſignify,
Off thair natur as now I ſpeik no moir;
Bot of the Scheip, and of his cairfull cry,
I ſall reherſs, for as I paſſit by
Quhair that he lay, on caiſs he lukit doun,
And hard him mak this lamentatioun.

Allace, quod he, this curſit conſiſtory
In middis now of wintir it is maid,
Quhen Boreas, with blaſtis bittirly,
With frawart froſtis the flouris doun can faid;
On bankis bair now may I mak no baid.
And with that wird in till a coif he crap,
Fra hair weddir and froſtis him to hap.

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Quakand for cald, and mournyngis ſoir amang,
Keſt vp his ene vnto the hevinis hicht,
And ſaid, O Lord, quhy ſlypis thow ſo lang? 150 Fol. 336. b.
Walk and deſcerne my cauſs, groundit in richt;
Luk how I am, be ſrawd, maiſtry and ſlycht,
Pelit full bair; and ſo is mony one,
Now in this warld rycht wondir wo begone.

Se how the curſit ſyn of cuvatyſs
Exylit hes bayth lufe, lawty and law;
Now few or nane will execute iuſtice,
In falt of quhome the pure man is ourthraw.
The verity, albeid the juge knaw,
Thay ar ſo blindit with affectioun,
But dreid, for meid, thay thoill the rycht go doun.

Se thow nocht, Lord, this warld ourturnit is,
As quha wald chenge gud gold in leid or tyn;
The pure is pelit, the lord may do no miſs;
Now ſymony is haldin for no ſyn;
Now is he blyth with okir can moſt wyn;
Gentreiſs is ſlane, and pety is ago.
Allace, Lord God, quhy tholis thow it ſo?

Thow tholis this, bot for our grit offens
Thow ſendis ws truble and plaigis ſoir,
As hungir, derth, wer and peſtilens,
Bot few amendis thair lyfe now thairſoir.
We pure peple, as now may do no moir
Bot pray to the, ſen we ar thus oppreſt
In to this erd, grant ws in hevin gud reſt.

Explicit, quod Maiſtir R[obert] H[enryſon].

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CCCXXVII.

Fable XII.

The Wolff and the Lamb.

A CREWALL Wolf, revanus and fell,
Vpone a tyme paſt till a revere,
Diſcending doun fra a roch out of a well,
To ſlaik his thriſt, drank of the watter cleir.
Sa vpone caiſs a ſilly Lame come neir,
Bot of this Wolf the Lame no thing he wiſt,
And in the ſtreme lapit to cule his thriſt.

Thus drang thay baith, bot nocht of ane intent;
The Wolffis thocht wes all in wicketneſs;
The ſilly Lame, meik and innocent,
Vpone the reuir by in ane vdir place,
Beneth the Wolf, he drank in ane littill ſpace,
Quhill him thocht gude, preſomyng thair none ill; Fol. 337. a.
The Wolf this ſaw and rampand come him till,

With girnand teith, and angry auſtre luke;
Said to the Lamb, Thow catyve wrechit thing,
How durſt thow be ſo bald to ſyle this bruke,
Quhair I ſuld drink, with thy fowll ſlauering?
It wer almouſs the for till draw and hing,
That ſuld preſome, with ſtinkand lippis will,
To hurt my drink, and this fair wattir ſpill.

The ſilly Lamb, quakand for verry dreid,
On kneis fell and ſaid, Schir, with your leif,
Suppoiſs I dar nocht ſay thairof ye leid;
Bot, be my ſaule, I wait ye can nocht preiſe

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That I did ony thing quhilk ſuld yow greif;
Ye wait alſo your accuſatioun
Felyeis fra trewth, and contrair till reſſoun.

Thocht I can nocht, nature will me defend,
And of the deid perfyt experience;
All hevinly thing mone of the ſelf diſcend,
Bot gif ſum thing on forſs mak reſiſtence;
Thane may the ſtreme be na wayis mak offens,
Na ryn bakwart; I drank beneth yow far,
Ergo, for me your drink is nevir the war.

Alſo my lippis, ſen that I was a Lame,
Twichit no thing that was contagius,
Bot ſowkit mylk fra pawpis of my dame,
Rycht naturall, ſueit and deliciouſs.
Weill, quod the Wolf, thy langaige outragius
Cumis of kynd, ſa your fader befoir
Held me at bait als with boſt and ſchoir.

He wexit me, and than I cowth him warne
Within a yeir, and I brukit my heid
I ſuld be wrokin on him, or on his bairne,
For his exorbitant and thrawart pleid;
Thow ſall doutles for his deidis be deid.
Sir, it is wrang, that for the faderis gilt
The ſaikles ſone ſall pvneiſt be and ſpilt.

Haif ye nocht hard quhat haly Scriptour ſais,
Dytit with the mowth of God Almycht? Fol. 337. b.
Off his awin deid ilk man falbeir the paiſs,
As pyne for ſyn, reward for werkis rycht.
For my treſpaſs quhy ſuld my ſone haif plycht?
Quha did the miſs lat thame ſuſtene the pane.
Ya, quod the Wolf, yit plyis thow agane?

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I latt ye wit, quhen the fader offendis
[I] will cheriſs none of his ſucceſſioun,
And of his bairnis may weill be tane amendis,
Vnto the nynt degre diſcending doun:
The ſadir thocht to mak a ſtrang pvſoun,
And with his mowth in to my wattir ſpew.
Sir, quod the Lamb, tha twa ar nowthir trew.

The law ſayis, and ye will vndirſtand,
Thair ſuld no man, for wrang no[r] violenſs,
His aduerſar punneiſs at his awin hand,
Without proceſs of law in audiens,
Quhilk ſuld haif leif to mak lawchfull defens,
And thairvpone ſummond peremptourly,
For to propone contra and reply.

Set me a lawfull court, I ſall compeir
Befoir the Lyone, lord and leill juſtyſs,
And, be my hand, I obliſs me rycht heir,
That I ſall byd ane vnſuſpect aſſyſs.
This is the way, this is the juſteſt wyſs;
Ye ſuld proceid thairfoir a ſummondis mak
Agane that day, to gif reſſoun and tak.

Ha, quod the Wolf, wald thow intruſs reſſoun,
Quhair wrang and reif ſuld dwell in properte?
That is a poynt of oppin fals treſſoun,
For to gar rewth remane with crewelte.
Be Goddis wondis, fals tratour, thow ſall de,
For thy treſpas, and for thy faderis als.
With that annone he hint him be the hals.

The ſilly Lame mycht do no thing bot blait;
Sone wes he hedit; the Wolf wald do no grace,
Syne drank his blud and of his fleſch can eit,

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Till he was fow, ſyne went away apace.
Off this murthour quhat ſall I ſay, allace?
Was this no rewth, was this nocht grit pete, 90 Fol. 338. a.
To heir this ſilly Lame but gilt thuſs de?

Moralitas.

The pure peple this Lamb may ſignify,
As malemen, merchandis and pure lauboreris,
Off quhome the lyfe is half a purgatory,
To wyn with lawty leving as effeiris.
The Wolf betakynis fals extorceneiris,
And oppreſſouris of pure men, as we ſe,
Be violens, be craft or ſutelte.

Thre kynd of Wolffis in the warld now ringis:
The firſt ar fals pervertaris of the lawis,
Quhilk vndir poleit termes falſet myngis,
Leitand that all wer goſpell that thay ſchawis,
Bot for a bud the trew men he ourthrawis,
Smorand the rycht, garrand the wrang proceid.
Off ſic Wolffis hell fyre ſalbe thair meid.

Ane vthir kynd of Wolffis revanus
Ar mychty men, haifand annwch plente,
Quhilk ar ſo gredy and ſo cowetuſs,
Thay will nocht thoill in peax ane pureman be;
Suppoiſs that he and his houſhald ſuld de
For falt of fude, thairof thay gif no rak,
Bot our his heid his maling thay will tak.

O man, but mercy, quhat is in thy thocht
War than a Wolf, and thow cowth vndirſtand?
Thow hes ennwch, the pure huſband hes nocht

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Bot cote and cruſe vpone a clout of land.
For Godis aw, how dar thow tak on hand,
And thow in berne and byre ſo bene and big,
To put him fra his tak, and gar him thig?

O man of law, lat be thy ſutelte,
With nyſs jympis, and frawdis interkat;
And think that God of his diuinite
The wrang, the rycht, of all thy werkis wate.
For preyer, pryce, for he no[r] law eſtait,
Of fals querrell ſe thow mak no defenſs;
Hald with the rycht, hurt nocht thy conſcience.

The thrid Wolf is men of heretege,
As lordis that hes landis be Godis lane, Fol. 338. b.
And ſettis to the maillairis a willage,
For prayer, pryce and the gerſum tane;
Syne vexis him, or half the terme be gane,
With pykit querrellis, for to mak him fane
To flitt, or pay the girſum new agane.

His horſs, his meir, he mone len to the laird,
To drug and draw in court and cariege;
His ſchirvand, or him ſelf, may nocht be ſpard
To ſwynk or ſueit, withouttin meit or wage,
Lo as he ſtandis in lawbour and boundage,
That ſkantly may he purcheſs by his maill,
To leif vpone dry breid and wattir kaill.

Hes thow no rewth to gar thy tennent ſueit
In to thi lawbour, full faynt with hungry wame,
And ſyne hes littill gude to drink or eit,
Or his menye at evin quhen he cumis hame?
Thow ſuld be rad for rychtous Godis blame,
For it cryis vengeance to the hevin ſo he,
To gar a pure man wirk but meit or ſe.

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O thow, grit lord, that hes riches and rent,
Be nocht a Wolf thus to devoir the pure;
Think that no thing crewall nor violent
May in this warld perpetualy indure:
This is a ſentens ſuth I yow aſſure,
For till oppreſs thow ſall haif als grit pane,
As thow the pure anis with thy hand had ſlane.

God keip the Lame, that is the innocent,
Fra Wolffis byt, I mene extorteneiris;
God grant that wrangus men of fals intent
Be manifeſt, and pvneiſt as effeiris.
And God, as thow all rychtous prayer heiris,
Mot ſaif our king, and gif him hairt and hand
All ſic Wolffis to benneiſs of this land.

Explicit, quod Maiſtir R[obert] H[enryſon].

CCCXXVIII.

Fable XIII.

The Lyon and the Mouſs.

IN myddis of June, that joly ſueit ſeſſoun,
Quhen that fair Phebus, with his bemis brycht,
Had dryit vp the dew fra daill and doun, Fol. 339. a.
And all the land maid with his lemys lycht;
In a mornyng, betuix midday and nycht,
I raiſs and put all ſlewth and ſleip on fyd,
Ontill a wod I went allone but gyd.

Sueit wes the ſmell of flouris quhyt and reid,
The noyis of birdis rycht delicius,

The bewis bred blwmyt abone my heid,
The grund growand with greſs gratius;
Off all pleſans that place wes plenteus,
With ſueit odour and birdis armony,
The mornyng myld, my mirth wes mair for thy.

The roiſſis reid arreyit rone and ryſs,
The prumroſs and the purpour viola;
To heir it was a poynt of paradyſs,
Sic myrth the maviſs and the merle cowth ma.
The bloſummis blyth brak vp on bank and bra,
The ſmell of herbis, and of fowlis cry,
Contending quha ſuld haif the victory.

Me to conſerf than fra the ſonis heit,
Vndir the ſchaddow of an awthorne grene,
I lenyt doun amangis the flouris ſueit,
Syne maid a corſs and cloſit baith myne ene;
On ſleip I fell amang the bewis bene,
And in my dreme, me thocht come throw the ſchaw
The faireſt man befoir that evir I ſaw.

His goun wes of a claith als quhyt as mylk,
His chymmeris wer of chamelet purpour broun,
His hude of ſkarlet, bordowrit with ſilk,
In hekle wyſs vntill his girdill doun;
His bonat round wes of the auld faſſoun;
His heid was quyt, his ene wes grene and gray,
With lokar hair quhilk our his ſchulderis lay.

A roll of paper in his hand he bair,
A ſwannis pen ſtickand vndir his eir,
Ane ynkhorne, with a pretty gilt pennair,
A bag of ſilk, all at his belt he weir;
Thus wes he gudly grathit in his geir.

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Of ſtature lerge and with a feirfull face;
Evin quhair I lay he come a ſturdy pace;

And ſaid, God ſpeid, my ſone; and I wes fane Fol. 339. b.
Off that cowth word, and of his cumpany.
With reuerence I ſaluſt him agane,
Welcum ſader; and he ſat doun me by;
Diſpleiſs yow nocht, my gud maiſtir, thocht I
Demand your birth, your faculty and name,
Quhy ye come heir, or quhair ye dwell at hame.

My ſone, ſaid he, I am of gentill blude,
My natall land is Rome withowttin nay,
And in that toun firſt to the ſcoullis yude,
And ſcience ſtudeit mony a day;
And now my winnyng is in hevin for ay.
Iſope I hecht, my wrytin and my werk
Is cowth and kend to mony cunnand clerk.

O, maiſtir Yſop, poet lawreat,
God wait ye ar full deir welcum to me;
Ar ye nocht he that all thir fabillis wrate,
Quhilk in effect, ſuppoiſs thay fenyeit be,
Ar full of prowdens and moralite?
Fair ſone, ſaid he, I am that famyne man.
God wait gif that my hairt wes mirry than.

I ſaid, Iſop, my maiſtir venerable,
I yow beſeik hairtly for cherite,
Ye wald dedene to tell a pretty feble,
Concludand with a gud moralitie.
Schakand his heid, he ſaid, My ſone, lat be,
For quhat is worth to tell a fenyeit taill,
Quhen haill preiching may no thing now awaill?

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Now in this warld me think rycht few or nane
Till Godis word that hes deuotioun;
The eir is deiff, the hairt is hard as ſtane,
Now oppin ſyn without correctioun;
The e inclynand [1] to the erd ay doun;
Sua rowſtit is the warld with kanker blak,
That my taillis may littill ſuccour mak.

Yit, gentill ſchir, ſaid I, for my requeiſt,
Nocht till diſpleiſs your ſadirheid, I pray,
Vndir the figure of ſum brutall beiſt,
A morall fable ye wald dedene to ſay;
Quha wate nor I may leir, and beir away Fol. 340.a.
Sum thing thairby, heireftir may awaill?
I grant; quod he, and thus begowth a taill.

A Lyone at his pray wery for ron,
To recreat his lymis and to reſt,
Bekand his breiſt and belly at the ſon,
Vndir a tre lay in the fair forreſt;
Sua come a trip of myſs out of thair neſt,
Rycht tait and trig, all danſand in a gyſs,
And our the Lyone lanſit twyſs or thryſs.

He lay ſo ſtill the myſs wes nocht afferd,
Bot to and fra attour him tuke thair traiſs,
Sum tirlyt at the campis of his berd,
Sum ſparit nocht to claw him on the faiſs.
Mirry and glaid thus danſit thay a ſpaiſs,
Quhill at the laſt the noble Lyoun wouk,
And with his pow the maiſtir Mowſs he tuke.

Scho gaif a cry, and all the laif agaſt
Thair danſing left, and hid thame heir and thair;
Scho that wes tane cryit and weipit faſt,

[1] MS. has *inclymand.*

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And ſaid, Allaiſs, ſor now and evir mair,
Now am I tane a wofull preſonair,
And for my gilt treſtis incontinent
Of lyfe and deth to thoill the jugement.

Thane ſpak the Lyone to that cairfull Mouſs,
Thow catyve wreche, and wyle vnworthy thing,
Our malapart and our preſumpteous
Thow was, to mak our me thyne tripping;
Knew thow nocht weill I wes baith lord and king
Of all beiſtis. Yis, quod the Mouſs, I knaw,
Bot I miſknew becauſs ye lay ſo law.

Lord, I beſeik thy kingly ryalte,
Heir quhat I ſay, and tak in patience;
Conſiddir firſt my ſemple pouerte,
And ſyne thy michty he magnificens;
Se als ſow thingis done by negligence,
Nocht of malyſs nor of promiſſioun,
Ever ſuld haif grace and remiſſioun.

We wer repleit, and had grit haboundance
Off alkyn fude, ſic as till ws affeird;
The ſueit ſeſſoun prowokit ws to dans,
And mak ſic mirth as nature to ws leird.
Ye lay ſo ſtill and law vpone the erd, Fol. 340. b.
That, be my ſaule, we wend ye had bene deid,
Ellis wald we nocht danſit our your heid.

Thy fals excuſs, the Lyoun ſaid agane,
Sall nocht awaill a myt, I vndirta;
I put the caiſs, I had bene deid or ſlane,
And ſyne my ſkin bene ſtoppit full of ſtra,
Thocht thow had ſund my figour lyand ſwa,
Becaus it bair the prent of my perſoun,
Thow ſuld for dreid on kneis haif fallin doun.

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For thy treſpas thow can mak na defens,
My noble perſoun thus to vilipend;
Of thy forſs, nor thyne awin negligens,
For till excuſs thow can no cauſs pretend;
Thairfoir thow ſuffer ſall a ſchamefull end,
And deid, ſic as to treſſoun is decryit,
Onto the gallowſs hangit be the feit.

A mercy, lord, at thy gentrice I aſs;
As thow art king of beiſtis corronat,
Sobir thy wreth, and lat thi yre ourpaſs,
And mak thy mynd to mercy inclinat.
I grant offens is done to thyne eſtait,
Thairfoir I wirdy am to ſuffer deid,
Bot gife thy kingly mercy reik remeid.

In every juge mercy and rewth ſuld be,
As aſſeſſouris and collaterall;
Without mercy juſtice is crewelte,
As ſaid is in the lawis ſpirituall;
Quhen rigour ſittis in the tribunall,
The equety of law quha may ſuſtene?
Rycht few or nane bot mercy go betuene.

Alſo ye knaw the honor trivmphall
Off all wictor vpone the ſtrenth dependis
Of his compeir, quhilk manly in battell
Throw juperdy of armes lang defendis.
Quhat pairte or lowing, quhen the battell endis,
Is ſaid of him that ourcumis a man,
Him to defend that nowdir may no[r] can?

A thowſand myſs to keill, and eik devoir,
Is littill manheid vntill a ſtrong Lyoun;
Full littill wirſchep haif ye won thairfoir, Fol. 341. a.

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To quhois ſtrenth is no compareſoun.
It will degraid ſum pairte of your renoun
Till ſlay a Mowſs, quhilk may mak no defens,
Bot aſkand mercy at your excellens.

Alſo it ſemys [nocht] to your celcitud,
Quhilk vſis daylie meitis delicius,
To fyle your teith or lippis with my blude,
Quhilk to your ſtomok is contagius.
Vnhelſum meit is of a ſary Mouſs,
And namely till a noble ſtrang Lyoun,
Wont to be fed with gentill venyſoun.

My lyfe is littill, and my deid ſar leſs;
Yit and I leif I may, perauentour,
Supple your hienes beand in diſtreſs;
For oft is ſene a ſmall man of ſtature
Reſkewit hes a lord of his honour,
Keipit that was in poynt to be ourthrawin;
Throw misfortoun ſic caiſs may be your awin.

Quhen this wes ſaid, the Lyone his langege
Paſit, and thocht accordit till reſſoun,
And gart mercy his crewell yre aſſuege,
And to the Mouſs grantit remiſſioun;
Oppynnit his pow, and ſcho on kneis fell doun,
And baith hir handis vnto the hevin vpheld,
Cryand, Almychty God mot yow yeld.

Quhen ſcho wes gone, the Lyone yeid to hunt,
For he had nocht, bot levit on his pray,
And ſlew baith tame and wyld, as he wes wunt,
And in the cuntre maid a grit dirray;
Till at the laſt the peple fand the way
This crewall Lyone how that thay micht him tak,
Off hempin coirdis ſtrang nettis cowth thay mak.

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And in a rod, quhair he wes wont to rin,
With rapis rude fra tre to tre it band,
Syne keſt a raing on raw the wod within,
With hornis blaſt, and canettis ſaſt calland.
The Lyone fled, and throw the rone rynnand,
Fell in the net, and hankit fute and heid;
For all his ſtrenth he cowth mak no remeid.

Voluand about with hiddouſs rowmiſſing,
Quhyle to, quhyle fro, gif he mycht ſuccour get; 205 Fol. 341. b.
Bot all in vane, that velyeit him no thing,
The moir he flang the faſtir wes he knet;
The rapis rude was ſo about him plet
On every fyd, that ſuccour ſaw he non,
Bot ſtill lyand thus murnand maid his mone.

O lamit Lyoun, liggand heir ſo law,
Quhair is the mycht of thy magnificens,
Off quhome all brutall beiſt in erd ſtud aw,
And dred to luke vnto thy grit excellens?
But howp or help, but ſuccour or defens,
In bandis ſtrong heir mone I byd, allace,
Till I be ſlane, I ſe non vthir grace.

Thair is no joy that will my harmis wraik,
Nor creatur do confort to my croun;
Quhay ſall me bute, quhay ſall thir bandis breik,
Quha ſall me put fra pane of this preſoun?
Be he had maid his lamentatioun,
Throw avintur the littill Mowſs come neir,
And of the Lyone hard the petows beir.

And ſuddanly it come in till hir mynd,
That it ſuld be the Lyone did hir grace,
And ſaid, Now wer I fals, and rycht vnkynd,

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Bot gife I quit ſumpairte thy gentilnes
Thow did to me; and on with that ſcho gais
Till hir fallowis, and on thame faſt can cry,
Cum help, cum help, and thay come on in hy.

Lo, quod the Mouſs, this is the ſame Lyone,
Quhilk gaif me grace quhen that[1] I wes tane,
And now is faſt heir bundin in preſone,
Wrekand his hurt, with fair murnyng and mane;
Bot we him help of ſupple wait he nane.
Cum help to quyt a gud turne for a nothir;
Go, lowſs him ſone; and thay ſaid, Ye, gud bruthir.

Thay tuke no knyfe, thair teith wes ſcherp ennwch:
To ſe that ſicht, forſuth it wes grit wondir,
How that thay ran amangis the raipis twche,
Befoir, behind, ſum yeid abone, ſum vndir,
And ſchure the raipis of the maſtis in ſchwndir
Syne bad him ryſs, and he ſtert vp annone,
And thankit thame, ſyne on his wayis is gone.

Now is the Lyone fre of all dengeir, Fol. 342. a.
Lowſs and deliuerit till his libertie,
Be littill beiſtis of ſmall poweir,
As ye haif hard, becaus he had pete.
Quod I, Maiſter, is thair a moralite
In this fable? Ya, ſone, ſaid he, rycht gude.
I pray yow, ſchir, quod I, ye wald conclud.

Moralitas.

As I ſuppoiſs, this mychty gay Lyoun
May ſignify a prince or empriour,
A poteſtat, or yit a king with croun,
Quhilk ſuld be walkryfe gyd and gouirnour

[1] MS. has *that at*.

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Of his peple, and takis no lawbour
To rewll nor ſteir the land, nor juſtice keip,
Bot lyis ſtill in luſtis, ſlewth and ſleip.

The ſair forreſt, with levis loun and le,
With ſowlis ſong and flouris ferly ſueit,
Is bot the warld, and his proſperite
As fals pleſandis myngit with cair repleit.
Rycht as the roſs, with froſt and wintir weit,
Faidis, ſo dois the warld, and thame diſſavis,
Quhilk in thair luſt confidens havis.

Thir littill myſs ar bot the commonte,
Wantone, vnwyſs, without correctioun;
Thir lordis and princis, quhen that thay ſe
Of iuſtice makis non executioun,
Thay dreid no thing to mak rebellioun,
And diſobey;[1] for quhy, thay ſtand none aw,
That garis thame thair ſoveranis to miſknaw.

Be this fable ye lordis of prudens
May conciddir the vertew of pete,
And to remyt ſum tyme a grit offens,
And metigat mercy with crewelty.
Oft tyme is ſene a man of ſmall degre
Hes quyt a commoun, baith for gude and ill,
As lordis has done rigour, or grace him till.

Quha wait how ſone a lord of greit renoun,
Rolland in warldly luſt and vane pleſandis,
May be ourthrawin, diſtroyit or put doun,
Throw fals fortoun, quhilk of all varians
Is haill maiſtres, and leder of the dans
Till luſty men, and bindis thame ſo ſoir,
That they no perrell can provyd befoir?

[1] MS. has *diſcobey*.

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Thir crewall men, that ſtentit hes the nett,
In quhilk the Lyone ſuddanely wes tane,
Waitit alway amendis for till get,
For hurte men wrytis in the marble ſtane.
Moir till expone as now I latt allane,
Bot king and lord may weill wit quhat I mene;
Fegour heirof oftymis hes bene ſene.

Quhen this was ſayid, quod Iſope, My fair chyld,
Perſwaid the kirkmen ythandly to pray,
That treſſone of this cuntre be exyld,
And juſtice ring, and lordis keip thair fey
Vnto thair ſouerane lord both nycht and day.
And with that word he vaneiſt, and I woik,
Syne throw the ſchaw my jurney hamewart tuke.

Explicit, quod Maiſtir R[obert] Henryſone.

CCCXXIX.

Fable XIV.

The Thiſtle and the Roſe.

QUHEN Merche wes with variand windis paſt,
And Appryll had, with hir ſiluer ſchouris,
Tane leif at nature with ane orient blaſt;
And luſty May, that mvddir is of flouris,
Had maid the birdis to begyn thair houris
Amang the tendir odouris reid and quhyt,
Quhois armony to heir it wes delyt;

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In bed at morrow, ſleiping as I lay,
Me thocht Aurora, with hir criſtall ene,
In at the window lukit by the day,
And halſit me, with viſage paill and grene;
On quhois hand a lark ſang fro the ſplene,
Awalk, luvaris, out of your ſlomering,
Se how the luſty morrow dois vp ſpring.

Me thocht freſche May befoir my bed vpſtude,
In weid depaynt of mony diuerſs hew,
Sobir, benyng, and full of manſuetude,
In brycht atteir of flouris forgit new,
Hevinly of color, quhyt, reid, broun and blew,
Balmit in dew, and gilt with Phebus bemys,
Quhill all the houſs illumynit of hir lemys.

Slugird, ſcho ſaid, awalk annone for ſchame, Fol. 343. a.
And in my honour ſum thing thow go wryt;
The lork hes done the mirry day proclame,
To raiſs vp luvaris with confort and delyt,
Yit nocht increſſis thy curage to indyt,
Quhois hairt ſum tyme hes glaid and blisfull bene,
Sangis to mak vndir the levis grene.

Quhairto, quod I, ſall I vpryſs at morrow,
For in this May few birdis herd I ſing?
Thai haif moir cauſs to weip and plane thair ſorrow,
Thy air it is nocht holſum nor benyng;
Lord Eolus dois in thy ſeſſone ring;
So buſteous ar the blaſtis of his horne,
Amang thy bewis to walk I haif forborne.

With that this lady ſobirly did ſmyll,
And ſaid, Vpryſs, and do thy obſervance;
Thow did promyt, in Mayis luſty quhyle,
For to diſcryve the Roſs of moſt pleſance.

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Go ſe the birdis how thay ſing and dance,
Illumynit our with orient ſkyis brycht,
Annamyllit richely with new aſur lycht.

Quhen this wes ſaid, depairtit ſcho, this quene,
And enterit in a luſty gairding gent;
And than, me thocht, full heſtely beſene,
In ſerk and mantill [eſtir hir][1] I went
In to this garth, moſt dulce and redolent
Off herb and flour, and tendir plantis ſueit,
And grene levis doing of dew doun fleit.

The purpour ſone, with tendir bemys reid,
In orient bricht as angell did appeir,
Throw goldin ſkyis putting vp his heid,
Quhois gilt treſſis ſchone ſo wondir cleir,
That all the world tuke confort, fer and neir,
To luke vpone his freſche and blisfull face,
Doing all ſable fro the hevynnis chace.

And as the blisfull ſonne of cherarchy
The fowlis ſong throw confort of the licht;
The birdis did with oppin vocis cry,
O, luvaris ſo, away thow dully nycht,
And welcum day that confortis every wicht;
Haill May, haill Flora, haill Aurora ſchene,
Haill princes Natur, haill Venus luvis quene.

Dame Nature gaif ane inhibitioun thair Fol. 343. b.
To ferſs Neptunus, and Eolus the bawld,
Nocht to perturb the wattir nor the air,
And that no ſchouris, nor blaſtis cawld,
Effray ſuld flouris nor fowlis on the fold;
Scho bad eik Juno, goddes of the ſky,
That ſcho the hevin ſuld keip amene and dry.

[1] MS. repeats *full haiſtely.*

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Scho ordand eik that every bird and beiſt
Befoir hir hienes ſuld annone compeir,
And every flour of vertew, moſt and leiſt,
And every herb be feild fer and neir,
As thay had wont in May, fro yeir to yeir,
To hir thair makar to mak obediens,
Full law inclynnand with all dew reuerens.

With that annone ſcho ſend the ſwyft Ro
To bring in beiſtis of all conditioun;
The reſtles Suallow commandit ſcho alſo
To feche all fowll of ſmall and greit renown;
And to gar flouris compeir of all faſſoun,
Full craftely conjurit ſcho the Yarrow,
Quhilk did furth ſwirk als ſwift as ony arrow.

All preſent wer in twynkling of ane e,
Baith beiſt, and bird and flour, befoir the quene,
And firſt the Lyone, gretaſt of degre,
Was callit thair, and he, moſt fair to ſene,
With a full hardy contenance and kene,
Befoir dame Natur come, and did inclyne,
With viſage bawld, and curage leonyne.

This awfull beiſt full terrible wes of cheir,
Perſing of luke, and ſtout of countenance,
Rycht ſtrong of corpis, of faſſoun fair, but feir,
Luſty of ſchaip, lycht of deliuerance,
Reid of his cullour, as is the ruby glance;
On feild of gold he ſtude full mychtely,
With flour delycis ſirculit luſtely.

This lady liſtit vp his cluvis cleir,
And leit him liſtly lene vpone hir kne,
And crownit him with dyademe full deir,

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Off radyous ſtonis, moſt ryall for to ſe;
Saying, The King of Beiſtis mak I the,
And the cheif protector in woddis and ſchawis;
Onto thi leigis go furth, and keip the lawis.

Exerce juſtice with mercy and conſcience, Fol.344.a.
And lat no ſmall beiſt ſuffir ſkaith, na ſkornis,
Of greit beiſtis that bene of moir piſcence;
Do law elyk to aipis and vnicornis,
And lat no bowgle, with his buſteous hornis,
The meik pluch ox oppreſs, for all his pryd,
Bot in the yok go peciable him beſyd.

Quhen this was ſaid, with noyis and ſoun of joy,
All kynd of beiſtis in to thair degre,
At onis cryit, Lawd, viue le roy,
And till his feit fell with humilite,
And all thay maid him homege and ſewte;
And he did thame reſſaif with princely laitis,
Quhois noble yre is proceir proſtratis.

Syne crownit ſcho the Egle King of Fowlis,
And as ſteill dertis ſcherpit ſcho his pennis,
And bawd him be als juſt to awppis and owlis,
As vnto pacokkis, papingais, or crennis,
And mak a law for wycht fowlis and for wrennis;
And lat no fowll of ravyne do efferay,
Nor devoir birdis bot his awin pray.

Than callit ſcho all flouris that grew on feild,
Diſcirnyng all thair faſſionis and effeiris;
Vpone the awfull Thriſſill ſcho beheld,
And ſaw him kepit with a buſche of ſpeiris;
Concedring him ſo able for the weiris,
A radius croun of rubeis ſcho him gaif,
And ſaid, In feild go furth, and fend the laif;

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And, ſen thow art a king, thow be diſcreit;
Herb without vertew thow hald nocht of ſic pryce
As herb of vertew and of odor ſueit;
And lat no nettill vyle, and full of vyce,
Hir fallow to the gudly flour delyce;
Nor latt no wyld weid, full of churlicheneſs,
Compair hir till the lilleis nobilneſs.

Nor hald non vdir flour in ſic denty
As the freſche Roſs, of cullour reid and quhyt;
For gife thow dois, hurt is thyne honeſty,
Conciddering that no flour is ſo perfyt,
So full of vertew, pleſans and delyt,
So full of blisfull angeilik bewty,
Imperiall birth, honour and dignite. Fol. 344. b.

Than to the Roſs ſcho turnyt hir viſage,
And ſaid, O luſty dochtir moſt benyng,
Aboif the lilly, illuſtare of lynnage,
Fro the ſtok ryell ryſing freſche and ying,
But ony ſpot or macull doing ſpring;
Cum blowme of joy with jemis to be cround,
For our the laif thy bewty is renownd.

A coiſtly croun, with clarefeid ſtonis brycht,
This cumly quene did on hir heid incloiſs,
Quhill all the land illumynit of the licht;
Quhairfoir me thocht all flouris did reioſs,
Crying attonis, Haill be, thow richeſt Roſs.
Haill, hairbis empryce, haill, freſcheſt quene of flouris,
To the be glory and honour at all houris.

Thane all the birdis ſong with voce on hicht,
Quhois mirthfull ſoun wes mervelus to heir;
The mavyſs ſong, Haill, Roiſs moſt riche and richt,

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That dois vp flureiſs vndir Phebus ſpeir;
Haill, plant of yowth, haill, princes dochtir deir,
Haill, bloſome breking out of the blud royall,
Quhois pretius vertew is imperiall.

The merle ſcho ſang, Haill, Roiſs of moſt delyt,
Haill, of all flouris quene and ſouerane;
The lark ſcho ſong, Haill, Roiſs, both reid and quhyt,
Moſt pleſand flour, of michty cullouris twane;
The nychtingaill ſong, Haill, naturis ſuffragene,
In bewty, nurtour and every nobilneſs,
In riche array, renown and gentilneſs.

The commoun voce vpraiſs of birdis ſmall,
Apone this wyſs, O bliſſit be the hour
That thow wes choſin to be our principall;
Welcome to be our princes of honour,
Our perle, our pleſans and our paramour,
Our peax, our play, our plane felicite,
Chryſt[1] the conſerf frome all aduerſite.

Than all the birdis ſong with ſic a ſchout,
That I annone awoilk quhair that I lay, Fol. 345. a.
And with a braid I turnyt me about
To ſe this court; bot all wer went away:
Than vp I lenyt, halflingis in affrey,
And thuſs I wret, as ye haif hard to forrow,
Off luſty May vpone the nynt morrow.

Explicit, quod Dumbar.

Followis the Goldin Terge.

[1] MS. has *Crhyſt.*

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CCCXXX.

Fable XV.

The Goldin Terge.

RYCHT as the ſterne of day began to ſchyne,
Quhen gone to bed wes Veſper and Lucyne,
I raiſs, and by a roſeir did me reſt;
Vp ſprang the goldin candill matutyne,
With cleir depurit bemys chriſtallyne,[1]
Glading the mirry fowlis in thair neſt;
Or Phebus wes in purpour kaip reveſt
Vp ſprang the lark, the hevinis menſtrall ſyne
In May, in till a morrow mirthfulleſt.

Full angelik thir birdis ſang thair houris,
Within thair courtingis grene, within thair bouris,
Apparrellit with quhayte and reid, with blumys ſweit;
Ennammalit wes the feild with all cullouris,
The perlit droppis ſchuke in ſiluer ſchouris,
Quhill all in balme did branche and levis fleit
Depairt fra Phebus, did Aurora greit;
Hir criſtall teiris I ſaw hing on the flouris,
Quhilk he for luſe all drank vp with his heit.

For mirth of May, with ſkippis and with hoppis,
The birdis ſang vpoun the tendir croppis,
With courius nottis, as Venus chapell clarkis;
The roſſis reid, now ſpreiding of thair knoppis,
Wer powderit bricht with hevinly beriall droppis,
Throw bemis reid, lemyng as ruby ſparkis;
The ſkyis rang for ſchowtting of the larkis,
The purpour hevin, ourſkalit in ſiluer ſloppis,
Ourgilt the treis, branchis, leivis and barkis.

[1] MS. has *crhiſtalline.*

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Doun thrwch ryſs ane rever ran with ſtremis,
So luſtely vpoun the lykand lemis,
That all the laik as lamp did leme of licht, 30 Fol. 345. b.
Quhilk ſchaddowit all about with twynklyne glemis;
The bewis baitheit war in ſecound bemis
Throw the reflex of Phebus viſage bricht;
On every ſyde the ege raiſs on hicht,
The bonk wes grene, the ſone wes full of bemis,
The ſtaneris cleir as ſternis in froſty nicht.

The criſtall air, the ſapheir firmament,
The ruby ſkyis of the reid orient
Keſt beriall bemis on emerant bewis grene;
The roſy garth depaynt and redolent,
With purpour, aſure, gold and gowlis gent,
Arrayit wes, be dame Flora the quene,
Sa nobilly, that joy wes for to ſene;
The roche agane the rever reſplendent
As low illuminit all the levis ſchene.

Quhat throw the mirry fowlis armony,
And throw the reveris ſound that ran me by,
On Florayis mantill I ſleipit quhair I lay,
Quhair ſone vnto my dremis fanteſy
I ſaw approche agane the orient ſky,
And ſaill as bloſome vpoun ſpray,
With maſt of gold, bricht as the ſterne of day,
Quhilk tendit to the land full luſtely,
[As falcoun ſwift deſyrouſe of hir pray].[1]

And hard on burd vnto the blomit meidis,
Amangis the grene riſpis and the reidis,
Arryvit ſcho, quhairfro annon thair landis
Ane hundreth ladeis, luſtie in till weidis;

[1] This line, omitted from MS., is ſupplied from Chepman and Myllar's edition, 1508.

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Als freſche as flouris that in the May vpſpreidis,
In kirtillis grene, withowttin kell or bandis;
Thair bricht hair hang glitterand on the ſtrandis
In treſis cleir, wypit with goldin threidis,
With pawpis quhyt and middillis ſmall as wandis.

Diſcryve I wald, bot quha cowth weill indyte
How all the flouris with thair lilleis quhyte
Depaynte wes bricht, quhilk to the hevin did gleit?
Nocht thow, Homeir, als ſair as thow cowth wryte,
For all thi ornat ſtyle moſt perfyte;
Nor yit thow, Tullius, quhais lippis ſweit Fol. 346.a.
Off rethorik did in till termis fleit;
Your aureat toungis baith bene all to lyte,
For to compyle that paradyſs compleit.

Thair ſaw I Natur, and als dame Venus quene,
The freſche Aurora, and lady Flora ſchene,
Juno, Appollo[1] and Proſerpina,
Diane, the goddes of cheſt and woidis grene,
My lady Cleo, that help off makaris bene,
Thetes, Pallas and prudent Minerua,
Fair ſaynit Fortoun, and lemand Lucina,
Thir michty quenis with corrownis mycht be ſene,
With bemis bricht blyth as Lucifera.

Thair ſaw I May, of mirthfull monethis quene,
Betuix Apryle and June hir ſiſteris ſchene,
Within the gairdene walkand vp and doun,
Quhome of the fowlis glaidith all bedene;
Scho was full tendir in till hir yeiris grene.
Thair ſaw I Nature preſent hir a goun,
Riche to behald and noble of renoun,[2]
Off every hew that vndir the hevin hes bene
Depaynt, and braid be gud proportioun.

[1] So in MS., but perhaps an error in tranſcription for *Latona*.
[2] Originally *faſſoun*.

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Full luſtely thir ladeis all in feir
Enterit within this park of maiſt pleſeir,
Quhair that I lay heilit with levis ronk;
The mirry fowlis, blisfulleſt of cheir,
Saluſt Nature, me thocht, in thair maneir,
And every blome on brenche, and eik on bonk,
Opnit and ſpred thair balmy levis donk,
Full law inclyneand to thair quene full cleir,
Quhome of thair noble nvriſſing thay thonk.

Syne to dame Flora, on the ſamyn wyiſs,
Thay ſaluſs and thay thank a thowſand ſyiſs;
And to dame Venus, luvis michty quene,
Thay ſang ballattis of luve, as was the gyiſs,
With amorous nottis moſt luſty to devyiſs,
As that thai had luve in thair hairtis grene;
Thair hony throttis opnit fro the ſplene,
With warbillis ſweit did perſs the hevinly ſkyiſs,
Quhill lowd reſownit the firmament ſerene.

Ane vthir court thair ſaw I ſubſequent,
Cupeid the king, a bow in hand ay bent, Fol. 346. b.
And dreidfull arrowis grundin ſcherp and ſquair;
Thair ſaw I Mars, the god armipotent,
Awfull and ſterne, ſtrong and corpolent;
Thair ſaw I crabit Saturne, awld and hair,
His luk wes lyk for to perturb the air;
Thair was Marcourius, wyſe and eloquent,
Of rethorik that fand the flowris fair.

Thair wes the god of gardynis, Priapus;
Thair wes the god of wildernes, Phanus;
And Janus, god of entres dilectable;
Thair was the god of fludis, Neptunus;
Thair was the god of windis, Eolus,
With variant windis lyk till ane lord vnſtable;

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Thair was Bachus, the glader of the table;
Thair was Pluto, that elriche incubus,
In cloke of grene, his court vſit vn ſable.

And every one of thir, in grene arrayit,
One herp and lute full mirrely thay playit,
And ſang ballattis with michty nottis cleir;
Ladeis to danſs full ſobirly aſſayit,
Endlang the luſty rever ſo thay mayit,
Thair obſervance rycht hevinly was to heir;
Than crap I throw the levis and drew neir,
Quhair that I was richt ſudanly affrayit,
All throw a luke, that I haif coſt full deir.

And ſchortly for to ſpeik, of luvis quene
I was eſpyit, ſcho bad hir archeiris kene
Go me areiſt, and thay no tyme delayit;
Than ladeis fair lute fall thair mantilis grene,
With bowis big in treſſit hairis ſchene,
Rycht ſuddanly thay had a feild arrayit;
And yit richt gritly was I nocht affrayit,
The pairty was to pleſand for to ſene,
A woundir luſty bikar me aſſayit.

And firſt of all, with bow in hand ay bent,
Come dame Bewty, richt as ſcho wald me ſchent;
Syne followit all hir dammoſallis in feir,
With mony diuerſs awfull inſtrument,
Vnto the preiſs, Fair Having with hir went,
Fyne Portratour, Pleſance and luſty Cheir;
Than come Reſſoun, with ſcheild of gold ſo cleir,
In plait of maill, as Mars armipotent,
Defendit me that noble chevelleir.

Syne tender Yowth come, with hir virgenis ying, Fol. 347. a.
Grene Innocence, and ſchameſull Abaſing,

And quaking Dreid, with humyll Obedience;
The Goldin Terge armit thame nothing;
Curage in thame wes nocht begun to ſpring;
Full ſone thay dreid to do a violence;
Sueit Womanheid I ſaw cum in preſence,
Of artelye a warld ſcho did inbring,
Servit [with] ladeis full of reverence.

Scho led with hir Nurtour and Lawlines,
Continwance, Patience, Gud Fame, and Steidfaſtnes,
Diſcretioun, Gentilnes, and Conſiderans,
Lefull Cumpany, and honeſt Beſines,
Benigne Luk, myld Cheir, and Sobirnes;
All thir bure genyeis to do me grevance;
Bot Reſſoun bure the Terge with ſic conſtance,
Thair ſcherp aſſay micht do to me no deirance,
For all thair preiſs and awfull ordinance.

Vnto[1] the preiſs perſewit He Degre,
Hir followit ay Eſtait and Dignitie,
Compariſoun, Honor and Nobill Arrey,
Will, Wantones, Renoun and Libertie,
Riches, Fredome, and eik Nobilitie:
Wit ye thay did thair baner he diſplay;
A clud of arrowis as haill ſchour lowſit thay,
And ſchott, quhill waiſtit wes thair artelye,
Syne went abak rebutit of the pray.

Quhen Venus perſauit had this rebute,
Diſſemblance ſcho bad go mak perſute,
At all power to perſs the Goldin Terge;
And ſcho that was of dowbilnes the rute
Aſkit hir choiſs of archeiris in refute.
Venus the beſt bad hir to waill at lerge;
Scho tuke Preſens plicht anker of the berge,

[1] MS. here repeats *to*.

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And Fair Calling that weill a flane can ſchute,
And Cheriſſing for to compleit hir chairge.

Dame Hamelines ſcho tuke in cumpany,
That hard wes, and heynd in archery,
And brocht in Bewty to the feild agane,
With all the choiſs of Venus chevelly.
Thay come and bikkerit vnabaſitly,
The ſchour of arrowis rappit on a raine; 195 Fol. 347. b.
Perrellus Preſens, that mony ſyre hes ſlane,
The battell brocht on bordour hard me by,
The ſalt was all the ſarar ſuth to ſane.

Thik was the ſchott of grundin arrowis kene,
Bot Reſſoun with the Scheild of Gold ſo ſchene,
Weirly defendit quho ſoevir aſſayit;
The awfull ſchour he manly did ſuſtene,
Quhill Preſens keſt ane powder in his ene,
And than as drukkin man he all forwayit;
Quhen he wes drukin the ſule with him thai playit,
And benneiſt him amangis the bewis grene;
That ſair ſicht me ſuddanly effrayit.

Than was I woundit till the deth full neir,
And yoldin as ane woſull preſoneir
To lady Bewty, in a moment ſpace;
Me thocht ſcho ſemit luſtiar of cheir,
Eftir that Reſſoun had tynt his ene cleir,
Than of befoir, and lovarly of face.
Quhay was thow blindit, Reſſoun, quhy, allace,
And gart ane hell my paradyce appeir,
And mercy ſeme, quhair that I fand no grace?

Diſſimulance[1] was biſſie me to ſyle,
And Fair Calling did oft vpoun me ſmyle,

[1] MS. has *diſſinulance*.

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And Chirreſſing me fed with wirdis ſair;
New Acquentance enbraſit me a quhyle,
And favort me quhill men micht ga ane myle,
Syne tuk hir leif, I ſaw hir nevir mair;
Than ſaw I Denger towart me repair,
I cowth eſchew hir preſens be no wyle,
On ſyd ſcho lukit with ane fremmit fare.

And at the laſt depairting cowth hir dreſs,
And me deliuerit vnto Havines
For to remane, and ſcho in cure me tuke;
Be this the lord of windis with widneſs,
God Eolus, his bowgill blew I geſs,
That with the blaſt the leivis all to ſchuke,
And ſuddanly in the ſpace of ane luke
All wes hyne went, thair wes bot wildirneſs,
Thair wes no moir bot birdis, bonk and bruke.

In twynkling of ane e to ſchip thay went,
And ſwift vp ſaill vnto the top thay ſtent, Fol. 348.a.
And with ſwift courſs attour the flude thay frak;
Thay fyrit gunis with polder violent,
Till that the reik raiſs to the firmament,
The rochis all reſoundit with the rak;
For reird it ſemit that the rane bow brak;
With ſpreit affrayit vpoun my ſeit I ſprent
Amangis the clewis, ſo cairfull was the crak.

And as I did awalk of this ſwowning,
The jowfull fowlis mirrely did ſing
For mirth of Phebus tender bemis ſchene;
Sueit was the wapouris and ſoft the morrowing,
Hailſum the vaill depaynt with flouris ying,
The air intemperit, ſobir and amene;
In quhyt and reid was all the erd beſene,

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Throw naturis noble freſch ennammaling,
In mirthfull Maij, of every moneth quene.

O, reuerend Chauſer, roſs of rethouris all,
As in our toung ane[1] flour imperiall
That raiſs in Britane evir, quha reidis richt,
Thow beiris of makaris the tryvmph royall;
The freſch ennammallit termes celeſtiall
This mater cowth haſe illuminit full bricht;
Was thow nocht of our Inglis all the licht,
Surmonting every toung terreſtriall,
Als far as Mayis morrow dois midnycht?

O, morale Goweir, and Lidgait laureat,
Your ſuggurat toungis and lippis aureat
Bene till our eiris cauſs of grit delyte;
Your angelik mowth[is] moſt mellifluat
Our rude langage hes cleir illumynat,
And hes ourgilt our ſpeiche, that imperfyte
Stude or your goldin pennis ſchup to wryt;
This yle befoir wes bair and diſſolat
Of rethorik, or luſty freſche indyte.

Thow littill quair, be evir obedient,
Humyll, ſubiect and ſemple of intent,
Befoir the face of every cunnyng wicht;
I knaw quhat thow of rethorik hes ſpent; Fol. 348. b.
Of hir luſtie roiſis redolent
Is nane in to thy garland ſett on hicht;
Eſchame thairfoir, and draw the out of ſicht;
Rude is thy weid, deſtitute, bair and rent,
Weill aucht thow be affeirit of the licht.

Explicit, quod Dumbar, *of the Goldin Terge.*

[1] MS. has *and*.

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CCCXXXI.

Heir begynnis the Freiris of Berwik.

AS it befell, and happinnit in to deid,
Vpoun a rever, the quhilk is callit Tweid;
At Tweidis mowth thair ſtandis a nobill toun,
Quhair mony lordis hes bene of grit renovne,[1]
Quhair mony a lady bene fair of face,
And mony ane freſche luſty galland waſs.
In to this toun, the quhilk is callit Berwik,
Vpoun the ſey thair ſtandis nane it lyk,
For it is wallit weill abowt with ſtane,
And dowbill ſtankis caſtin mony ane;
And ſyne the caſtell is ſo ſtrang and wicht,
With ſtrait towris and turattis he on hicht;
The wallis wrocht craftely withall;
The port cules moſt ſubtelly to fall,
Quhen that thame liſt to draw thame vpoun hicht;
That it micht be of na maner of micht
To win that houſs be craft or ſubteltie.
Quhairfoir it is maiſt gud allutirly,
In to my tyme quhair evir I haif bene,
Moiſt fair, moſt gudly, moſt pleſand to be ſene;
The tovne, the wall, the caſtell and the land,
The he wallis vpoun the vpper hand,
The grit croce kirk, and eik the Maſone Dew,
The Jacobene freiris of the quhyt hew,
The Carmeleitis, and the monkis eik;
The four ordouris wer nocht for to ſeik,
Thay wer all in this toun dwelling.
So appinnit in a Maij morning,
That twa of the Jacobyne freiris,
As thay wer wont and vſit mony yeiris

[1] The MS. has lines 3 and 4 reverſed, evidently incorrectly.

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To paſs amang thair brethir vpaland,
Wer ſend of thame beſt practiſit and cunnand;
Freir Allane, and Freir Robert the vder, Fol. 349.a.
Thir ſilly Freiris with wyffis weill cowld gluder;
Rycht wondir weill pleſit thai all wyffis,
And tawld thame tailis of haly ſanctis lyffis,
Quhill on a tyme thay purpoſit to paſs hame;
Bot verry tyrit and wett wes Freir Allane,
For he wes awld, and micht nocht wele travell,
And als he had ane littill ſpyce of gravell.
Freir Robert wes young, and verry hett of blude,
And be the way he bure both clothis and hude,
And all thair geir, for he wes ſtrong and wicht.
Be that it drew neir towart the nicht,
As thay wer cumand towart the tovne full neir;
Freir Allane ſaid than, Gud bruder deir,
It is to lait, I dreid the yet be cloſit,
And we ar tyrit, and verry evill diſpoſit
To luge owt of the toun, bot gif that we
In ſume gud houſs this nycht mot herbryt be.
Swa wynnit thair ane woundir gude hoſtillar,
Without the toun, in till a fair manar,
And Symon Lawrear wes his name;
Ane fair blyth wyf he had, of ony ane,
Bot ſcho wes ſumthing dynk and dengerous.
The ſilly Freiris quhen thay come to the houſs,
With fair hailſing and bekking courteſlye,
To thame ſcho anſchirit agane in hye;
Freir Robert ſperit eftir the gud man,
And ſcho agane anſchirit thame thane,
He went fra hame, God wait, on Weddinſday,
In the cuntre for to ſeik corne and hay,
And vthir thingis quhairof we haif neid.
Freir Robert ſaid, I pray grit God him ſpeid
Him haill and ſound in to his travell,

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And hir deſyrit the ſtowp to fill of aill,
That we may drink, for I am wondir dry.
With that the wyfe went furth richt ſchortly,
And fillit the ſtowp, and brocht in breid and cheiſs;
Thay eit and drank, and ſatt at thair awin eiſs.
Freir Allane ſaid to the gudwyf in hye,
Cum hiddir, deme, and ſett yow doun me bye,
And fill the cop agane anis to me;
Freir Robert ſaid, Full weill payit ſall ye be.
The Freiris wer blyth, and mirry tailis cowld tell,
And even with that thay hard the prayer bell
Off thair awin abbay, and than thay wer agaſt,
Becauſs thay knew the yettis wer cloſit faſt, Fol. 349. b.
That thay on na wayiſs micht gett entre.
Than the gudwyfe thay prayit for cheritie
To grant thame herbrye that ane nicht;
Bot ſcho to thame gaif anſchir with grit hicht,
The gudman is fra hame, as I yow tald,
And God it wait, gif I durſt be ſo bald
To herbry Freiris in this houſs with me,
Quhat wald Symon ſay, ha, benedicite,
Bot in his abſence I abuſit his place?
Our deir Lady Mary keip fra ſic cace,
And keip me owt of perrell and of ſchame.
Than auld Freir Allane ſaid, Na, fair dame,
For Godis ſaik, heir me quhat I ſall ſay,
In gud faith, we will both be deid or day;
The way is evill, and I am tyrit and wett,
Our yettis ar cloſit that we may nocht in gett,
And to our abbay we can nocht win in;
To cauſs ws perreiſs but help ye haif grit ſyn;
Thairfoir of verry neid we mon byd ſtill,
And ws commit alhaill in to your will.
The gudwyf lukit vnto the Freiris tway,
And, at the laſt, to thame culd ſcho ſay,

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Ye byd nocht heir, be Him that ws all coft;
Bot gif ye liſt to lig vp in yone loft,
Quhilk is weill wrocht in to the hallis end,
Ye ſall fynd ſtray, and clathis I ſall yow ſend;
Quhair, and ye liſt, paſs on baith in feir,
For on no wayis will I repair haif heir.
Hir madin than ſcho ſend hir on befoir,
And hir thay followit baith withowttin moir;
Thay war full blyth, and did as ſcho thame kend,
And vp thay went, in to the hallis end,
In till a loft wes maid for corne and hay;
Scho maid thair bed, ſyne paſt doun but delay,
Cloſit the trop and thay remanit ſtill.
In to the loft thay wantit of thair will;
Freir Allane lay doun as he beſt micht;
Freir Robert ſaid, I hecht to walk this nicht,
Quha wait perchance ſum ſport I ma eſpy?
Thuſs in the loft latt I thir Freiris ly,
And of the gudwyf now I will ſpeik mair.
Scho wes richt blyth that thay wer cloſit thair,
For ſcho had maid ane tryſt that ſamyn nicht
Freir Johine hir luvis ſupper for to dicht;
And ſcho wald haif none vder cumpany, Fol. 350. a.
Becauſs Freir Johine that nicht with hir ſowld ly,
Quha dwelland wes in to that ſamyne toun,
And ane Blak Freir he wes of grit renown.
He govirnit alhaill the abbacy;
Silwer and gold he had aboundantly;
He had a prevy poſterne of his awin,
Quhair he micht iſche, quhen that he liſt, vnknawin.
Now this in to the toun I leif him ſtill,
Bydand his tyme; and turne agane I will
To thiſs fair wyfe, how ſcho the fyre cowld beit,
And thriſtit on fatt caponis to the ſpeit;
And fatt cunyng[is] to fyre did ſcho lay,

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Syne bad the madin, In all the haiſt thow may,
To flawme, and turne, and roſt thame tenderly.
And to hir chalmer ſo ſcho went in hy;
Scho pullit hir cunt, and gaif hit buffettis tway
Vpoun the cheikis, ſyne till it cowd ſcho ſay,
Ye ſowld be blyth and glaid at my requeiſt,
Thir mvllis of youris ar callit to ane feiſt.
Scho cleithis hir in a kirtill of ſyne reid,
Ane fair quhyt curch ſcho puttis vpoun hir heid;
Hir kirtill wes of ſilk, and ſilwer ſyne,
Hir vthir garmentis as the reid gold did ſchyne;
On every finyer ſcho weiris ringis two;
Scho was als prowd as ony papingo.
The burde ſcho cuverit with clath of coſtly greyne,
Hir napry aboif wes woundir weill beſene.
Than but ſcho went, to ſe gif ony come,
Scho thocht ſull lang to meit hir lufe Freir Johine;
Syne ſchortly did this Freir knok at the yett;
His knok ſcho kend, and did ſo him in lett.
Scho welcomit him in all hir beſt maneir;
He thankit hir, and ſaid, My awin luve deir,
Haif thair ane pair of boſſis, gud and ſyne,
Thay hald ane gallone full of Gaſcone wyne;
And als ane pair of pertrikis richt new ſlane,
And eik ane creill full of breid of mane;
This I haif brocht to yow, my awin luve deir,
Thairfoir, I pray yow, be blyth, and mak gud cheir;
Sen it is ſo that Semon is fra hame,
I wilbe hamely now with yow, gud dame.
Scho ſayis, Ye ar full hertly welcome heir
At ony tyme, quhen that ye liſt appeir.
With that ſcho ſmylit woundir luſtely;
He thriſtit hir hand agane richt prevely,
Than in hett luve thay talkit vderis till. Fol. 350. b.
Thus at thair ſport now will I leiſ thame ſtill,

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And tell yow off thir ſilly Freiris two
Wer lokit in the loft amang the ſtro:
Freir Allane in the loft ſtill can ly;
Freir Robert had ane littill jeloſy,
For in his hairt he had ane perſaving,
And throw the burdis he maid with his botkin
A littill hoill on ſic a wyiſs maid he,
All that thay did thair doun he micht weill ſe,
And every word he herd that thay did ſay.
Quhen ſcho wes prowd, richt woundir freſche and gay,
Scho callit him baith hert, lemmane and luve;
Lord God, gif than his curage wes aboif,
So prelat lyk ſat he in to the chyre;
Scho rownis than ane piſtill in his eir;
Thuſs ſportand thame, and makand melody:
And quhen ſcho ſaw the ſupper wes reddy,
Scho gois belyſe and cuveris the burde annon,
And ſyne the pair of boſſis hes ſcho tone,
And ſett thame doun vpoun the burde hir by.
And evin with that thay hard the gudman cry,
And knokand at the yett he cryit ſaſt:
Quhen thay him hard then wer thay both agaſt:
And als Freir Johine wes in a fellone fray,
He ſtert vp ſaſt, and wald haif bene away,
Bot all for nocht, he micht no way win owt.
The gudwyfe ſpak than, with a viſage ſtowt,
Yone is Symone that makis all this fray,
That I micht tholit full weill had bene away;
I ſall him quyt, and I leif half a yeir,
That cummert hes ws thus[1] in ſic maneir,
Becauſs for him we may nocht byd togidder;
I ſoir repent and wo is ye come hidder,
For we wer weill gif that ye wer away.
Quhat ſall I do, allace? the Freir can ſay.
Hyd you, ſcho ſaid, quhill he be brocht to reſt,

[1] MS. has *this*.

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In to yone troich, I think it for the beſt;
It lyis mekle and huge in all yone nwke,
It held a boll of meill quhen that we buke:
Than vndir it ſcho gart him creip in hy,
And bad him lurk thair verry quyetly;
Scho cloſit him, and ſyne went on hir way.
Quhat ſall I do, allace? the Freir can ſay.
Syne to hir madin ſpedyly ſcho ſpak,
Go to the fyre, and the meitis fra it tak; Fol. 351. a.
Be biſſy als, and ſlokkin out the fyre;
Ga cloiſs yone burd, and tak away the chyre,
And lok vp all in to yone almery,
Baith meit and drink, with wyne and aill put by;
The mayne breid als thow hyd it with the wyne;
That being done, thow ſowp the houſs clene ſyne,
That na apperance of ſeiſt be heir ſene,
Bot ſobirly our ſelffis dois ſuſtene.
And ſyne, withowttin ony mair delay,
Scho caſtis of haill hir freſch array;
Than went ſcho to hir bed annone,
And tholit him to knok his fill, Symone.
Quhen he for knoking tyrit wes, and cryid,
Abowt he went vnto the vdir ſyd,
And on Aleſone faſt cold he cry;
And at the laſt ſcho anſchirit crabitly,
Ach, quha be this that knawis ſa weill my name?
Go henſs, ſcho ſayis, for Symon is fra hame,
And I will herbry no gaiſtis heir perſey;
Thairfoir I pray yow to wend on your way,
For at this tyme ye may nocht lugit be.
Than Symone ſaid, Fair dame, ken ye nocht me?
I am your Symone and huſband of this place.
Ar ye my ſpous Symone? ſcho ſayis, allace,
Be miſknawlege I had almaiſt miſgane,
Quha wenit that ye ſa lait wald haif cum hame?

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Scho ſtertis vp and gettis licht in hy,
And oppinit than the yet full haiſtely;
Scho tuk fra him his geir at all devyiſs,
Syne welcomit him on maiſt hairtly wyiſs.
He bad the madin kindill on the fyre,
Syne graith me meit, and tak ye all thy hyre.
The gudwyf ſaid ſchortly, Ye me trow,
Heir is no meit that ganand is for yow.
How ſa, fair deme, ga gait me cheiſs and breid,
Ga fill the ſtowp, hald me no mair in pleid,
For I am verry tyrit, wett and cauld.
Than vp ſcho raiſs, and durſt nocht mair be bauld,
Cuverit the burde, thairon ſett meit in hy,
Ane ſowſit nolt ſute, and ſcheipheid, haiſtely;
And ſum cauld meit ſcho brocht to him belyve,[1]
And fillit the ſtowp. The gudman than wes blyth;
Than ſatt he doun, and ſwoir be All hallow,
I fair richt weill and I had ane gud fallow:
Dame, eit with me and drink, gif that ye may.
Said the gudwyf, Devill inche cun may I;[2]
It wer mair meit in to your bed to be, Fol. 351. b.
Than now to ſit deſyrand cumpany.
Freir Robert ſaid, Allace, gud bruder deir,
I wald the gudman wiſt that we wer heir,
Quha wait perchance ſum bettir wald he fair;
For ſickerly my hairt will ay be ſair
Gif yone ſcheipheid with Symon birneiſt be,
Sa mekill gud cheir being in the almerie:
And with that word he gaif ane hoiſt anone.
The gudman hard, and ſpeirit, Quha is yone?
The gudwyf ſaid, Yone ar Freiris tway.
Symone ſaid, Tell me quhat Freiris be thay.
Yone is Freir Robert and ſilly Freir Allane,
That all this day hes travellit with grit pane;
Be thay come heir it wes ſo verry lait

[1] Originally *belyth.* [2] Originally *I may.*

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Curfur wes rung, and cloſit wes thair [yait;[1]]
And in yone loft I gaif thame harbrye.
The gudman ſaid, Sa God haif pairt of me,
Tha Freiris twa ar hairtly welcome hidder,
Ga call thame doun, that we ma drink togidder.
The gudwyf ſaid, I reid yow lat thame be,
Thay had levir ſleip nor ſit in cumpanye.
The gudman ſaid vnto the maid [in] thone,
Go, pray thame baith to cum till me annone;
And ſone the trop the madin oppinit than,
And bad thame baith cum doun to the gudman.
Freir Robert ſaid, Now be ſweit Sanct Jame,
The gudman is verry velcome hame,
And for his weilfair dalie do we pray;
We ſall annone cum doun to him, ye ſay.
Than with that word thay ſtart vp baith attone,
And doun the trop delyverly thay come,
Halſit Symone als ſone as thay him ſe;
And he agane thame welcomit hairtfullie,
And ſaid, Cum heir, myne awin bredir deir,
And ſett yow doun ſone beſyd me heir,
For I am now allone, as ye may ſe;
Thairfoir ſitt doun, and beir me cumpanye,
And tak yow pairt of ſic gud as we haif.
Freir Allane ſaid, Schir, I pray God yow ſaif,
For heir is now annwch of Godis gud.
Than Symon anſchirit, Now, be the Rud,
Yit wald I gif ane croun of gold for me,
For ſum gud meit and drink amangis ws thre.
Freir Robert ſaid, Quhat drinkis wald ye craif,
Or quhat meitis deſyre ye for to haif?
For I haif mony ſindry practikis ſeir, Fol. 352. a.
Beyond the ſey in Pareiſs did I leir,
That I wald preve glaidly for your ſaik,
And for your demys that harbry cowd ws maik.

[1] Or *gait;* omitted from MS., and ſupplied by a later hand.

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I tak on hand, and ye will counſale keip,
That I ſall gar yow ſe, or ever I ſleip,
Of the beſt meit that is in this cuntre;
Off Gaſcone wyne, gif ony in it be;
Or, be thair ony within ane hundreth myle,
It ſalbe heir within a bony quhyle.
The gudman had grit mervell of this taill,
And ſaid, My hairt [will] neir be haill
Bot gif ye preve that practik or ye pairte,
To mak ane ſport. And than the Freir vpſtart,
He tuk his buk and to the flure[1] he gais;
He turnis it our, and reidis it a littill ſpace,
And to the eiſt direct he turnis his face,
Syne to the weſt he turnit and lukit doun,
And tuk his buk and red ane oriſoun;
And ay his eyne wer on the almery,
And on the troch quhair that Freir Johine did ly.
Than ſat he doun, and keſt abak his hude,
He granit, and he glowrit, as he wer woid;
And quhylis ſtill he ſatt in ſtudeing,
And vthir quhylis vpoun his buk reding;
And [quhylis] with baith his handis he wald clap,
And vthir quhylis wald he glour and gaip;
Syne in the ſowth he turnit him abowt
Weill thryiſs, and mair than lawly cowd he lowt,
Quhen that he come neir the almery.
Thairat our dame had woundir grit invy,
For in hir hairt ſcho had ane perſaving
That he had knawin all hir govirning.
Scho ſaw him gif the almery ſic a ſtraik,
Vnto hir ſelf ſcho ſaid, Full weill I wait
I am bot ſchent, he knawis full weill my thocht;
Quhat ſall I do? Allace, that I wes wrocht;
Get Symon wit, it wilbe deir doing.
Be that the Freir had left his ſtudeing,

[1] MS. has *freir*, evidently a miſtake: *flure* is in the Maitland MS.

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And on his feit he ſtartis vp full ſture,
And come agane, and ſeyit all his cure.
Now is it done, and ye ſall haif playntie
Of breid and wyne, the beſt in this cuntre;
Thairfoir, fair dame, get vp deliverlie,[1]
And ga belyfe vnto yone almerie,
And oppin it; and ſe ye bring ws ſyne Fol. 352. b.
Ane pair of boiſſis full of Gaſcone wyne,
Thay had ane galloun and mair, that wait I weill;
And bring ws als the mayne breid in a creill;
Ane pair of cunyngis, fat and het pypand;
The caponis als ye ſall ws bring fra hand;
Twa pair of pertrikis, I wait thair is no ma;
And eik of pluveris ſe that ye bring ws twa.
The gudwyf wiſt it wes no variance;
Scho knew the Freir had ſene hir govirnance;
Scho ſaw it wes no bute for to deny;
With that ſcho went vnto the almery,
And oppinnit it, and than ſcho fand thair
All that the Freir had ſpokin of befoir.
Scho ſtert abak, as ſcho wer in a fray,
And ſanyt hir, and ſmyland cowd ſcho ſay,
Ha, banedicitie, quhat may this bene?
Quha evir afoir hes ſic a fairly ſene?
Sa grit a mervell as now hes apnit heir,
Quhat ſall I ſay? He is ane haly Freir,
He ſaid full ſwth of all that he did ſay.
Scho brocht all furth, and on the burd cowd lay
Baith breid and wyne, and vthir thingis moir,
Cunyngis and caponis, as ye haif hard befoir;
Pertrikis and pluveris befoir thame hes ſcho brocht.
The Freir knew weill and ſaw thair wantit nocht,
Bot all wes furth brocht, evin at his devyiſs.
And Symone ſaw it appinnit on this wyiſs,
He had grit wondir, and ſweris be the mone

[1] MS. has *deliuverly*.

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That Freir Robert weill his dett had done;
He may be callit ane man of grit ſcience,
Sa ſuddanly maid all this purviance
Hes brocht ws heir throw his grit ſubteltie,
And throw his knawlege in filoſophie:
In ane gud tyme it wes quhen he come hidder;
Now fill the cop that we ma drink togidder,
And mak gud cheir eftir this langſum day,
For I haif riddin ane woundir wilſome way.
Now God belovit, heir is ſuffiſance
Vnto ws all throw your gud govirnance:
And than annone thay drank evin round abowt
Of Gaſcone wyne; the Freiris playit cop owt.
Thay ſportit thame, and makis mirry cheir
With ſangis lowd, baith Symone and the Freir;
And on this wyiſs the lang nicht thay ourdraif;
No thing thay want that thay deſyrd to haif.
Than Symon ſaid to the gudwyf in hy, Fol. 353. a.
Cum heir, fair dame, and ſett yow doun me by,
And tak pairte of ſic gud as we haif heir,
And hairtly, I yow pray, to thank this Freir
Off his bening grit beſines and cure,
That he hes done to ws vpoun this flure,
And brocht ws meit and drink haboundantlie,
Quhairfoir of richt we aucht mirry to be.
Bot all thair ſport, quhen thay wer maiſt at eiſs,
Vnto our deme it wes bot littill pleiſs,
For vther thing thair wes in to hir thocht;
Scho wes ſo red, hir hairt wes ay on flocht,
That throw the Freir ſcho ſowld diſcoverit be,
To him ſcho lukit oft tymes effeiritlie,
And ay diſparit in hart was ſcho,
That he had witt of all hir purveance to.
Thus[1] ſatt ſcho ſtill, and wiſt no vdir wane;
Quhat evir thay ſay, ſcho lute him all allane,

[1] MS. has *this*.

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Bot ſcho drank with thame in to cumpany
With fenyeit cheir, and hert full wo and hevy.
Bot thay wer blyth annwche, God watt, and fang,
For ay the wyne was rakand thame amang,
Quhill at the laſt thay woix richt blyth ilk one.
Than Symone ſaid vnto the Freir annone,
I mervell mikill how that this may be,
In till ſchort tyme that ye ſa ſuddanlye
Hes brocht to ws ſamony denteis deir.
Thairof haif ye no mervell, quod the Freir,
I haif ane pege full prevy of my awin
Quhen evir I liſt will cum to me vnknawin,
And bring to me ſic thing as I will haif;
Quhat evir I liſt it neidis me nocht to craif.
Thairfoir be blyth, and tak in pacience,
And treſt ye weill I ſall do diligence;
Gif that ye liſt, or thinkis to haif moir,
It ſalbe had and I ſall ſtand thairfoir,
Incontinent that ſamyn ſall ye ſe;
Bot I proteſt that ye keip it previe,
Latt no man wit that I can do ſic thing.
Than Symone ſwoir, and ſaid, Be Hevynnis King,
It ſalbe kepit prevy as for me;
Bot, bruder deir, your ſchirwand wald I ſe,
Gif it yow pleiſs, that we may drynk togidder,
For I wait nocht gif ye ma ay cum hidder,
Quhen that we want our neidis ſic as this.
The Freir ſaid, Nay, ſo mot I haif Hevynis bliſs,
Yow to haif the ſicht of my ſchirwand Fol. 353. b.
It can nocht be; ye ſall weill vndirſtand,
That ye may ſe him graithly in his awin kynd,
Bot ye annone ſowld go owt of your mynd,
He is ſo fowll and vgly for to ſe;
I dar nocht awnter for to tak on me,
To bring him hidder heir in to our ſicht,

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And namely now ſo lait in to the nicht;
Bot gif it wer on ſic a maner wyiſs
Him to tranſlait or ellis diſſagyiſs
Fra his awin kynd in to ane vder ſtait.
Than Symone ſaid, I mak no moir debait,
As pleiſis yow ſo lyk is it to me,
As evir ye lift, bot ſane wald I him ſe.
In till quhat kynd ſall I him gar appeir?
Than Symone ſaid, In liknes of a Freir,
In quhyt cullour, richt as your ſelf it war,
For quhyt cullour will na body deir.
Freir Robert ſaid that ſwa it cowld nocht be,
For ſic cauſſis as he may weill foirſe,
That he compeir in to our habeit quhyt,
Vntill I ordour it wer a grit diſpyte,
That ony ſic vnworthy wicht as he
In till our habeit men ſowld behald or ſe.
Bot ſen it pleiſſis yow that ar heir,
Ye ſall him ſe in liknes of a Freir;
In habeit blak it was his kynd to weir,
Ye ſall him ſe in liknes of a Freir.
Gif ye ſo do, and rewll yow at all wyiſs
To hald yow cloiſs and ſtill at my devyiſs,
Quhat evir it be ye owdir ſe or heir,
Ye ſpeik no word, nor mak no kynd of ſteir,
Bot hald yow cloiſs, quhill I haif done my cure.
Than ſaid he, Semon, ye mone be on the flure,
Neirhand beſyd with ſtaff in to your hand;
Haif ye no dreid, I ſall yow ay warrand.
Than Symon ſaid, I aſſent that it be ſwa;
And vp he ſtart, and gat a libberla
In to his hand, and on the flure he ſtert,
Sumthing effrayit, thocht ſtalwart was his hart.
Than to the Freir ſaid Symone verry ſone,
Now tell me, maiſter, quhat ye will haif done.

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No thing, he ſaid, bot hald yow cloiſs and ſtill;
Quhat evir I do tak ye gud tent thairtill,
And neir the dur ye hyd yow prevely,
And quhen I bid yow ſtryk, ſtrek hardely,
In to the nek ſe that ye hit him richt. 490 Fol. 354. a.
That ſall I warrand, quod he, with all my micht.
Thuſs on the flure I leif him ſtandand ſtill,
Bydand his tyme; and turne agane I will,
How that the Freir did take his buke in hy,
And [turnit] our the levis full beſely, 495
Ane full lang ſpace, and quhen he had done ſwa,
Towart the troch withowttin wordis ma
He goiſs belyſe, and on this wyiſs ſayis he,
Ha, how, Hurlybaſs, now I coniure the,
That thow vpryſs and ſone to me appeir, 500
In habeit blak in liknes of a freir;
Owt of this troch, quhair that thow dois ly,
Thow rax the ſone, and mak no dyn nor cry;
Thow tumbill our the troch that we may ſe,
And vnto ws thow ſchaw the oppinlie; 505
And in this place ſe that thow no man greif,
Bot draw thy handis boith in to thy ſleif,
And pull thy cowll doun owttour thy face;
Thow may thank God that thow gettis ſic a grace;
Thairfoir thow turſs the to thyne awin reſſett, 510
Se this be done and mak no moir debait;
In thy depairting ſe thow mak no deray
Vnto no wicht, bot frely paſs thy way;
And in this place ſe that thow cum no moir,
Bot I command the, or ellis the charge befoir; 515
And our the ſtair ſe that thow ga gud ſpeid;
Gif thow dois nocht on thy awin perrell beid.
With that the Freir, that vnder the troch lay,
Raxit him ſone, bot he wes in a fray,
And vp he raiſs, and wiſt na bettir wayn, 520

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Bot of the troch he tumlit our the ſtane;
Syne fra the ſamyn quhairin he thocht him lang,
Vnto the dur he preiſit him to gang,
With hevy cheir and drery countenance,
For nevir befoir him hapnit ſic a chance.
And quhen Freir Robert ſaw him gangand by,
Vnto the Gudman full lowdly cowd he cry,
Stryk, ſtryk herdely, for now is tyme to the.
With that Symone a felloun flap lait fle,
With his burdoun he hit him on the nek;
He wes ſa ferce he fell owttour the ſek,
And brak his heid vpoun ane muſtard ſtane.
Be this Freir Johine attour the ſtair is gane
In ſic wyifs, that miſt he hes the trap,
And in ane myr he fell, ſic wes his hap,
Wes fourty futis of breid vndir the ſtair; Fol.354.b.
Yeit gat he vp with clething nothing fair;
Full drerelie vpoun his feit he ſtude,
And throw the myre full ſmertly than he hude,
And our the wall he clam richt haiſtely,
Quhilk round abowt wes laid with ſtanis dry:
Off his eſchaping in hairt he wes full fane,
I trow he ſalbe laith to cum agane.
With that Freir Robert ſtert abak and ſaw
Quhair the Gudman lay ſa woundir law
Vpoun the flure, and bleidand wes his heid;
He ſtert to him, and went he had bene deid,
And clawcht him vp withowttin wordis moir,
And to the dur delyverly him bure;
And fra the wind wes blawin twyifs in his face,
Than he ourcome within a lytill ſpace;
And than Freir Robert franyt at him faſt,
Quhat ailit him to be ſo ſoir agaſt.
He ſaid, Yone Freir hes maid me thuſs gait ſay.
Lat be, quod he, the werſt is all away;

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Mak mirry, man, and ſe ye mvrne na mair,
Ye haiſ him ſtrikin quyt owttour the ſtair.
I ſaw him ſlip, gif I the ſuth can tell,
Doun our the ſtair, in till a myr he fell;
Bot lat him go, he wes a graceles gaiſt,
And boun yow to your bed, for it is beſt.
Thuſs Symonis heid vpoun the ſtane wes brokin,
And our the ſtair the Freir in myre hes loppin,
And tap our taill he fyld wes woundir ill;
And Aleſone on na wayiſs gat hir will;
This is the ſtory that hapnit of that Freir.
No moir thair is, bot Chryſt ws help moſt deir.

Finis.

NOTE.—On Fol. 355 a. has been written by another and later hand a piece in five and a-half four-line ſtanzas, *Go, ſweet Lynes, Loue will not take them*, and a ſeparate piece of four lines, *Amongſt the Monſtors that we find.* 355 b. and 356 a. are blank. On 356 b. the ſame hand has inſcribed a piece of 13 lines, *Once ſlumbring as I lay within my Bed.* All theſe, as not originally belonging to the MS., will be found in the Appendix.

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CCCXXXII.

Heir begynnis Colkelbie Sow. Fol. 357. a.

QUHEN rialleſt, moſt redowttit and he,
Magnificat crownit kingis in maieſte,
Princis, duces and marquis curiouſs,
Erlis, barronis and knychttis chevelrouſs,
And gentillmen of he genolegye,
As ſcutiferais and ſquieris full courtlye,
Ar aſſemblit and ſett in a ryell ſe,
With namit folkis of he nobilite,
Thair talk that tyme in table honorable,
Beſoir lordingis and ladeis amiable,
Is oft ſinging and ſawis of ſolace,
Quhair melody is the mirthfull maiſtrace;
Ermy deidis in auld dayis done aſoir,
Croniculis, geſtis, ſtoreis and mich moir;
Maneſtralis among mvſicianis merely,
To haif hairtis in hevinly armony,
So ſemis it weill that ſuthly ſo war ay.
Quhat is the warld without pleſance or play,
Bot paſſionale? Than lat ws mak ſum ſport
And recreatioun, the cumpany to confort.
Wold my lordis do ſe, quho wold begin it?
Quho ſall furthſchaw, or quho ſall firſt fall in it?
Quho[1] with diſcreit correctioun of yow
Bot I, quho hath begune this mater now.
For begynnyng without end quhat availis,
Bot lyk a tre flureiſt quhair the fruct ſalis,
To quhich all man of quhat eſtait he be
With recent mynd ſuld evir haif his e,
Nocht to begin flureiſt and fyne decreſs,
The langir lyfe the gud loſs than to ceſs?
Quhat ſalbe ſaid bot at his ending he

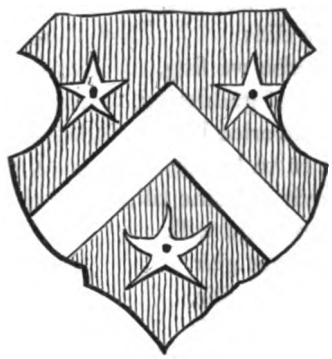
[1] *Sall* has been written here, but afterwards deleted by the writer.

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Frome on fair ymp fell doun a widderit tre;
The lyfe is gone, the loſs lefting is loſt,
The begynnyng thay ſay was bot a woſt.
Quhairfoir ye men moſt honorable at all,
Quhich eternall wald haif memoriall,
Gyd yow ſo that firſt your God pleſit be,
And obtene name and wirchep quhen ye de;
And quho will nocht eftir his gudly powere,
Conſidering his eſtait, go profeſs him a mertere,
Or ſuſtene lak, ſo may he lyknit be, Fol. 357.b.
A fair flureiſs fadit in a falty tre.
All be my ſelf is this ſymylitude;
Suld I begin to ſport and nocht conclude?
Than wold ye all belyve ſay, Lo him yondir,
That ſet to bourd and left it in a blondir:
Quhairfoir I will ſay of my fantefy
Sum ſolaſing to glaid this cumpany;
Bot, for Godis luve and his appoſtill Petir,
Pardoun the fulich face of this mad metir.
Sen the ſentence to feill is fantaſtike
Lat the lettir and langage be ſuch like;
Sen all the world changis ſomony facis
I treſt I will caſt caiſſis vpoun caiſis.
And ſo lat ſe quhat cais ye think moſt nyce:
Wiſdome vmquhile holdis the nyceſt wys,
So that it be ſport in diſcretioun,
Without odius crewale compariſoun.
Perticular malice and all ſuch thing removit,
The wyſs nyceſt the wiſeſt quhile is provit,
For quhich, knawing myne vnſſufficience
To be compryſit perticiane with prudence,
I propone, nocht as wiſs preſumpteouſs,
Bot rathir ſport myne awin ſpereit to reloſs,
And my lordis to heir that will deden,
Now I begin with Titill eſt, amen.

Explicit Prohemium, et ſequitur Prima Pars.

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[*Prima Pars.*]

Heir I gife yow caiſs, [1] Fol. 358. a.
Vmquhile a merry man wais
Callit Cokkelbe:
He had a ſimple blak ſow,
And he ſald hir bot how,
For penneis thre,
As eftir ye may ſee;[2]
And verrely as I hard
Thus the money he ward;
The firſt penny of the thre
For a girle[3] gaif he;
The ſecund fell in a furde;
The thrid he hid in a hurde.
Now quhilk penny of the thre
Wes beſt beſtowit, ſay ye?
The loſt penny wes vpleſit,
The girle for the tyme pleſit;

[1] This and the four following pages of the MS. are written in double columns.
[2] This line has been at firſt omitted, and afterwards added, ſeemingly by the original hand.
[3] *Maid* has been written on the margin.

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Bot the penny that wes hid,
I hold leiſt gude did;
For in old prouerbe we ſing,
Cumis littill gud of gaddering,
Quhair wrechit awerice birnis,
Hyding hurdis in to hirnis,
And knawis nevir quhome till,
Latting wirſchep to go will.
Gret laubor is to get geir,
And to conſerue it is feir,
And moir angir is to leiſs
Thir thre peruerſt propirteiſs,
I find in ſkarſs keping,
And auaritious wynnyng,
Quhair meſur is nocht maiſtreſs,
Bot gaddering for gredeneſs.
The hid penny, thinkis me,
Wes werſt beſtowit of the thre,
For it waiſs fro the vſe of man;
Lat warldis gudis go than,
With meſur and merines.
Yit thair is moir of this cais,
The penny loſt in the lak
Wes fundin and vptak,
And he that fand it did by,
With the ſamyn penny,
A littill pig [1] for his prow
Off Kolkelbeis ſow.
A harlot wynnit neir by,
And ſcho wald mak a mangery,
And had no ſubſtance at all,
Bot this pur pig ſtall,
To furniſs a gret feiſt,
Withouttin ſtuſe bot this beiſt.

[1] *Gryce* has been written on the margin.

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And yit ſcho callit to hir cheir
On apoſtita freir,
A peruerſt perdonair,
And practand palmair,
A wich and a wobſtare,
A milygant and a mychare,
A fond fule, a fariar,
A cairtar, a cariar,
A libbar and a lyar,
And riddill revar,
A tuttivillus, a tutlar,
And a fanyeit flatterar,
A forſarn falconar,
A malgratious millare,
A berward, a brawlar,
And ane aip ledar,
With a curſit cuſtumar,
A tratlar, a tinklar,
And mony vthir in that hour,
Off all evill ordour.
Firſt with a fuliſch flour,
An ald monk, a lechour,
A drunkin drechour,
A dowble toungit counſalour,
A trumpour, a trvcour,
A hangman, a haſardour,
A tyrant, a tormentour,
A truphane, a tratlour,
A faynit nigramanſour,
A japer, a juglour,
A laſe that luvis bot for lour,
And a man merrour,
An evill wyffis mirrour,
In all thair ſemblance four,
With a noyefull nychtbour,

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A lunatik, a ſiſmatyk,
An heretyk, a purſpyk,
A lumbard, a lolard,
Ane vſurar, a bard,
Ane ypocreit in haly kirk,
A burn grenge in the dirk,
A ſchipman on ſe and ſand,
That takis lyfe and gud on hand,
And knawis nowthir courſs nor tyd,
Bot preſumpteouſs in pryd,
Practing no thing expert,
In cunnyng cumpaſs nor kert.
A ſkeg, a ſcornar, a ſkald,
A baleſtrod and a bald,
An vnthrifty dapill man,
A rebald, a ruffian,
A murderer of leil men,
A reviſcher of wemen;
And two lerit men thame by,
Schir Ockir and Schir Symony;
Yit mony in a grit rout,
For lak of rowme, ſtud about.
Now wald I wit at this feſte,
Quho ſure beſt of this beſte;
I hald the folk beſt ſure,
That ſtud fer without the dure
Fro this curſit cumpany,
And menſles mangery.
Yit of this caiſs thair is moir,
The pure pig gaif a rore,
Him to kill quhen thay pynit;
So ſoir the ſilly pig quhrynit,
Quhill all the ſwyn thairabout
Ruſchit furth in a rout.
I keip nocht now to commoun

Fol. 358. b.

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All beiſtis for to blaſoun
Of thair diuerſs naturis,
Complexionis and cullouris,
Quhom the law levis ete,
Or quho ſuld be no manis meit;
Nor of the foulis of the are,
How ſum with cloſs feit thay fare,
And ſum deuidit the nalis;
Nor of the fiſche with thair ſcalis.
All this I ſet aſyd now,
Haif at Cokilbeis ſow;
For to ſay the verite,
Luvand beiſtis ſwyne be,
Contrair houndis nature;
For brawle doggis at the dure
All ſettis on the ſory hound,
That lyis euir at the grund,
And he that cryis moſt and roris,
Ourthrawin, ſchent and moſt ſoiris,
All the remanent him ruggis,
Sum be leggis, ſum be luggis.
Thay ar luving to men,
Bot nocht to thame ſelf than,
For wo is him that hes royne;
Bot nocht ſo of the ſwyne,
And on of thame be ourthrawin,
That his cry may be knawin,
All the remanent that heiris
Cumis in thair beſt maneiris,
To reſkew as thay may;
So did thay this day.
That ſowis ſonis hard I nevir
Win ſo grit wirſchep for euir,
For Stiftapill all the ſtore
Ruſchit out with a rore.

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This pig, quhen thay hard him,
Thay come golfand full grim;
Mony long tuthit bore,
And mony galt come befoir,
And mony grit gunnald;
Gruntillot and Gamald,
Wrotok and Writhneb,
Hogy evir in the eb,
With the halkit hoglyn,
Suelly Suattis Swankyn,
Baymell bred in the bog,
Hog hoppit our hog;
Mage of the Milhill,
Grom Gym of the Gill,
The fuddill fow and the ford,
Reid Kit that oft rord,
Patypull of the Pappourtis,
And Knvtknot of the Kuppourtis,
The gray, the gorot and the grym;
Hurlhekill hoblit with him,
Sigill Wrigill our fow,
Gret bore Tuſky the grow;
Mony galt, mony gilt,
Come let the pig to be ſpilt.
Rowch rumple out ran,
Weill mo than I tell can,
With ſick a din and a dirdy,
A garray and a hirdy girdy,
The ſulis all afferd wer,
And the harlot hurt thare
With bair Tuſkyis tuth.
And for to ſay the verry ſuth,
In that fellon affray
The littill pig gat away,
And ilk bore and ilk beiſt

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Defoulit the fulis of the feiſt;
Sum mokit, menyeit and merrit;
Thus wer thay fro the meit ſkerrit.
Is nocht this a nyce caiſs?
Bot yit a fer werſs it waiſs;
A new noyment and nois
With a rumour vprois,
That of that caiſs to degeſt
It mycht be callit a tempeſt;
For all the ſuynis awnaris
Said ſeilis how the fulis fairis,
And ſeis ſo curſt a cumpany,
Herand thair awin ſwyne cry,
With thir myligantis machit,
Afferd the fulis had thame kachit,
As to ſteill thame away.
Than dyn raiſs and dirray,
Stok hornis blew ſtout,
Mony on iſchit out;
Gilby on his gray meir,
And Fergy on his ſow fair
Hoge Hygin by the hand hint;
And Symy that was ſone brint,
With his lad Loury,
And his goſſep Gloury,
Fergy in frunt paſt,
And Fynny followit him faſt.
Thurlgill thrang till a club
So ferſs, he flaw in a dub,
Quhill Downy him abak drewgh;
Than Rany of the Reidhewch,
With Gregry the bowman,
For luſe of his leman
Licht lap at a lyn;
He felyeit and he fell in,

Fol. 359. a.

And Hoge wes ſa haiſty,
That he ſualterit him by,
Quhill Thoby cariour him tuk
To land with a ſcheip cruk.
Schiphirdis ſchowit to ſchore,
And Fergy Flitſy yeid befoir,
Chiftane of that cheif chak,
A ter ſtowp on his bak,
With his lad Luddroun,
And his hound Hunddroun;
Mony ſchiphird with him is,[1]
Fro brokis, brois and brymmis;
Off two ram crukit hornis
Thair baner on a birk born is,
With Barmyberd thair banerman,
And his couſing Cachcran.
Thair menſtrall Diky Doyt
Fur befoir with a floyt;
Than danſit Doby Drymouth
The ſone ſchene in the ſowth,
And as thay lukit on a lee,
Thay ſaw an vthir menye.
Than all thay fled full afferd,
And the maiſtir ſchipherd,
Fergy Flitſy, befoir
Thocht wes littill on his ſtore,
His feit maid ſic dynnyng,
He lakkit breth for rynnyng.
How, quod Hobby, herk me,
We neid nocht to fordir fle,
Yone folk our awin freindis ar,
I knaw be thair banar.
Than wer thay nevir half ſo fane,
And glaidly turnit all agane,
And knew be thair array,

[1] MS. has *his*.

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That all nolt hirdis wer thay
That iſchit out to the cry,
And thair baner borne by,
Of Crumhorne the cowis taill,
Feſtnit on a lang flaill.
Beſyd thair capitane, I trow,
Callit wes Colyne Cuckow,
And Davy Doyte of the dale
Was thair mad menſtrale,
He blew on a pype he,
Maid of a borit bourtre;
Waytſtath him by
Danſit ane Dandy.
The thrid fallowſchip he ſaw,
That thay windirweill knaw,
The ſwyne hirdis in a rowt,
And Sueirbum with his ſnowt
Wes captane of thame thair,
And borne wes his banair,
Vpoun a ſchule for to ſchaw,
A flekkit ſowis ſkyn ſaw,
With terletheris tyit hy.
Quho bur it bot Botgy,
And Clarus the long clype
Playit on a bag pype;
Haggyſheid and Helly,
Ballybrass and Belly
Danſit, and his ſone ſamyn.
Than all aſſemblit with a gamyn,
And all the menſtralis attonis
Blew vp and playit for the nonis:
Schiphird, nolt hirdis,
And ſuynhirdis out girdis,
For to dance merily.
A maiſtir ſwynhird Swanky,

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And his couſing Copyn Cull, Fol. 359. b.
Fowll of bellis fulfull,
Led the dance and began
Play ws Joly lemmane.
Sum trottit Tras and trenaſs,
Sum balterit The Baſs,
Sum Perdowy, ſum Trolly lolly,
Sum Cok craw thow quhill day,
Twyſbank and Terway,
Sum Lincolme, ſum Lindſay,
Sum Joly lemman, dawis it nocht day,
Sum Be yone wodſyd ſingis,
Sum Late, lait on evinnyngis,
Sum Joly Mertene with a mok,
Sum Lulalow, lute cok.
Sum bekkit, ſum bingit,
Sum crakkit, ſum cringit,
Sum movit Moſt mak revell,
Sum Symon ſonis of Quhynfell,
Sum Maiſtir Peir de Conyate,
And vthir ſum in conſate
At leſer dreſt to dance.
Sum Ourfute, ſum Orliance,
Sum Ruſty bully with a bek,
And Every note in vtheris nek;
Sum vſit the danſis to deme
Of Cipres and Boheme,
Sum the faitis full yarne
Off Portingall and Naverne,
Sum countirfutit the gyiſs of Spane,
Sum Italy, ſum Almane,
Sum noiſit Napillis anone,
And vthir ſum of Arragone,
Sum the Cane of Tartary,
Sum the Soldane of Surry,

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All his danſis deſynd.
Sum Pretir Johine of grit Ind,
Sum as the Ethiopis vſit,
Sum futit and ſum refuſit,
Sum had danſis mony ma,
With all the danſis of Aſia;
Sum of Affrickis age,
And principale of Cartage.
Thair preſſit in Pery pull,
Full of bellis fulfull,
Maiſtir Myngeis the mangeis,
Maiſtir Tyngeis la tangeis,
Maiſtir Totis la toutis,
And Rouſty rottis the routis,
Maiſtir Nykkis la nakkis,
And Sir Jakkis la jakk[is],
The Haryhurlere huſty,
And Calby the curſt cuſty.
Mony laddis, mony low[nis,[1]]
Knowf, knois, kynnis, culrownis,
Curris, kenſeis and knavis
Inthrang and danſit in thravis;
With thame Towis the mowis,
And Hary with the reid howis.
Than all arrayit in a ring
Danſit My deir derling,
And all aſſentit in a ſop
To The vſe of Ewrop;
That for ſo much thay beleuit,
That expert and weill preuit,
Thay war in the eſt warld,
As is heir breuely ourharld.
Thay conclud the vſe plane
Of ylandis in occiane,
And of the fermeland of France,

[1] Cut off by the inlaying of the MS.

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And how the empriour dois dance
Sueſis in Suauia ſyne,
And als the reuir of Ryne;
Off Bretane the brod ile,
Off Yrland and Argyle,
Burgone and Breband,
Hanyngo and Holland,
Flanderis, Freiſland and eik
Brandeburcht and Broinſweik,
Dittmer and Baywer,
Pruce, Poill and Pomer,
Lubwick land and Lunaburcht,
Maleſtrand and Makilburgh,
The ſteidis ſevin and ſevinty
And all boindis thame by,
The Rerall and Ruſland,
Sclauia and Gotland,
Denmark and Norroway.
All thair danſis and play
Thay movit in thair mad muting,
And all thay falit in ſuting,
For merrit wes thair menſtralis,
Thair inſtrumentis in tonis ſelis,
And all thair plat pure panſis
Coud no the fete of ony danſis
Bot ſuch thing as affeiris
To hirdis and thair maneiris; Fol. 360.a.
For thay hard ſpeik of men gud,
And ſmall thairof vndirſtud,
Bot hurlit furth vpoun heid,
A Copyne Cull coud thame lede.
And ſo thay wend thay weill danſit,
And did bot practit and pranſit,
And quhen thay had all done,
It was a tratlyng out of tone.

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Than thay began for to chyd,
Quhill Quhorlorehuſty cryd,
Ceiſs this brangling and bere,
Remembir quhy ye come here,
That ilk knave and ilk cuſt
Compryſit Horlorehuſt
For a witte man commendit;
And thus thair danſing thay endit.
And ſo concluding thay paſt
To thair maiſtiris als faſt,
The ſilly pig to reſkew
All the ſamyn ar thay met trew;
Be than wes machit on mold
Als mony as thay wold;
Lord God, ſo lowd as thay cryd,
Full oft the fulis thay defyd,
And on thame ſemblit attonis,
Bot thair wes breking of bonis;
Hold how he wes heir
Thay chace with a freſch cheir,
Fyll [1] on the foirſaid ſottis,
And ourthrew all the ydiottis,
Both of the ſwyne and the men.
Be this ye may weill ken
That foly is no ſapience,
For multitud in negligence
He ſeldin palme of victory,
Bot God and gud wit gy;
And all this grit brawling,
Babling and vthir thing,
Wes for a pig as ye hard ſayn,
Yit he eſkapit [2] vnſlane.
Now juge as ye liſt by,
For this is bot a fanteſy,
And littill poynt of poetry,

[1] This word is doubtfull. [2] Originally written *heſkapit*.

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Bot ſport to mak ws mirry;
And yit this is a ſtrange caiſs,
Bot eftirward this pig waiſs
Growin to a grit boir.
Lo, ſuch is this warldis glore,
Now law, now he,
Nothing ſtable we ſe
In this warld of variance,
Yit fell a caiſs and new chance.
This pig, quhen he a boir wes,
Off micht he grew maikles,
As to fecht for awant,
With antelop or oliphant,
Tigir, pard or pantere,
Bull, wolf or wyld bere,
With the awfull vnicorne,
Nor ony beiſt that wes borne;
For he faucht wichtly with Wad,
And with Melliager mad,
With Anterouſs [and] Hercules
He did a battell in pres,
And huntit was in the plane
Beſoir the goddes Dyane,
Bot he eſkapit harmeles,
And killit hundis in the chaſe.
The rich king of Sydon
And his knychtis ilk on,
For thir bere afferd wer,
For vmquhile he wonit thair,
And gaif a battell curious
To Eglamoir of Artherus.
The vgly Worme nevir ſo weill preuit
Quhill this bald bore leuit,
Nor yit as I vndirſtand,
The Dragone in the Holy Land.

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Is nocht this a nyce caiſs,
That firſt this pig ſo pure waiſs,
And in ſo mony dengeris,
He eſkapit with weris?
Ye may confaue be this twich,
That oft of littill cumis mich;
To contempt a ſmall ſo,
Quhill he haith grace to ryd or go
At liberty and fredome,
I hold it no wiſdome,
Or for loif of pennyis
To ſuffer honour perreis.
And thus is the cais endit
Of the penny that wes ſpendit,
That grew to ſo grit priſs;
Scarſs ſpending ſkathis gentriſs.
Thus haif I tald yow a caiſs
To ſett yow in ſolaiſs,
For our exceding ſtudy
May cauſs quhyle malancoly;
Thairfoir to mak ws mirryar
Thus did my fanteſy fair,
And this hirdy girdy I,
And dirdy, cry yow mercy.

Finis.

[*Secunda Pars.*]

Off thir mokking meteris and mad matere, Fol. 360. b.
Your he reuerence, humly eft I requyre
All the hereris pardoun with pacience
My noyous noyiſs, nycetie and negligence;
And to ſatisfie my foirſaid ſymple dyte,

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In recompance of it now will I wryte
Of the ſecund penny, for the girle coſt,
How it did thryve that onis was thrall half loſt.
A yeir eftir, walking in his diſport
By a rever, Cokelby ſaw reſort
Ane auld blind man with a pretty maid,
Nocht twelf yeir old[1] I hold of age ſcho haid;
Bot ſuth to ſay ſcho was nocht lyk to be
A wordly wicht, ſo windir fair we[s] ſche;
So weill nurtourit as ſcho had nuriſcheit bene
In cloſter or court, dochter to kyng or quene.
Innocentlie ſcho ſaluſt on hir kne
This carlage man, this foirſaid Colkelbe;
Yit for to tell the werray treuth of it,
He was ane man boith of ſubſtance and wit,
And ſaid, Dochter, haue Goddis blyſſing and myne.
The auld man aſkit, Le pour amour deuine
Cherite, and he ſaid, Father, cum to my houſs.
He had him home and gaif him fair almouſs,
And intentlie inquireit quhair he had
Gottin that fair innocent gudelie maid,
And gif ſcho war his dochter or kyn to ſay.
He ſaid, Suithlie ſcho is nother perſay;
Bot one palmar, ane honeſt man was he,
One aliane come frome beyond the ſe,
With his awin wyf, a blyſſit creatour,
Lougeit with me, ſuppoiſs that I be peur,
And throuch the will of God, ſo as it was,
Thay war weſeit with ſuddane ſoir ſeikneſs,
And deceiſſit thairin boith in ane hour;
This little maid, this tender createur,
Was thair dochter, and beluiffit with me,
That leiddis me now ſence my ſelf may nocht ſe.
Colkelbe ſaid, I beleif it is ſo,
Bot quhat cuntre that ewer thai folk come fro,

[1] MS. has *hold*.

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It ſemis thai war of kynreid full potent,
Be the dochteris feris this innocent.
Bot, guid father, gif that ye wald aggree
To lat the maid remane heir ſtill with me
For hir honour, and elſs ſo wald I reid yow,
Bot ye ſall haif ane boy of myne to leid yow.
The blynd man ſaid, Thre ſones at home I haue,
And war I thair no moir gyding I crawe,
Bot fer the maide hath bene a quhill with me,
And ye hir haue I ſuld the better be.
Cokkelby ſaid, I had thre pennyis round, Fol. 361.a.
The firſt wes loſt onys in a lak and found,
And with it coſt a pig ſum callis a gryſs,
Quhich increſcit to he wirſchip and pryſs
So mervellous mony men of him reidis;
He wes the caus[1] of feill ferlifull deidis,
As his legend beiris witnes, luke quho ſo lift;
The ſecound penny I haif heir in my fiſt,
On lyis in hurd; this is the caiſs of thame;
Thre ſilly pennyis futhly I hald the ſame.
The ſaid ſecound penny I ſall gife the
For this young maid, gif that thow will and ſche,
With my favouris in tyme to cum alſo:
Thay agreit, and thus I lat thame go.
This Colkelby nvreiſt hir in his houſs,
Quich grew ſo fair and verry verteouſs,
So gentill in all his geſtis and appliable,
And ſobir in ſchiruice and amiable,
That all that hir ſaw thay luvit hir as thair lyfe,
And ſpecialy this Colkelbeis wyfe,
A worſchepfull woman in to hir houſs,
Thay callit hir to name Bellamorouſs.
Betuix hir and hir huſband Colkelby,
Thay had a ſone callit Flanniſlie;
Galland he wes and gud in all his feir,

[1] MS. repeats *the caus.*

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And of all vthiris odly the beſt archeir
In ony land, rycht wirſchepfull and wyſe,
Big of bonis, a ſtrong man of dewyſe.
And, as his fader and moder did oft eſpy,
He coppeit this yong wench attentely
In his conſait with ſad degeſtioun,
Hir moſt pleſand perfyt pure perſoun,
Hir freſche figour formyt of forme and fece,
Gevin to all gud fulfillit of Godis grace,
That all bonty and bewty that mycht be
Worthy compryſſis thairof anewch had ſche.
He lovit ſo weill thair was non vthir,
Bot with conſent of freindis, fadir and moder,
He weddit hir to wyſe, wit ye for ay.
This amiable innocent Adria
Wes callit to name, and this in France fell
Into the firſt oriſing of it to tell,
Or it prevelit planeiſt and popelus,
Quhair now Pareiſs citie is ſituat thus.
This Colkelby wonit thair,[1] quhair the caiſs
Of the pig, fulis, and all that foirſaid was,
Till on a tyme that he France the king
Roid to veſy the boundis thair as regne;
And in the place thair as Cokkelby dwelt,
A man of ſtoir[2] with ſuch thing he delt,
For than non could haif craft cornis to win; Fol. 361. b.
That king of mycht lugit in to his in,
And on the morne a grit ſchoting thay did cry,
Quhair Flaniſlie our all wan victory.
The king ſaw him ſo big a man and ſtrong,
And gudly als, to tary yow nocht long,
For his body a ſquyer he him maid;
And in his weiris ſo weill he him behaid,
He was maid knycht in court to continew;
And than he ſend for his fair lady trew,

[1] *Thair* afterwards inſerted. [2] This may be read *ſcoir*.

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Dame Adria, quhome the king did commend
In hir[1] chalmer vpoun the quene to attend;
Beſt belouit and moſt perfyte wes ſche,
For hir[1] geſtis and bewtie and bontie,
Our all the laif the ladeis that thair ware.
And Flanniſlie ſo weill in weiris him bare,
That the king eftir maid him erle ryall,
And a cornar of a cuntre ſeuerall,
Nocht than invent inhabit as it lay,
Gaif him be ſeile heretable for ay,
Quhich he plenyſſit with peple and polefy,
And namit it eftir him and his lady,
This is to ſay Flanniſlie and Adria,
His hole erldome callit Flandria,
Flan fra the firſt ſillab of Flanniſlie,
And Dria drevin fra Adria the fre,
The quhich famouſs erldome of Flanderis ay
Haldis of Frankland and Duchpeir to this day.
Off the ſecound penny thus come grit grace
With correctioun, and this I call a cace;
I reid nocht this in ſtory autentyfe,
I did it leir at ane full auld wyfe,
My grit graundame, men callit hir Gurgunnald;
Scho knew the lyfe of mony faderis ald,
Notable geſtis of peax and weiris in ſtorye,
Freſch in hir mynd and recent of memorye,
Nochtwithſtanding ſcho was weill ſett in eild;
Hir aige I hald of ſevin ſcoir of winteris heild,
And ſaw ſumdeill; bot for to ſay the ſuth,
In to hir heid I treſt was nocht a tuth,
Thairfoir grwew moſt gredely eit ſche,
And laking teith famvlit hir faculte,
That few folk mycht conſaue hir momling mowth,
Bot I that was expert thairin of yowth.
Than wald I ſay ſcho had grit grace of God;

[1] MS. has *his*.

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Quhy ſo, quod ſcho, my ſon? and maid a nod. Fol. 362. a.
Madame, quod I, for thair be mony wyffis
Throw haboundance of ſpech that nevir tryffis,
And I wald chenge, mycht it be at my reid,
For a gud toung all the teith in thair heid;
As ye ar now, ſo ſuld thay nocht be nemit
Skaldis, baldis, and thairthrow ſchent and ſchamit.
Than angrit ſcho and ſaid, Sanct Johine to borrow,
Thow lichit boy, thow menis mekle ſorrow,
And ſall do moir gife thow in lyfe may byd.
Madame, quod I, that tak I on your ſyd.
Than wald ſcho preiſs bett me in angry wyſs,
Bot weill was me, ſcho mycht nocht ryn nor ryſs,
And I wald vp and wiſk away full wyld;
Than wald ſcho flattir, Cum in agane, my chyld,
And thow ſall haif, lo, ſtanding in the ſkelf,
Quheit breid and reme, conſeruit for my ſelf.
Than ſett ſcho me to leir littill at the ſcule,
Nowdir lyk to be a wyſman nor a fule,
And oft with pyne ſcho maid me to report
Of hir tailis; and to conclud in ſchort,
Scho ſaid, My ſone, be this ſaid taill thow ſall
Lerne fyve wittis, and the firſt of thame all
Is to conciddir of fulis the foly;
Set in nummer thay ryſs and multeply,
Thay may nevir moir fruct in felicity,
Thair ignorance requyris nocht it ſo be;
Experience and teſtimoniall
Off the ſaidis fulis, my ſone, conſaif thow ſall,
That a pure pig in thair poſſeſſioun
Thay had, and tuk for ferme concluſioun
To kill the ſamyn, and mak of it a feiſt;
And ſyne thay war ourthrawin, moſt and leiſt,
For ſory ſwyne for thair golfing affraid,
Till that the pig brak fra thame in a braid,

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And ſyne knavis ourcome thame with a crye;
Thairfoir, my ſone, fra ſic fulich foly,
And fallowſchip, keip the, for the firſt wit.
The ſecund is, my ſone, will thow lerne it,
Prefome nevir bot povert may prewaill,
Be it rychtwiſs, aganis men of grit availl,
That ar nocht wyiſs bot wranguſs in thair deidis,
In cas thai mak the quhiles vexit at nedis;
Witnes this pig, ſone, be experience,
That was fangit in the fulis offence,
To be killit, and recouerit agane
To ſo grit grace, as is foirſaid certane.
Thairfoir, my ſone, leif nocht thy gud quarrell Fol. 362. b.
For apperance of dangeris and parrell,
For be thow juſt God ſall thy juge be
In all perrellis, and weill deliuer the;
And the danger paſſit thow art alſs ſure
As evir thow was, and ſtranger[1] in nature,
To aventure agane in richtowſnace.
Bot quho ſo will cowardly hyd his face
In defens of his juſt actioun,
Quhen he treſtis him for ſuch ſowll affectioun
Moſt in ſurty, ſuppreſſit ſone ſalhe be,
Quhair the richtouſs frome all ſeir ſall go fre.
Lychtly nevir thy gud querrell for feir
Off all perrellis, dowt, domage or dangeir,
Suld it ſo be, nevir ſuld mertirdome
Fortefie fath nor win the ſege of Rome;
Quho that ſureſt dois keip him ſoneſt dois ſlyd,
Bot gud quarrell and grace God be thy gyd.
The thrid wit is, my ſone, gif thow will ken,
Quhair evir thow ſeis grit wit in virtewiſs men,
Thocht thay be pure, auld or yong ſpecialy,
Contempne thame nocht, ſone, and lo the, quhy,
This maid, this girle, this pure Adria, wes

[1] Indiſtinct; poſſibly *ſtrenge*.

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Young faderles leuit, and eik modirles,
In ſtrenge lond, and yit the Holy Goſt
Vpliftit hir for wit to wirſchep moſt;
And in lykwayiſs hir lord erle Flannyſle.
Quho wold haif thame oppreſt for thair pouirte,
Remembir now in ſuch hicht as thay are,
Quhat may thay do to thair pairty contrare,
Thay may weill quyt and ouirthraw thame at all;
Diſpyſs nevir wyiſs vertewis in purall.
The ferd wit is, lat nevir thy penny be,
Nor warldis gud, my ſone, maſtir of the;
For littill thing weill ſpendit may incres
To he honour, wirſchep and grit[1] riches,
As did thir tuo pennyis ſpendit weill
Vpoun the pig and the pure dameſell.
I neid no moir of thame to multeply,
Thow knawis beſoir how thay did fructeſy,
Thairfoir hald nocht pennyis our pretiouſs,
Bot ſuffer thame paſs proſpering commodiouſs.
Forſuth a tyme a penny thow may ſpend,
That may awaill the to thy lyvis end,
Thairfoir, my ſone, gife thow thinkis to indure,
Spend with meſure, for luk, wit and meſure. Fol. 363.a.
The fyift wit is, my ſone, ſet nevir thy harte
To mak an hurd, ſuffering honour by ſtarte,
For littill watt thow how ſone that thow may ſlid
Frome it ſlely, or it fra the to glid;
And at the leiſt in the hurd quhill it lyis,
It ſervis nowdir the warld nor multeplyis,
And gif thow deis it is vnknawin to men;
In avarice quhat cheir is with the then?
For quich this man, this worthy Colkelby,
That in his dayis gat nevir bot pennyis thre,
Saw two thryve weill, and the thrid did nocht,
Incontinent that penny out he brocht,

[1] Perhaps *gritt*.

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And awowit to God in ſolempnit word,
That he ſuld nevir ſtudy to mak ane hord.
Rycht ſo, my ſone, I chairge the to dude,
Spend with wirchep and ſpair nocht Godis gud;
How littill wat thow ane vdir tyme quho may
Bruk thy wyfe and baggis eftir thy day.
Thus Gurgunnald, my grit grandame, me kend;
Haif I myſſaid in ocht I ſall amend.

Explicit Secunda Pars.

[*Tertia Pars.*]

And with pardoun now of your he lordſchippis,
And correctioun of your reuerend maiſterſchippis,
Heir wald I tell of the thrid hid penny,
As I haif told yow two did fructefy.
This Cokelby concidering weill the cais,
That of wrechit awarice grew nevir grace,
Having in hairt the hole experience,
How that the two pennyis raiſs in aſcenſs,
Thocht he wald preve the thrid penny quhyle hid,
Quhilk for the tyme no fruct nor proffeit did,
To ſuffir it ſpreid in warld and fructefy.
And gif ſum folk wald ſay that I go by,
How ſuld a penny fruct contrar nature,
Sen gold, ſiluer, mettell, and alkyn vre
Fynit be ſolkis, vaniſis and nocht increſſis,
Sum wold allege my lewit langage a leſs is,
Bot, or I waid moir in this wildirnas,[1]
Off ſuch weir I will declair the caſs.
Quhill that the vre is in the awin nature,
And nocht fynit nor forgit be manis cure,
So long the forſs of the four elementis,
And moſt the erth myniſteris it nvtrimentis, Fol. 363. b.

[1] Originally *wildernes*, but altered by the writer.

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To increſſing as herbis, ſtone or tre,
Frome thair oriſing ſtok cuttit quhill thay be,
And frome thair ferm firſt rutit grund dewydit,
Thay may nocht than be natur ſo abſcidit,
Do fructifie and flureiſs as afoir,
Lyk as a man heidit he may no moir,
Bot that the ſaule throw grace of God only,
In ſpirituall joyis only dois fructefy,
So the mettell, abſcidit be the man,
Nocht fructeſeis of nature, bot quhat than?
Manly reſoun, and wit of Godis gift,
Fyndis menis the money to vplift,
And multeply in moir memor and mycht,
Than evir it did in erd quhill it plycht.
For quhy, ſo long as it lay on the ground,
It was vnfynit as fruct nevirmoir found,
And quhan it was vptak be manis wit,
Throw out the warld alway welcome wes it,
And ſet in cas and meniſſit a lyte,
Vſit and handlit be men: yit quhair a myte
Failis thairof manis wit bringis agane
A thowſand pundis fynit out of vris plane;
The examplis that quhoſo hath a vertew,
Vſis it wyſly eft ſyiſs ten frome it grew.
And in ſchort my long legend quho ſo leſtis,
The euwangell the trewth thairof atteſtis,
Goddis awin word, quhich tuk frome on fule man
A pure penny having no moir as than,
And gaif the wyſs that had ten pennyis tald;
Bot quhy was that? for the fule man no wald
Diſpone wyſly his penny, bot abuſs it,
Hyd it, and he that had ten weill tham vſit,
Thairfoir God tuk frome the vnverteouſs men
A penny, and gaif to the gud having ten;
Rycht ſo he that hes ſcience, and it abuſis,

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Nocht following faſt the fruct, bot it refuſis,
God will it geif to him that hes far moir.
I caſt me nocht alday to gloiſs in gloir,
Or to langar legendis that ar prolixt,
Thairfoir I turne vnto my firſt text,
As to declair the thrid penny, quhyle hid,
Eftir out brocht, and gydit grace it did,
As followis heir quho lykis to adwert, Fol. 364. a.
Throw conſaitis of Colkelby expert;
Lyk [t]o ſede ſawin in erd mortificat
Flouris money fructis vinificat;
Lyk martiris killit off quhome the mirreitis ryſis,
Sanctis in hevin quhome ſinfull man ſuppryſis;
And herkynnis how, beſyd this Colkelby,
Thair duelt a man was rich of ſtoir and fie,
Quhair Bodyvincant caſtell ſtandis now in plane,
His big nychtbour men callit him Blenblowane;
A wirthy wyfe had he weddit, and ſche
Was callit Suſane, on quhome a ſone gat he,
And Colkelby was goſſep to the ſame,
And he callit him Colcalb to his rycht name.
Colkelby with the ſaid thrid penny bocht
Xxiiij hen heggis, and with thame ſocht
To his gud ſone, for godfadirly reward,
Him to remembir as ſchawit is eftirward.
Suſan angrit heirat, as oft woman is,
Quhile paſſionat that all conſaitis kennis,
Tuk in diſdane this gift, this ſymple thing,
And ſaid, Goſſap, beir hame your pure offring;
Mene ye to mok my ſone and me, no moir
I will heirof; ſure it away thairfoir.
He ſaid, I ſall keip thame to my gud ſone;
And had thame home to his place quhair he wone,
And chairgeit ſone his henwyfe to do hir cure,
And mak thame fruct. Than to ſet thame ſcho ſure:

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Hir beſt brod hen callit lady Pekle pes,
And young Cokrell, hir lord and lemman wes,
Scho maid brud on thir eggis, that in ſchort ſpace
Twenty-four chikkynis of thame ſcho hes,
Twelf maill and twell famell be croniculis cleir;
And quhat thay war with thair names we ſall heir.
The firſt wes the ſamyn Chantecleir to luke,
Off quhome Chaucer treitis in to his buke,
And his lady Partlot, ſiſter and wyfe,
Quhilk wes no lyfe in detis of that lyfe;
For quhy, folkis levit be naturall lawis than.
The tuthir bruthir was clipit Cok Cademan,
He tuk to wyfe his fair trew ſiſtir Toppok;
Kok Crawdoun was the thrid, and his wyfe Coppok;
And to compt juſt the fourt, Cok Lyk ouris,
And littill Hen pen his pretty paramouris;
The fyift lord was Lyricok in hall, Fol. 364. b.
And Kekilcrouſs thay did his lady call.
Reid Kittilcok that ſat on reid caill ſtok,
And Feklefaw fareſt of all the flok
Was the ſext; and Cok Ruſty the ſevin,
Dame Strange his wyfe, quhilk had a ſtout ſtevin;
Cokky the aucht, his lady clepit Lerok;
Cok Nolus the nynt ſpowſit his ſiſtir Erok;
Cok Coby the tent and Sprutok his ſpeciall;
Cok Obenar the levint, his maik thay call
Dame Juliane; the twelf wes Cok Jawbert,
And lady Wagtaill his joy and all his hairt.
So ſtout a ſtoir come of thir brethir twelf
And thair ſiſteris, I can nocht ſay my ſelf
The fyiftie pairte thay wer ſo fructeouſs,
And at ſchriftis evin ſum wes ſo battalouſs,
That he wald win to his maiſtir in feild
Fourty florans with bill and ſpuris beild.
Sum of this ſtoir this Cokkelby did fell,

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Sum auld, ſum yung, ſum eggis in the ſchell,
And coſt thairwith vthir ware, and ſo it turnit,
This penny, that xv yeir it nocht ſoiornit,
He mvlteplyit moir than a thowſand pound.
Than his gud ſone he callit to him a ſtound,
Befoir his fader, moder and freindis all,
And ſaid, Cakkalb, my ſone, reſſaif thow ſall
All thir gudis, for juſtly thay ar thyne,
Off thy chyld gift, ſtorit throw grace devyne,
Fro xxiiij hen eggis quiche I the gaif
Set, thi moder, ſone, wald thame nocht reſſaif.
Than as ye hard he tald all the caiſs;
This Cokelb grew eftir to ſo grit richeſs
Throw this penny, he grew the michtieſt man
In ony realme. Quhat did the penny than?
Firſt hid in hurde, to vertew nocht applyit,
And ſyne outbrocht that ſo fer fructefyit:
Thairfoir, my ſone, ſtudy nevir in thy day
With auarice warldis gud in hurd till ley,
Nor be thow nocht diſparit of Godis grace.
The thrid penny this was, and the laſt caice,
As my beledame, old Gurgunnald, told me, Fol. 365. a.
I allege non vthir auctorite.
In this ſentence maid on revill raill,
Quhich ſemys moſt to be a wyfis taill.
With correctioun quhite now I thus conclud,
God that ws bocht with his awin bliſſit blud,
Both yow and me to conſarue he deden,
Throw meik mirreitis of his only Sone, amen.

Explicit Tertia Pars et Ultima.

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CCCXXXIII.

[*Robene ſat on gud grene Hill.*]

ROBENE ſat on gud grene hill,
Kepand a flok of ſe;
Mirry Makyne ſaid him till,
Robene, thow rew on me;
I haif the lovit lowd and ſtill,
Thir yeiris two or thre;
My dule in dern bot gif thow dill,
Dowtleſs but dreid I de.

Robene anſchirit, Be the rude,
Na thing of lufe I knaw,
But keipis my ſcheip vndir yone wid,
Lo, quhair thay raik on raw.
Quhat hes marrit the in thy mude,
Makyne, to me thow ſchaw;
Or quhat is lufe, or to be lude,
Fane wald I leir that law.

At luvis lair gife thow will leir,
Tak thair ane A B C;
Be heynd, courtaſs and fair of feir,
Wyſe, hardy and fre;
So that no denger do the deir,
Quhat dule in dern thow dre;
Preiſs the with pane at all poweir,
Be patient and previe.

Robene anſchirit hir agane,
I wait nocht quhat is luve,
Bot I haif mervell intertane,
Quhat makis the this wanrufe.

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The weddir is fair and I am fane,
My ſcheip gois haill aboif,
And we wald play ws in this plane,
Thay wald ws bayth reproif.

Robene, tak tent vnto my taill, Fol. 365. b.
And wirk all as I reid,
And thow ſall haif my hairt all haill,
Eik and my madinheid.
Sen God ſendis bute for baill,
And for mvrning remeid,
I dern with the, bot gif I daill
Dowtles I am bot deid.

Makyne, to morne this ilk a tyde,
And ye will meit me heir,
Perauenture my ſcheip ma gang beſyd,
Quhill we haif liggit full neir.
Bot mawgre haif I and I byd
Fra thay begin to ſteir;
Quhat lyis on hairt I will nocht hyd,
Makyn, than mak gud cheir.

Robene, thow reivis me rois and reſt,
I luve bot the allone.
Makyne, adew, the ſone gois weſt,
The day is neir hand gone.
Robene, in dule I am ſo dreſt,
That luſe wilbe my bone.
Ga luſe, Makyne, quhair evir thow liſt,
For lemman I lid none.

Robene, I ſtand in ſic a ſtyll,
I ſicht, and that full ſair.
Makyne, I haif bene heir this quhyle,
At hame God gif I wair.

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My huny, Robene, talk ane quhill,
Gif thow will do na mair.
Makyne, ſum vthir man begyle,
For hamewart I will fair.

Robene on his wayis went,
Als licht as leif of tre;
Mawkin mvrnit in hir intent,
And trowd him nevir to ſe.
Robene brayd attour the bent,
Than Mawkyne cryit on hie,
Now ma thow ſing, for I am ſchent,
Quhat alis lufe at me?

Mawkyne went hame withowttin faill,
Full wery eftir cowth weip;
Than Robene in a fulfair daill
Aſſemblit all his ſcheip. Fol. 366. a.
Be that ſum pairte of Mawkynis aill
Outthrow his hairt cowd creip;
He fallowit hir faſt thair till aſſaill,
And till hir tuke gude keip.

Abyd, abyd, thow fair Makyne,
A word for ony thing,
For all my luve it ſalbe thyne
Withowttin depairting.
All haill, thy harte for till haif myne
Is all my cuvating,
My ſcheip to morne quhill houris nyne
Will neid of no keping.

Robene, thow hes hard ſoung and ſay,
In geſtis and ſtoreis auld,
The man that will nocht quhen he may
Sall haif nocht[1] quhen he wald.

[1] Originally *He ſall nocht*, and altered by the writer.

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I pray to Jeſu every day,
Mot eik thair cairis cauld,
That firſt preiſſis with the to play,
Be firth, forreſt or fawld.

Makyne, the nicht is ſoft and dry,
The wedder is warme and fair,
And the grene woid rycht neir ws by,
To walk attour all quhair.
Thair ma na janglour ws eſpy,
That is to luſe contrair,
Thairin, Makyne, bath ye and I,
Vnſene we ma repair.

Robene, that warld is all away,
And quyt brocht till ane end,
And nevir agane thairto perfay,
Sall it be as thow wend;
For of my pane thow maid it play,
And all in vane I ſpend;
As thow hes done, ſa ſall I ſay,
Mvrne on, I think to mend.

Mawkyne, the howp of all my heill,
My hairt on the is ſett,
And evirmair to the be leill,
Quhill I may leif but lett;
Nevir to faill as vtheris feill,
Quhat grace that evir I gett.
Robene, with the I will nocht deill;
Adew, for thus we mett.

Malkyne went hame blyth annewche,
Attour the holttis hair;
Robene mvrnit, and Malkyne lewche;
Scho ſang, he ſichit ſair,

Fol. 366. b.

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And ſo left him, bayth wo and wrewch,
In dolour and in cair,
Kepand his hird vnder a huche,
Amangis the holtis hair.

[*Finis*] *quod* Maiſtir Robert Henryſone.

CCCXXXIV.

Heir followis the ſecound Prologe or Proheme of the Hiſtery of the Croniclis of Scotland, maid be Maiſtir Johine Bellenden, *Archedene of Murray, ſaying to his Buik as eftir followis, verry notable and wirdy of Commendatioun.*

THOW marciall buke, pas to the nobill prince,
King James the Fyift, my ſouerane maiſt preclair,
And, gif ſumtyme thow gettis awdience,
In humill wyiſs vnto his grace declair
My walkryf nichtis and my labour ſair,
Quhilk ithandly hes for his pleſeir tak,
Quhill goldin Tytan with his birnand chair
Hes paſt all ſingnis in the zodiak.

Quhill biſſy Ceres, with hir plewch and harrowis,
Hes fild hir graingis full of every corne,
And ſtormy Chyron, with his bow and arrowis,
Hes all the cludis of the hevin ſchorne;
And ſchill Tryton with his windy horne
Over quhemlit all the flowand occean,
And Phebus turnit vndir Capricorne,
The ſamyn greis quhair I firſt began.

10 Fol. 367. a.

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Sen thow art drawin ſa compendius,
Fra flowand Latyne in to vulgar proſe,
Schaw now quhat princis bene maiſt vicius,
And quha hes bene of chevalry the roſe;
Quhay did thair kingrik in maiſt honor joiſs,
And with thair blude our liberteis hes coſt,
Regarding nocht to die amang thair foiſ,
Sa that thay micht in memory be brocht.

Schaw be quhat denger and difficill wayis
Oure anteceſſouris, at thair vttir michtis,
Hes brocht this realme with honour to our dayis,
Ay fechtand for thair liberteis and richtis
With Romanis, Danis, Ingliſmen, and Pichtis,
As courtas redaris may throw thy proces ken;
Thairfoir thow ganis for na cative wichtis,
Allanerly bot vnto nobill men.

And to ſic perſonis as covettis for to heir
The velyeand deidis of our progenitouris,
And how this cuntre, baith in peice and weir,
Bene governit vnto thir preſent houris;
How forcy chiftanis, in mony bludy ſtouris,
(As now is blawin be my vulgar pen)
Maiſt velyeandly wan landis and honouris,
And for thair vertew callit nobill men.

For nobilnes ſumtyme the loving is,
That cumis be meritis of our elderis gone, Fol. 367. b.
As Arriſtotill wryttis in his Rethorikis,
Amang nobillis, quha caſtin thame repone,
Mone dreſs thair lyfe and deidis one be one,
To mak thame worthie to haif memorie,
For honor to thair prince or natione,
To be in gloir to thair poſteritie.

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Ane vthir kynd thair is of nobilnes
That cumis be infuſioun naturall,
And makis ane man ſa full of gentilnes,
Sa courtas, pleſand and ſa liberall,
That every man dois him ane nobill call;
The lyoun is ſa nobill (as men tellis)
He can not rege aganis the beiſtis ſmall,
Bot on thame quhilkis his maieſtie rebellis.

The awfull churle is of ane vthir kynd,
Thocht he be borne to vyleſt ſervitude,
Thair may na gentrice ſynk in to his mynd
To help his freind or nichtbour with his gude;
The bludy wolf is of the ſamyne ſtude,
He feiris grit beiſtis, and ragis on the ſmall,
And leivis in ſlawchter, terranny and blude,
But ony mercy quhair he may ouerthrall.

This man is borne ane nobill, thow will ſay,
And gevin to ſlewth and luſt immoderat,
All that his elderis wan he puttis away,
And fra thair vertew is degenerat;
The moir his elderis ſame is elevat,
The moir thair lyfe to honor till approche,
Thair ſame and loving ay interminat,
The moir is ay vnto his vyce reproche.

Amangis the oiſt of Greikis as we hard
Two knichtis war, Achilles and Terſete,
[That ane maiſt vailyeand, this othir maiſt coward.
Bettir is to be (ſays Juvinall the poete)
Terſetis ſon, havand Achilles ſprete,
With manly force his purpos to fulfill,
Than to be lord of every land and ſtrete,
And ſyne maiſt cowart, cumin of Achill.[1]]

[1] As folios 368 and 369 are miſſing, only two lines of this ſtanza are found in the MS. Stanzas 11 to 28 are wanting, and the firſt line of the 29th. The imperfect ſtanzas are completed from Bellenden's Boece. Edin., 1821.

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[Schaw how young knychtis ſuld be men of weir,]
With hardy ſpreit at every jepordie, Fol. 370. a.
Lyk as thair elderis bene ſa mony yeir,
Ay to defend thair realme and libertie,
That thay not, be thair ſlewth and cowartrie,
The ſame and honor of thair elderis tyne;
Appryſe ilk ſtait in to thair awin degrie,
Ay as thay leif in morall diſciplyne.

Schaw furth ilk king, quhill thow cum to the prince,
That regnis now in grit felicitie,
Quhais antient bluid, be hie preheminence,
Decorit is in maiſt excellent grie,
(Withowt compair) of hie nobilitie,
With giftis mo of nature to him gevin,
Gif nane abuſit in his yowtheid be,
Than evir was gevin to nobill vndir hevin.

Thocht thow pas furth (as bird implume,) to licht,
His gratius eiris vnto my work implore,
Quhair he may ſee, as in ane mirrour bricht,
So notable ſtoreis baith of vice and glore,
Quhilk nevir was ſene in to this tung afore;
Quhairthrow he may, be prudent governyng,
Als weill his honor as his realme decore,
And be ane vertewis and ane nobill king.

Finis. Compyld be Maiſtir Johine Bellenden, *Archedene of Mvrray, contenit in the Volome of the Scottiſs Croniculis, be him tranſlaittit in our vulgar Tung.*

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[The following "Table," originally very imperfect, has been largely added to by a later hand, said by Dr. David Laing to be that of Bishop Percy, who had the MS. on loan shortly after it was given to the Advocates' Library. A few items have been added by other pens at a later date, here marked with *, and several still omitted are now given within brackets [ ]. The Table seems originally to have been made only after the various folios now missing were lost, as, with two exceptions, which are noted, it does not contain any references to the pieces they contained. Additions to the MS. by later pens than that of the original compiler, and which have been placed in an Appendix, are here distinguished by a prefixed A.]

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FOLLOWIS THE TABLE OF THE HAILL BUIK.

A.

Fol. 370. b.

LEIF

A big bricht man fering a deir yeir for to cum, 161
Abſent I am richt ſoir aganis my will, . . 237
Allace, ſo ſobir is the micht, ... 269
Allone as I went vp and doun, . . . 46
All richteous thingis the quhilk dois now proceid, 79
All to luve, and not to fenyie, . . . 134
All thais that liſt of wemen ill to ſpeik, . . 275
Ane mvrelandis man of vplandis mak, . . 59
Ane aigit man thryiſs fourtie yeir, . . . 268
As Phebus bricht in ſpheir meridiane, . . 230
As yung Aurora with cryſtall haill. Callit the Freir of Tungland, ... 117
At matyne houre in mydis of the nicht, . . 52
And with pardoun naw, etc. [Colkelbie ſow], . 363
As it befell and hapnit in to deid, . . . 348
A yung man chiftane witles, ... 125
Allace, departing ground of wo, . . . 225
All for ane is my mane, ... 229
Ane laid[1] *may lufe a ledy of eſtait,* . . . 244
A cok ſumtyme with ſederein, ... 327
A crewal wolf, etc., ... 336
A lyon at his prey, etc., ... 340
As I ſuppois, etc. [The lyon and the mouſs], 342
[And be thow drunkin thow ſuld nocht think, 145]
[A] [Amongſt the monſters that we find, . . 355]

[1] MS. has *lord*, which has been altered from *laird*.

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B.

LEIF

Baith fair and gude and womanlie, . . . 222
Be chance bot evin this vdir day, . . . 127
Be governour, baith gude and gratious, . . 87
Be gratious, grund and gait of ſapience, . . 86
Be mirry, bretheryne, ane and all, . . . 160
Being ourquhelmd with dolor and with cair,[1] . 232
Be myrry, man, and tak not far in mynd, . 98
Be richteouſs, regent, and weill exerſs thy ceure, 86
Bruther, be wyiſs, I counſall the, . . . 259
Brycht ſterne of bewty, etc., ... 222
Betuix twelf houris and ellevin, . . . 110
Be ye ane luvar, think ye not that ye fowld, . 213
Be glaid, all ye that luvaris bene, . . . 229

C.

Certane godly verſſis of the ſawle, the conſcience, etc., ... 15
Certane gude counſallis, verry morall, etc., . 74
Certane mirry epigrammis of Maiſtir Haywod, Ingliſman, ... 159
Certane interluddis of Schir Dauid Lyndſayis play, ... 164
Certane wyiſs ſentencis owt of morale philoſaphy, 85
Chryſt crownyt king and empriour, . . 38
Chryſte, qui lux es et dies, ... 21
Compacience perſſis, rewth and mercy ſtowundis, 33
Conſidder, hairt, my trew intent, . . . 235
Conſidder, man, all is bot vanitie, . . . 50
Cowkelbeis ſow, ... 357
Cum, Haly Spreit moſt ſuperne, . . . 22
Cupeid, vnto quhois commandiment. Quod Chauſeir, ... 269

[1] Not in MS., folio 232 being miſſing.

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D.

	LEIF
Depairt, depairt, depairt, allace, I moſt depairt,	245
Devorit with dreme, devyſing in my ſlumber, .	60
Devyne power of michtis maiſt, . . .	104
Devyce,[1] prowes and eik humilitie, . .	262
Done is a battell on the dragone fell, . .	35
* Dik and Durie,[2]	295
^ * Dantie and dortie, ...	210
Doun by ane rivir as I red, ...	48
Dirtie Dumbar, &c., ...	147
Dathun deuils ſon, ...	148

E.

Etarnall King that ſittis in hevin ſo hie, .	39
Epigrammis aganis wemen, ...	258
Eftir geving I ſpeik of taking, . . .	62

F.

Fol. 371. a.

Fair weill, my hairt, fair weill, bayth freind and ſo,	225
Fals titlaris now in court growis rank, . .	67
Freſche fragrant floure off bewty ſoverane, .	219
Favoure is fair in luvis lair, ...	251
Floure of all fairheid, gif I fall found the fra, .	227
For helth of body cover weill thyne heid, .	73
For to declair the hie magnificens, . .	216-277
Foure manar of folk ar evill to knaw, . .	64
Fredome, honor, and nobilnes, . . .	64
Fra raige of yowth the rynk hes run, . .	280
Full oft I mvſe, and hes in thocht, . . .	98-115

[1] MS. has *Devyne*; Biſhop Percy repeats the entry correctly.
[2] Not in MS., folio 295 being miſſing.

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LEIF

Furth ovir the mold at morrow as I ment, . 265
Fane wald I lufe, bot quhair abowt, . . 255
Furth throw ane foreſt, ... 44
Four mener of men ar evil to pleis, . . . 66
Fals claterand kenſy, &c., ... 139
Fyndlay M'Connoquky, &c., ... 163
Freindis, heir may ye find, ... 334

G.

Gife no lufe is, O God, quhat feill I ſo, . . 230
God, be his word, his work began. Callit the creatioun, ... 12
God, for thy grace, thow keip no moir ſylence, 14
Guk, guk, gud day, ſchir, gaip quhill ye gett it, 141
*God and Sanct Petir as thay went owt thair way, 162
Gife langour makis, ... 244
Gife that in virtew, ... 85
Gife ye wald lufe, ... 230
^*Go ſweit lines*, ... 355
[God, that is maiſt glorious, ... 375]
[God is a ſubſtance for evir durable, . . 1]

H.

Haif hairt, my hairt, ye hairt of hairtis hale, . 228
Hale, Godis ſone, of michtis maiſt, . . . 28
Happy is he hes hald him fre. The firſt pſalme, 16
He plaſmator of thingis vniuerſale. Callit the tent prolog of Virgell, ... 9
Hence, hairt, with hir that moiſt depairt, . 235
He that hes gold and grit richeſs, . . . 115
How ſowld I rewll me, or quhat wayiſs, . . 65

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LEIF

*Hery, hary, hubilſchow. Callit the drochis pairt of the play, ... 118
How ſowld my feble body ſure, ... 244
Heir I gif yow caiſs. [Colkelbie ſow], . . 358
[He that hes na will to wirk, ... 145]
[Heir endis this buik, writtin in tyme of peſt, . 375]
[Heir haif ye, luvaris, ballatis at your will, . 211]

I.

I am as I am, and ſo will I be, . . . 250
Jeruſalem reioiſs for joy, ... 27
Jeſu Chryiſt that deit on tre, ... 93
I haif a littill Flemyng berge, . . . 123
I mak it kend, he that will ſpend, . . . 113
I mervell of thir vane fantaſtik men, . . 239
I, Maiſter Andro Kennedy. Callit his awin teſtament, ... 154
I mett my lady weill arrayit, ... 143
I mvſe and mervellis in my mynd, . . . 254
In all this warld no man may wit, . . . 257
In Joune the jem of joy and gem, . . . 255
In grit tribulatioun, ... 74
In Tiberus tyme, the trew emperiour, . . 136
I ſaw ane rob riche of hew, ... 81
In ſomer quhen the flouris will ſmell, . . 141
In May as that Awrora did vp ſpring, . . 283
I think thir men are very fals, ... 279
In the middis of May, ... 302
Iſop, myn auctour, makis mencion, . . . 331
Iſop a taill puttis in memory, ... 334
In middis of June that, etc., ... 338
It that I gife I haif, ... 147
Ierſche bribour, ... 148

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	LEIF	
Jack, quod his fader, ...	161	
In May in a morning, etc., ...	225	
I will be plane, and lufe attane, . . .	237	
In bitternes of ſaule call vnto mynd, . .	70	Fol. 371. b.
Irkit I am of langſum luvis lair, . . .	253	
I ſaw, me thocht, this hindir nycht, . .	143	
It cumis yow luvaris to be laill, etc., . .	236	
In to my hairt imprentit is ſo ſoir, . . .	220	
In to the nycht, quhen to ilk wicht, natur direct is reſt, ...	248	
In to this warld I ſee ſic variance, . . .	69	
I that in helth was and glaidnes, . . .	108	
In ſecreit place, this hinder nicht, . . .	103	
I yeid the gait was nevir gane, . . .	155	
* In Awchtirmwchty thair dwelt a man, . .	120	
* It is my purpoiſs to diſcryve, . . .	162	
^ [Iff thow canſt not leif chaſt, . . .	374]	
^ [In ſeventeen hundred twenty-four, . .	374]	

L.

Ladeis be war, that pleſand ar, . . .	276	
Lamenting ſoir my werd, etc., . . .	248	
Langar to leif, allace, ...	251	
Lanterne of luve, and lady fair of hew, . .	235	
Leif luve, and lat me leif allone, . . .	247	
Larges, lerges, lerges, hay; lerges of this new yeirday, ...	95	
Lettiris of gold writtin I fand, . . .	50	
Liſtis lordis, I ſall yow tell, ...	114	
Lord God deliuer me, allace. The 51 pſalme,	16	
Lo, quhat it is to luve, ...	286	
Lord God, my hairt is in diſtres, . . .	264	
Lucyna ſchynyng in ſylence of the nicht, .	133	

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LEIF

Luvaris, lat be the freneſſy of luſe, . . . 122
Luve pryſſis but compareſone, . . . 213
Luve that is hett can no ſkill, ... 265
^ * Lyk as the litle emmitt heath hir gall, . 211
Lait, lait on ſleip, as I was laid, . . . 231
Leif luve, my luve, no langar, etc., . . . 281
Leive we this widow glaid, etc., . . . 312

M.

Ma commendationis of humilitie, . . . 223
Maiſt amene roſeir, etc., ... 219
Man of maiſt fragilitie, ... 69
Man, ſen thy lyfe is ay in weir, . . . 136
May is the moneth maiſt amene, . . . 157
Memento, homo, quod cinis es, . . . 47
Me mervellis of this grit confuſioun, . . 78
Mony man makis ryme, and luikis to no reſſone, 134
Moving in mynd of mony diuerſs thing, . . 71
Mvſing allone this hinder nicht, . . . 63
My gud dame was a gay wyf, etc., . . . 135
My hairt is gone, confort is none, . . . 267
My hairt is loſt only for luve of one, . . 217
My luve was fals and full of flattry, . . 260
My hairt repoiſs the and the reſt, . . . 239
My hairt is plicht vnto my hairt benyng, . 234
My hairt is heich aboif, my bodyis ſull of bliſs, 231
My hairt is quyt, and no delyte, . . . 256
Mervelling in mind quhat ailis, etc., . . 245
My bruder, gif thow will tak advertens. [The mous and the paddock], ... 330
My wofull hairt me ſtoundis throw the vainis, . 31
My ſorufull pane and wo for to complane, . 224
My trewth is plicht unto my luſe bening, . . 234

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LEIF

My dullit corſs dois hairtly recommend, . . 238
My hairt is thrald, begone me fro, . . . 222 Fol. 372.a.
My mynd quhen I compeſs and caſt, . . 65
My wofull werd complene I may richt ſoir, . 226
[A] *My miſtreſs is in muſik paſſing ſkilful*, . . 210
[My friendis, thir ſtoreis ſubſequent, . . 298]
[A] [Much meat doth gluttony procure, . . 374]

N.

Now cumis aige quhair yewth hes bene, etc., . 284
Now glaidly every lyvis creature, . . . 27
Now is our king in tendir aige, . . . 93
Now in this mirthfull tyme of May, . . 222
Now of wemen this I ſay for me, . . . 278
Nixt that a turnament was tryid, . . . 111
[A] *Now, goſſop, I muſt nedis be gon*, . . . 210
No wonder is, ... 235
Now culit is dame Venus brand, . . . 284
Now, wirthy folk, Boece, that ſenatour. [Orpheus and Euridice], ... 322
Now, wirthy folk, ſuppoiſs this be a fabill. [The fox and the cock], ... 312

O.

O, createuris creat of me, your Creatour, . 41
O, Cupeid, king, quhome to ſowld I complene, 224
O, eterne God, of power infinit, . . . 24
Off Februar the fyiftene nicht. Callit the turnament of the tailliour and the ſowttar, . 110
Off cullowris cleir quha lyikis to weir, . . 125
Off gifing and takand. Diſcretioun in aſking, 61, 62
Off every joy moſt joyfull joy it is, . . . 221

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LEIF

Off luve and trewith with lang continewance, . 220
Off all the gud creaturis of Godis creating, . 15
O, foly hairt fetterit in fanteſy, . . . 212
Off luve quha lyikis to haif joy or confort, . 213
Off the pedderis, ... 162
Oft tymes is bettir hald nor len, . . . 80
O, gallandis all, I cry and call, . . . 138
O, God, in tyme that all thingis did begyn, . 82
O, hiche of hicht, and licht of licht moſt cleir, 21
O, Lord, my God, ſen I am brocht to grit diſtres, 14
O, Lord, my God, on quhome I do depend, . 41
O, maiſtres myne till yow I me commend, . 220
O, moiſt heich and eternall King, . . . 20
O, man, vnthankfull to thy Creator, . . 37
O, man, remembir and prent in to thy mynd, . 35
Omnipotent Fader, Sone and Haly Gaiſt, . 30
O, mortall man, remembir nycht and day, . 48
O, mortall man, behald, tak tent to me, . . 55
O, man, transformit and vnnaturall, . . 287
Oppreſſit hairt indeure, ... 246
O, ſynffull man, in to this mortall ſee, . . 57
O, wickit wemen, wilfull and variable, . . 263
O, wretchit, infarnall, crewall element, . . 227
O, wretchit man, full of iniquitie, . . . 76
O, woundit ſpreit and ſawle in to exyle, . . 32
Off Lentoun in the firſt morning, . . . 48
Off every aſking, ... 61
Off luve quha likis to haif, ... 213
O, maiſtres mild, haif mind on me, . . . 227
O, luſty May, ... 229
Only to yow, in erd, ... 237
O, luſty flour of yowth, bening, etc., . . . 238
Once ſlumbering as I lay, etc., ... 356
Off thir mokking metre, etc. [Colkelbie ſow], . 360

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LEIF
^[Of ſeing and feiling, ... 177]
[On blyndman to ſupper an vder bad, . . 159]

P.

Panſing in hairt with ſpreit oppreſt, . . 245
Panſing of luve quhat lyif it leidis, . . . 288
Pernitious peple. Callit the defence of Criſſell Sandelandis, ... 124
Precelland prince, havand prerogatyve, . . 88

Q. Fol. 372. b.

Quha dowttis dremis is bot fanteſſy, . . 101
Quhair luve is kendlit confortles, . . . 243
Quha hes gude malt and makis ill drink, . 145
Quha is perfyte to put in wryte, . . . 236
Quha lykis to luve, or that law pruve, . . 285
Quhat art thow, luve, for till allow, . . 248
Quha wald behald of luve the chance, . . 281
Quha wald thair bodeis hald in haill, . . 72
Quhen be devyne deliberatioun, . . . 39
Quhen doctouris preichis to wyn the joy eternall, 89
Quhen I think on my lady deir, . . . 217
Quhen Flora had ourfrett the firth, . . 218
Quhen Phebus fair with bemis bricht, . . 249
Quhen Phebus in to the weſt ryſſis at morrow, 266
Quhen that the mone hes dominatioun, . . 266
Quhen Merche was with varient windis paſt, . 342
Quhat menis this, quhat is this wounder vre, . 281
Quhen ſilver Dyane, full of bemis bricht, . 4
Quhen Tayis bank was blumit bricht, . . 229
Quhome to fall I complene my wo, . . 84

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LEIF

Quhylome in Greice, that noble regioun, . 45
Quhen goldin Phebus movit fra the Ram. Callit the banar of pety, ... 1
Quhy ſowld not Allane honorit be, . . 107
Quhen fair Flora, the goddes of the flouris, . 55
Quhome ſowld I wyte of my miſchance, . 287
* Quhen I come by yone telyeouris ſtall, . 144
Quhen he was yung and clad in grene, . . 107
Quhen ye wer pleiſit to pleiſe, etc., . . . 253
Quhy ſowld I [*luve*], *but gif I wer luvit,*[1] . 253
Quhat meneth this, quhat, etc., . . . 281
Quhen ryalleſt, moſt redowbtit and hie, . . 357

R.

Returne thy hairt hamewart agane, . . 252
Robene ſat on gud grene hill, ... 365
Rolling in my remembrance, ... 94
Rorate celi deſuper, ... 27
Richt airly on Aſk Wadinſday, . . . 137
Richt ſane wald I my quentance mak with ſchir Penny, ... 144
Robyns Jok, etc., ... 137
Richt famous pepill ye ſall underſtand, . . 164
Richt as the glaſs, ... 239
Richt as the miner. [The fox tryed before the lyon], ... 317
Richt as the ſterne of day began to ſchine, . 345

S.

Sanct Saluatour, ſend ſilvir ſorrow, . . 113
Sayweill is ane worthy gud thing, . . . 83

[1] MS. has *unfit*.

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	LEIF	
Schir, ſen of men ar diuerſs ſortis, . . .	96	
Schir, yit remembir as of beſoir, . . .	94	
Sen that I am a priſſoner, ...	214	
Sen throw vertew increſſis nobilnes, . .	58	
So ſremmit is my ſortoun and my werd, .	246	
Sir John the Roſs, ...	147	
Support your ſervand, peirleſs paramour, . .	228	
Sons hes ay bene exylit owt of ſicht, . .	64	Fol. 373.a.
So pryiſs me as ye think cauſs quhy, . .	250	
Spair me, gud Lord, and mak me clene, .	22	
Syme and his bruder, ...	145	
Sym of Lyntoun, be the ramis horne, . .	142	
Suppoiſs I war in court moiſt hie, . . .	89	
Sumtyme this warld ſo ſteidfaſt was and ſtable,	67	
Suſtene, abſtene, keip weill in to your mynd, .	83	
Surrexit Dominus de ſepulchro, . . .	34	
*Sir Johine Reules curſing, etc., . . .	105	
[Sueit hairt, ſen I, your friend, . . .	239]	
[Sen man luvis ſor leill luve, etc., . . .	265]	
▲[Sould I wreſtle in diſpair, ...	97]	

T.

Tak heid and harkin to my taill, . . .	71	
That evir I luvit, allace thairſoir, . . .	246	
The beiſtly luſt, the furius appetyte, . .	262	
Thankit be God and his appoſtillis twelf, .	263	
The fabillis of Yſop begynis, ...	299	
The fable of Orpheus and Ewridices, . .	317	
The freiris of Berwik begynnis, . . .	349	
Thair is not ane winche that I ſee, . . .	256	
The bewty of hir amorus ene, . . .	218	
The moir I luve and ſerve at all my ſtrenth, .	249	
The flytting betuix Dumbar and Kennedy, .	147	

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LEIF

The Howllatt, ... 302
The goldin terge, ... 343
The nyne ordour of knavis, ... 158
The ſterne is riſſin for our redemptioun, . . 30
The richtieuſs ſuntane of halefull ſapience, . 92
Thingis in kind deſyris thingis lyke, . . 79
The turnament betuix Johine Syme and William Adamſone, ... 130
This hindir nycht neir by the hour of nyne, . 88
This hindir nicht in Dumpharmeling, . . 116
This I propone in my carping, . . . 132
This nicht in my ſleip I was agaſt, . . . 132
This nicht befoir the dawing cleir, . . . 115
Thir billis ar brevit to birdis in ſpeciall, . . 278
Thir ladeis fair that makis repair, . . . 261
Thir lenterne dayis ar luvely lang, . . . 252
This wark quha ſa ſall heir or reid, . . 258
This warld is bot fenyeit fair, ... 80
Thir luſty verſſis of he nobilitie, . . . 45
To dwell in court, my freind, gif thow liſt, . 68
To the he, potent, blisfull Trinitie, . . . 37
To the, O moſt mercifull Saviour, Jeſus, . 17
Thow that hes bene obedient, . . . 34
To yow that hes the harbery of my hart, . 218
To luve vnluvit it is ane pane, . . . 256
* The wyfe of Ochtirmwchty and hir gudman, 121
The grit debait and turnament, . . . 130
Thow leis, loun, thow leis, ... 139
Thow leis, loun, be this licht, ... 140
Thair is no ſtory that I of heir, . . . 145
Thocht I in grit diſtreſs, ... 247
The beiſtly luve, the furious, etc., . . . 262
Thankit be God and his apoſtolis, . . . 263
The he prudence and wirking, etc., . . . 299

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LEIF

Thocht brutale beiſtis be irrational, . . . 310
The forſaide fox, etc., ... 314
This ſuddaine deid, etc. [The fox and the wolf], 314
The nobilnes and grit magnificence, . . . 317
This hinder yeir I heard betald, . . . 325
This king is like the Trinite. [The bludy ſerk], 326
Thocht fenyeit fablis of auld, etc., . . . 326
This joly jaſper hes properteis. [The cock and the jewell], ... 328
This ſeilly ſcheip may preſent. [The dog, the ſcheip, and the wolf], ... 336
The pure pepill this lamb, &c. [The wolf and the lamb], ... 338
To ſpeik of gift or almous deedis, . . . 61
This wairful thocht mine e hes wrocht, . . 226
The well of vertew, and floure of womanheid, 218 Fol. 373. b.
The vſe of court richt weill ye knaw, . . 261
The ſecond prolog of the proheme of the croniclis of Scotland, ... 366
The prollog of the fourt buik of Virgill, . . 291
Thow marcial buke, paſs to the nobill prince, . 366
[The gritteſt treſour, without compariſon, . 43]
[To gyd thy tung, imprent thir thre,[1] . . 83]
[Thair wes ane channone in this toun, . . 145]
[Troll Trotter on befoir, ... 157]

W.

Wald my gud lady luve me beſt, . . . 215
Wald my gud lady that I luve, . . . 228
Walking allone amang thir leivis grene, . . 53
Was nevir in Scotland hard nor ſene, . . 99

[1] The original compiler of the Table has taken the ſecond line of this piece, *Imprent thir thre*, claſſing it under I.

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LEIF

Was nocht gud king Salamon, . . . 215
We that ar heir in Hevins glory. Callit Dumbars derge, ... 102
Wylcum, illuſtrat lady and our quene, . . 90
We lordis hes choſſin a chiftane mervellus, . 78
We that ar bocht with Chryiſtis blude, . . 29
Within a garth vndir a reid roſeir, . . . 57
With lawde and prayis my ſawle hes magnifeit. Callit the ſong of Mary, ... 25
A * Whyt as the egg, ... 210
With bemis ſchene, thow bright Cytherea, . . 291
[Wha hes gud malt, and makis ill drynk, . 145]
A [Why ſould we ſo much deſpyſe, . . . 374]

U.

Vertew in all wirkis is gretly to be prayſed, . 85
Up, helſum hairt, thy rutis rais and lowp, . . 242
Upon a tyme, as Yſop can report, . . . 328

Y.

Ye blindit luvaris luik, ... 289
Ye luſty ladeis luik, ... 128
Ye ſonis of men, be mirry and glaid, . . 23
Ye that contreit ar and confeſt, . . . 24
Ye Ingliſche hurſone, ... 163
[Ye reverend redaris, ... 1]

Heir hendis the Tabill of this Buik.

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[Folio 374 a, originally left blank, contains ſeveral pieces written by a later hand—*A Songe in praiſe of Tobacco*, 8 lines; *Meditationns on Tobacco*, 4 ſtanzas of 5 lines; and *A Songe*, 14 ſtanzas of 3 lines. Folio 374 b, alſo originally left blank, contains a piece by Allan Ramſay, *On the Ever Green's being gathered out of this Manuſcript*, &c., dated July 6th, 1726, 4 ſtanzas of 4 lines. Theſe will all be found in the Appendix.]

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Off Begynnyng and Ending.

Fol. 375. a.

GOD, that is maiſt glorius, was the michty begynnar
Off all thingis that in Hevin or erd hes thair being,
Quha was withowt begynnyng, he is the only helpar
And furtherrar of gude workis to cum till gud ending.
Withowt counſale and avyſement begin nocht ony thing,
Bot conſidder weill the end, and wey it diſcreitly,
For happelly it preſervis baith ſawle and body.

Finis.

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The Wryttar to the Redare.

HEIR endis this buik, writtin in tyme of peſt,
Quhen we fra labor was compeld to reſt
In to the thre laſt monethis of this yeir,
Frome oure Redimaris birth, to knaw it heir,
Ane thowſand is, fyve hundreth, threſcoir awcht;
Off this purpoiſs namair it neiddis be tawcht,
Swa till conclude, God grant ws all gude end,
And eftir deth eternall lyfe ws fend.

Finis.

1568.

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APPENDIX,

No. I.

[The following thirteen pieces have been written on blank ſpaces in the Manuſcript, at various dates ſubſequent to its completion, and by other pens than that of George Bannatyne:—]

I.

Sould I wreſtle in Diſpair. Fol. 97. a.

SOULD I wreſtle in diſpair,
Die becaus a womans fair?
Sall my cheikis wax paille with cair,
Cauſs anvther roſy ar?
Be ſhe fairer than the day,
Or the flourie meidis in May,
If ſhe be not ſo to me,
Quhat cair I how fair ſhe be?

Sall my fooliſh hart be pynd,
Cauſs I ſee a woman kind,
Or meik diſpoſed nature
Joyned with a comelie ſtature?
Be ſhe meiker, kynder than
Turtle dow or pelican,
If ſhe be not ſo [to] me,
Quhat cair I how kind ſhe be?

Sall a woman ſueit of voyce
Mak my fooliſche hart rejoyce,

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Or the pleaſouris of hir toung
Be the meinis to do me wrong?
If ſhe had ſo ſueit a mind,
Abone the race of woman kind,
If ſhe be not ſo to me,
Quhat cair I how ſueit ſhe be?

Sal a womans goodnes move
Me to periſche for hir love,
Or a womanis meritis knawin
Cauſs me quyt forgett my awin?
Be ſhe with that goodneſs bleſt,
As may merite name of beſt,
If ſhe be not ſo to me,
Quhat cair I how guid ſhe be?

Sall a woman trewlie wyiſs
Drow amazment from myne eyes,
Wondring that from ſuche a creatour
Wiſdome thus ſould come by nature,
And comprehend the beſt of thingis
That from the well of wiſdome ſpringis,
If ſhe be not ſo to me,
Quhat cair I how wyſe ſhe be?

[*Finis.*]

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II.[1]

Off ſeing and feiling Money.

LACKING ſpectakillis can thow ſee money, Johine? Fol. 177. a.
Ye, bot having ſpectakkillis I can feile[2] none.

[*Quod*] Haywod.

III.

[*Dantie and dortie to all Manis Eyes.*]

DANTIE and dortie to all manis eyes, Fol. 210. b.
I wiſs I had bord thee, dantie and dortie,
And given the fourtie betuixt the thighis,
Dantie and dortie to all manis eyes.

[*Finis.*]

IV.

[*Whyt as the Egg, rid as the Skarlet.*]

WHYT as the egg, rid as the ſkarlet,
Sueet as the fegg, whyt as the egg;
Lay over your legg, tak in a varlet,
Whyt as the egg, rid as the ſkarlet.

[*Finis.*]

[1] The two lines of this epigram have been ſlightly eraſed.
[2] MS. has *haif*, an evident miſtake in tranſcription.

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V.

[*Now, Goſſop, I muſt neidis begon.*]

NOW, goſſop, I muſt neidis begon,
And leive my prettie pinnage to your guyde;
Look wele about yow, lippen hir to none,
But to your ſelfe, and be ay ſtreight beſyd;
Som rakleſs roig may haſard hir to ryde,
And namlie at ane anker in the night;
Bot quhen ye wey rekin wele your tyd,
And quhen ye ſhoot alongis the ſhoar keip fyght.
Stand to your takill and main top tie,
Heis vp your ſoirſaill to the houis[1] on hie,
In with your bot and boldlie bound for ſie;
Beir vp hir beugh albeit ſhe ſould ly over,
Hald vp hir helme hardlie to the wind,
And ſtand not for a glaſs, ſteir three or four,
Rather then ony vther enter in.
Bot fra the ſeill your bowling once begin
To mak forſalded flapping on the maſt,
Caſt lous the fukſheit, the bonnet and the blind,
Let hir ly by, ye muſt abyd the blaſt.
And quhen ye ſeill that all the perrill is paſt,
And that the wind is rowine, let her ſtryk to;
Beir vp of new with courage yet avaſt,
Surmount no farder than your courſs can do;
If ſhe be laik it may be ſoon eſpyed,
The pompſtaff and the maner holls will tryit.

Finis.

[1] This word is doubtful.

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VI.

[*My Miſtres is in Muſik paſſing ſkilfull.*]

MY miſtres is in muſik paſſing ſkilfull,
Sche ſingis and playis hir pairt at the firſt ſyght,
Bot in hir play ſhe is exceeding willfull,
And will not play bot for hir awin delight,
Nor touch one ſtring, nor play on pleaſant ſtrain,
Except ye tak hir on the mirrie vaine.

Alſo ſhe hath ane ſueit delicious tuich,
Vpon the inſtrument quhairon ſhe playis,
And never thinkis that ſhe can play too much,
Hir pleaſſouris ar diſperſd ſo many wayis;
She hath ſuch judgement, both in tyme and mude, Fol.211.a.
That for to play with hir wald do yow guid.

And quhen ye win hir heart, bot theres the ſpight,
Yow cannot gett hir for to play alone,
Bot play your pairt and ſhe will play all night,
And nixt day too or ellis its ten till one,
And run devoue with yow in ſuch ſort,
But never ſo far ſhe will mak yow com ſhort.

Alſo ſhe ſent for me to come and play,
Quhilk I did take for ane exceiding grace,
Bot ſhe ſo tyred me or I went away,
I wiſhed I had bein in ſome vther place;
She loved the tune far better then I did, Fol.211.b.
And ſtill ſhe keiped tyme for heart and bluid.

I loue my miſtres and I loue to play,
So ſhe will let me play with intermeaſour,
Bot quhen ſhe tyis me to it all the day,
I hate and vgg hir greedie diſpoſitioune;

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Let hir keip tyme as nature does requyre,
And I will play as muche as ſhe'll deſyre.

Finis.

VII.

[*Go ſweet Lynes, Loue will not take them.*]

GO ſweet lynes, loue will not take them, Fol. 355. a.
Sche will not fanſie althouge my ſelfe do make them;
But will ſay, Fy, awaye, apray the come not neere me;
To whome I did reply and ſay, I pray the, ſweet, to heere me.

Tuch, tuch, wanton, I cannot byd your talking,
Words are but winde, I gladly would ſee walking;
But to ſay more by the waye, louers muſt be tatling;[1]
Go to, good ſir, you ar ane foole, yow dull me with your pratling.

No, loue, yes, lou're, what doethe that avayle yow?
No ſueet, yes ſowre, wat a Deuels name als yow?
It is a littill prettie thing, it is of eſtimatioun,
To take it in it is no blot vnto your reputatioun.

O, ſweet ſir, I thinck yow meane to hearme me;
What doeth your hand ther, ſwet? It doeth but warme.
Tuch, away, let be I pray; In faith, ſweet hert, I will not;
Gif ſuch ane oathe cannot be broke, weill then, come to and kill not.

He ane in, hould cloſe, good ſir, yow prik me;
What, ar yow deſperate, are yow meand to ſtike me?
No, ſweet hert, that ame I not, I thinck to vſe the kyndly,
And houps to liue the ſaiſe and ſound, and ſo ſhall vſe the friendly.

Hout, hout, it is in, or els truſt me never;
Fy, fy, faith, ſir, I ame vndone for ever;
No, ſweet hert, etc.

Fines.

[1] MS. has *talking*.

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VIII.

[*Amongſt the Monſtors that we find.*]

AMONGST the monſtors that we find
Thers nane belowed off woman keind,
Renowned for antiquity,
From Adame drivs his pedogree.

[*Finis.*]

IX.

[*Once ſlumbring as I lay.*]

ONCE ſlumbring as I lay within my bed, Fol. 356. b.
No creature with me but my maidenheid;
And lying al along, as maidens vſe,
Me dreamd ane dream which maidens oft doe chvſe,
And in my dreame me thought it to much wrong
A louely maid ſhould ly ſo long alone.
At lenthe ane gallant comes as gallants can doe,
Much with yong maids and ould wyves toe;
He owed, he ſhewed, at laſt he ſped,
Me thought me maried were and went to bed.
He turnd me thus, and ſo my legs he parted,

[Here follows a blank, three or five lines never having been written in.]

And being awake, O, then my bloode did burne
To be ſo neere, and miſſe ſo good a turne.

Finis coronat opus.

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X.

A Songe in praiſe of Tobacco. Fol. 374. a.

MUTCHE meat doethe Gluttonye procure
To feid men fat lyk ſwyn,
Bot he's a frugall man indeid
That with a leif can dyn;
He neids no napkin for his handis
His finger end to wipe,
That hathe his kitchin in a box,
His roiſt[1] meat in a pipe.

[*Finis.*]

XI.

Meditatiouns on Tobacco.

[1.]

WHY ſould we ſo mutche deſpyſe
So good and holy ane excercyſe,
As dailie and late
To meditate,
When ere we drink to tobacco.

2.

The earthen pype, ſo lillie whyte,
Doeth ſhow thow art a mortall wighte,
Yea, even ſuche
Breck with a tuche;
Thus think, than drink tobacco.

[1] This word is very indiſtinct, having been written over.

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3.

And when the ſmoak aſcends on hye,
Think on this earthlie vanitye,
Of wordlie ſtuff,
Thou with a puff
Thus think, than drink tobacco.

4.

Laſtlie, the aſhes left behind
Doe daylie ſerve to move the wind,
That [to] aſhes and duſt
Returne we muſt;
Thus think, than drink tobacco.

[*Finis.*]

XII.

A Songe.

IFF thow canſt not leive chaſt,
Than tak a wyff in haiſt,
Tempus eſt.

Bot, for feare of ſtryff,
Be advyſit off a wyff,
Bonum eſt.

For this is true and plaine,
Iff thow matche for lucre and gain,
Cavendum eſt.

That ſhe fall in the end
Prove bot a fickle freind,
Suſpectum eſt.

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And iff thow once canſt prove
She doethe another love,
Signum eſt,

She meanethe to adorne
Thy forhead with a horne,
Certum eſt.

And when a man dothe grow
Muche lyk a buck, yow know,
Monſtrum eſt.

Eache boy will in diſgrace
Deryd him to his face,
Rejectum eſt.

And when that he doethe dye,
And on his biere doethe lye,
Horrendum eſt.

Eache boy will then in jeſt,
Than wrytt vpoun his creſt,
Cornutus eſt.

And he that alwayes will
Be ruled be his wyf ſtill,
Stultus eſt.

For this he ſine ſall fynd,
Iff ſhe alwayes have hir mynd,
Confutus eſt.

He that will neids be wed,
And being a ſhaw to bed,
Infamis eſt.

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Who leids a ſingle lyff,
He lyvethe void of ſtryff,
Quietus eſt.
[*Finis.*]

XIII.

On the Ever Green's being gathered out of this Manuſcript by Allan Ramſay, *who had the Loan of it from the* Honourable Mr. William Carmichaell, *Advocat, Brother german to the Earl of Hynford.* Fol. 374. b.

IN Seventeen hundred twenty-four,
Did Allan Ramſay keenly gather from this BOOK that ſtore,
Which fills his EVER GREEN.

Thrice fifty and ſax Towmonds neat,
Frae when it was colected;
Let worthy Poets hope good fate,
Throw Time they'll be reſpected.

Faſhions of words and witt may change,
And rob in part their fame,
And make them to dull fops look ſtrange,
But ſence is ſtill the ſame,

And will bleez bright to that clear mind,
That loves the antient ſtrains,
Like good CARMICHAEL, patron kind,
To whom this BOOK pertains.

Finis quod Allan Ramſay.

July 6th, 1726.

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APPENDIX,

No. II.

[The following ſix pieces have been written by George Bannatyne at the end of the Duplicate Text, apparently at a later date than the reſt of its contents:—]

XIV.

Ane godly Ballat maid be the Poet M[ontgomery[1]*].*

PECCAUI, Pater, miſerere mei; Page 49.
I am not worthy to be cald thy chylde,
Quho ſtubbornely hes went ſo longe eſtray,
Not lyk thy ſone, bot as the prodigue wylde;
My ſilly ſawle with ſynnis is ſo defylde
That Sathan ſeikis to cache it as a prey,
God grant me grace that he may be begylde;
Peccaui, Pater, miſerere mei.

I am abaiſd how I dar be ſo bauld
Befoir thy Godly preſens till appeir,
Or haſard anis the hevinis for to behauld,
Quho am not worthy that the erth ſould beir;
Yit dampne me nocht quhome thow hes bocht ſa deir,
Sed ſaluum me fac, dulcis Fili Dei,
For owt of Lowik this leſſone now I leir,
Peccaui, Pater, miſerere mei.

Gif thow, O Lord, with rigour wauld revenge,
Quhat fleſche befoir the ſaltles ſould be ſund,
Or quho is he quhois conſcience cowld him clenge,
Bot by his birth to Sathan he is bund;
Yit of thy grace thow tuke away that grund,
And ſend thy Sone oure penaltie to pay,
To ſaif ws frome that hiddouſs helleſch hund;
Peccaui, Pater, miſerere mei.

[1] Nearly illegible.

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I howp for mercy thocht my ſynnis be hudge,
I grant my gilt, and gronis to the for grace;
Thocht I wauld fle, quhair ſould I find reffuge,
Till hevin, O Lord, thair is thy dwelling place,
The erth thy futſtule, ye in hell allace,
Doun with the deid; bot all moſt thee obey,
Thairfoir I cry, quhill I haif tyme and ſpace,
Peccaui, Pater, miſerere mei.

O, gratius God, my giltines forgiſe,
In ſynnaris deth ſen thow dois not delyte,
Bot rader that thay ſould convert and leif,
As witneſſith thy ſacred holy wryte;
I pray the than thy promeiſs to perfyte
In me, and I ſall with the Pſalpmeſt ſay,
To pen thy prayiſs and wondrouſs workis indyte,
Peccaui, Pater, miſerere mei.

Suppoiſs I ſlede, lett me nocht ſleip in ſlewth, Page 50.
In ſtynkand ſty with Sathanis ſynfull ſwyne,
Bot mak my tung the trumpett of thy trewth,
And len my verſs ſic wingis as ar devyne;
Sen thow hes grantit me ſa gud ingyne,
To love the, Lord, in galland ſtyle and gey,
Lett me no moir ſa trym ane talent tyne,
Peccaui, Pater, miſerere mei.

Thy ſpreit my ſpreit to ſpeik with ſpeid inſpyre,
Help, Holy Goſt, and be Montgomereis muſe,
Fle doun on me in forkit tungis of fyre,
As thow did on thyne awin appoſtillis vſe;
And with thy fyre me fervently infuſe
To love the, Lord, and langar not delay,
[My former foliſh fictiouns I refuſe,[1]]
Peccaui, Pater, miſerere mei.

[1] Omitted from the MS., and taken from Montgomery's Poems, Edin., 1821.

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Stowp, ſtubburne ſtomok, that hes bene ſo ſtowt,
Stowp, filthy fleſche, and carioun of clay,
Stowp, hardnitt hart, befoir the Lord, and lowt,
Stowp, ſtowp in tyme, differ not day be day;
Thow wait not weill quhen thow mon paſs away,
The Tempter, to, is reddy to betray;
Confeſs thy ſyn, and ſchame not for to ſay,
Peccaui, Pater, miſerere mei.

To gret Jehova lett all gloir be gevin,
Quho ſchupe my ſaule to his ſimſilitude,
And to his Sone, quhome he ſend doun frome hevin,
Quhen I was loſt, to by me with his blude;
And to the Holy Ghoſt, my gyder gude,
Quho mot conferme my faith to tak no fray.
In me cor mundum crea, I conclude,
Peccaui, Pater, miſerere mei.

Finis quod Robert Montgomery, *Poet.*

XV.

The Firſt Pſhalme. Page 51.

WEILL is the man, ye, bliſſit than,
Be grace that can
Eſchew evill counſale and the godles gaitis;
Quha walkis not in the way of ſin,
Nor dois begin
To ſit with mokkaris in thair ſcornefull ſaitis,
Bot in Jehovais law delytis arricht,
And ſtuddeis it to knaw both day and nicht.

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For he ſalbe lyk to ane tre,
That planttit by the rynnyng revar growis,
Quhilk fruct dois beir in tyme of yeir,
Quhais leivis ſall nevir faid nor rute vnlowis.

His actionis all ay proſper ſall,
So ſall not fall
To wicket men, bot as the calf and ſand,
Quhilk day be day wind dryvis away;
Thairfoir I ſay
The wicket in thair judgement ſall not ſtand,
Nor ſynnaris cum no mair, quhome God diſdanis,
In the aſſembly quhair the juſt remanis.
For quhy? the Lord, quha beiris record,
He knawis the richteouſs converſationis ay,
And godles gaitis, quhilk [he] ſo haitis,
Sall quickly perreiſs, and but dowt decay.

Finis [*quod*] Montgumry.

XVI.

The xxiij Sphalme, tranſlait be Montgumry.[1]

THE Lord moſt he, I knaw wilbe
Ane hird to me,
I can not lang haif ſtreſs, nor ſtand in neid;
He makis my lair in feildis moſt fair,
Quhair I, but cair,
Repoſing at my pleſour ſaifly feid.
He ſweitly me convois to pleſand ſpringis,
Quhair nothing me annoyis, bot pleſour bringis;

[1] MS. has *tranſlait be him.*

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He bringis my mynd fit to ſic kynd,
That ſorſs or feir of foe can not me greif;
He dois me leid in perfyt tred,
And, for his name, he will me nevir leif.

Thocht I ſowld ſtray, ilk day by day,
In deidly way,
Yit will I not diſpair, nor feir non ill;
For quhy? thy grace in every place
Dois me imbrace, Page 52.
Thy rod and ſchiphirdis cruk confortis me ſtill.
In diſpyt of my fois[1] my tabill growis,
Thow balmiſs my heid with ioo,[2] my cup overflowis;
Kyndnes and grace, marcy and pace,
Sall fallow me for all my wretchit dayis,
And me convoy to endles joy
In hevin, quhair I ſalbe with the alwayis.

Finis, tranſlait be Montgumry.

XVII.

[*Lyik as the dum Solſequium.*]

LYIK as the dum Solſequium,
With cair overcum,
Dois ſorrow quhen the ſone gois owt of ſicht,
Hingis doun his heid, and drowpis as deid,
Nor will not ſpreid,
Bot lowkis his levis throw langour all the nicht,
Till fuliſche Phetone ryiſs with quhip in hand,
To purge the criſtall ſkyiſs and licht the land;

[1] MS. has *foe*.
[2] Or *joo*, poſſibly a miſtake by the tranſcriber for *olye*.

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Birdis in thair boure watis on that oure,
And to thair king ane glaid gudmorrow geivis;
Fra than that floure liſt not till loure,
Bot lawchis on Phebus lowſing owt his leivis.

Swa ſtandis with me, except I be
Quhair I may ſe
My lamp of licht, my lady and my luve,
Fra ſche depairtis, ane thowſand dairtis,
In ſindry airtis,
Thirlis thruch my havy hart, but reſt or ruve;
My countenance declairis my invard greif,
And howp almaiſt diſpairis to find relieff;
I die, I dwyne, play dois me pyne,
I loth on every thing I luik, allace,
Till Titan myne vpoun me ſchyne,
That I reveif thruch favour of hir face.

Fra ſcho appeir in to hir ſpheir,
Begynnis to cleir
The dawing of my lang deſyrit day,
Than curage cryis on howp to ryiſs,
Quhen he aſpyis
The noyſum nicht of abſens went away.
No noyis fra I awalk can me impeſche, Page 53.
Bot on my ſtaitly ſtalk I flurich freſche;
I ſpring, I ſprowt, my leivis lyis owt,
My cullour changis in ane hairtſum hew;
No moir I lowt, bot ſtandis vp ſtowt,
As glaid of hir, for quhome I only grew.

O, happy day, go not away;
Appollo, ſtay
Thy chair frome going doun wnto the weſt;
Off me thow mak thy zodiak,
That I may tak

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My pleſour, to behald quhome I luve beſt.
Thy preſens me reſtoris to lyfe frome deth,
Thy abſens lykwayis ſchoris to cutt my breth;
I wiſs in vane the to remane,
Sen primum mobile ſayis me alwayis nay,
At leiſt thy wane bring ſone agane;
Fairweill with patience perforſs till day.

Finis, quod Montgomery.

XVIII.

[*In Vice moſt vicius he excellis.*]

IN vice moſt vicius he excellis,
That with the vice of treſſone mellis;
Thocht he remiſſioun haif for prodiſſioun,
Schame and ſuſpiſſioun ay with him dwellis.

And he evir odious as ane owle,
The falt ſa filthy is and fowle;
Horrible to natour is ane tratour,
As feind in fratour vndir a cowle.

Quha is a tratour or ane theif,
Vpoun him ſelff turnis the miſcheif;
His frawdfull wylis him ſelf begylis,
As in the ilis is now a preiff.

The fell ſtrong tratour, Donald Owyr,
Mair falſett had nor vdir fowyr;
Rowme ylis and ſeyis in his ſuppleis,
On gallow treis yitt dois he glowir.[1]

[1] This and the following verſe are tranſpoſed in the MS.

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Falſett no feit hes, nor deffence,
Be power, practik, nor puſcence;
Thocht it fra licht be ſmord with ſlicht,
God ſchawis the richt with ſoir vengence.

Off the falis fox diſſimvlatour, Page 54.
Kynd hes every theiff and tratour;
Eftir reſpyt to wirk diſpyt
Moir appetyt he hes of natour.

War the fox tane a thouſand fawd,
And grace him gevin als oft for frawd,
War he on plane all war in vane,
Frome hennis agane micht non him hawd.

The murtherer ay mvrthour mais,
And evir quhill he be ſlane he ſlais;
Wyvis thuſs makis mokkis ſpynnand on rokkis;
Ay rynnis the fox quhill he fute hes.

Finis, quod Dumbar, *for* Donald Ovre *Epetaphe.*

XIX.

Of Conquerouris.

THAY quho to conqueir all the erth preſume,
A littill airth ſchall thame at laſt conſume.

Of Kingis.

Mo kingis in chalmeris fall by flatterreris charmis,
Than in the feild by the aduerſareis armis.

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A Compariſone betuix heich and law Eſtaitis.

The bramble growis althocht it be obſcure,
Quhillis michty cederis feilis the buſteous windis;
And myld plebeyan ſpreitis may leif ſecure,
Quhylis michty tempeſtis toſs imperiall myndis.

Off an Ennemy.

An ennemy, gif it be weill adwyſd,
Thocht he ſeme waik ſould nevir be diſpyſd.

Off Man.

No woundir thocht men chainge and ſaid,
Quho of thir chengeing elementis ar maid.

Off the Erth.

We may compair the erthis glory to a floure,
That fluriſche and faidith in an houre.

Off Man.

Quhat ar we bot a puff of braith,
Quho live aſſurd of nothing bot of deth.

Finis quod William Alexander *of Menſtry.*

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APPENDIX,

No. III.

[This ballad has been written on two blank folios at the end of the Duplicate Text, probably after 1712, when the MS. was in Mr. Carmichaell's poſſeſſion. A note on the margin of the firſt page ſays—"This poem is in the handwriting of the Honourable Mr. William Carmichaell, Advocate."]

XX.

The Song of the Rid Square.

Page 55.

Fought one the 7 of Jully, 1576.

1.

THE ſeventh of July, the ſuith to ſay,
At the Rid Square the tryſt was ſett;
Our wardens they affixt a day,
And as th[e]y promiſed ſo they mett.

2.

Alace, that day I'le ne'er forgett,
Was ſure ſo fear'd and than ſo faine,
They came their juſtice for to gett
Will never green to come again.

3.

Carmichaell was our warden then,
He cauſ'd the countrie to conveen;
The Lairds Watt, that worthie man,
Brought in his furname weell be ſeen.

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4.

The Armeſtranges, that ay haſt been
A hardie houſe, but not a haile,
The Elliots honnors to mantaine,
Brought in the reſt of Liddiſdaile.

5.

Than Tividale came to, indeed;
The ſherriffe brought the Douglas down,
With Cranſtane, Gladſtain, good at need,
Baith Rewls water and Hawick town.

6.

Beangeddert baldely made him bown,
With all the Trumbels, ſtrong and ſtout;
The Rutherfoords, with grit renown,
Convoyed the town of Jedbrugh out.

7.

With other clanns I cannot tell,
Becauſe our warning was not wide,
Be this our folks hes tane the fell,
And planted down palliones their to byde.

8.

We looked doun the other ſyde,
And ſaw come breaſting over the brae,
And Sir George Foſter was their guyde,
With fifteen hundred men and mae.

9.

It greived him ſare that day, I trow,
With Sir John Hinrome of Shipſyde houſe;
Becauſe we were not men enough,
He counted us not worth a lowce.[1]

[1] Altered in the MS. to *fowce*, probably by Allan Ramſay, who has the word ſo in the *Evergreen*.

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10. Page 56.

Sir George was gentile, meik and dowſe,
But he was hail and hott as fire;
But yet, for all his cracking crouce,
He rew'd the raid of the Rid Squire.

11.

To deall with proud men is but pain,
For either muſt ye fight or flee,
Or elſe no anſwer make again,
But play the beaſt, and lett him bee.

12.

It was no winder tho he was high,
Had Tindaill, Ridſdaill, at his hand,
With Cukſdaill, Gladſdaill if I lie,
Old Hebſrime,[1] and Northumberland.

13.

Yett was our meetting meik enough,
Began with mirrines and mowes,
And att the brae, above the heugh,
The clark ſat down to call the rowes.

14.

And ſome for kyn, and ſome for ewes,
Call'd in of Dandrie, Hob and Jock,
I ſaw come marching our the knows
Five hundred Finnecks in a flock;

15.

With jack and ſpear, and bowes bent,
And warlike weapons att their will;
How be it we were not weill content,
Yet, be my trowth, we fear'd non ill.

[1] Perhaps *Hebſrume.*

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16.

Some yeid to drink, and ſome ſtood ſtill,
And ſome to cairds and dyce them ſpeid;
While one ane Farſtein they fylde a bill,
And he was fugitive and fled.

17.

Carmichaell bad them ſpeik out plainlie,
And clock no cauſe for ill nor good;
The other anſwer'd him as vainlie,
Began to reckon kin and blood.

18.

He roſe, and rax'd him where he ſtood,
And bad him match him with his marrows;
Then Tindaill had theſe reaſons rude,
And they loot off a flight of arrows.

19.

Then was there noght but bow and ſpear,
And every man pull'd out a brand;
A Shaften and a Fennick their;
Good Symingtown was ſlain frae hand.

20. Page 57.

The Scotſmen cry'd on other to ſtand,
Frae time they ſaw John Robſon ſlane.
What ſhowld they cry? The kings command
Could cauſe no cowards turn again.

21.

Up roſe the laird to red the cumber,
Which would not be for all his boaſt;
What ſhould we doe with ſuch a number,
Five thouſand men into ane hoaſt?

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22.

Then Henrie Purdie prou'd hes coſt,
And very narrowlie had miſcheifd him,
And their we had our warden loſt,
War't not the grit God he releiv'd him.

23.

Another threw the breikes him bair,
Whill flatlies to the ground he fell;
Than thought I weill we had loſt him thair,
Into my ſtomack ſtruck a knell.

24.

[Yet[1]] up he roſe, the treuth to tell [ye[2]],
And laid about him dunts [dour[2]];
[The[1]] horſemen they raid ſturdilie,
Did ſtand about him in that ſtour.

25.

Than raiſ'd the ſlogan with ane ſhout,
Fy, Tindaill to it, Jedburgh here;
I trow he was not half ſae ſtout,
But anis his ſtomack was aſteir.

26.

With gun and genzie, bow and ſpeir,
He might ſie mony cracket crown;
But up amang the merchant geir
They were as buſſie as we were down.

27.

The ſwallow taill from teckles flew
Fyve hundreth flain[3] into flicht,

[1] The MS. is here torn away.
[2] Theſe words added in MS., the lines being left imperfect.
[3] MS. has *flain*, which is evidently an error.

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But we had peſtelets anew,
And ſhot amang thame as we might.

28.

With help of God the geme gade right,
The time the foremoſt of them fell;
Then over the know, without good night,
They went with many a ſhoutt and yell.

29.

And after they had turned backs,
Yet Tindaill men they turn'd again,
And, had not been the merchant packs,
There had been mae of Scotland ſlain.

30.

But, Jeſus, if the folks were fain
To put the buſſing one thair thies;
And ſo they fled, with all their main,
Doun over the brae, like clogged bees.

31. Page 58.

Sir Francis Ruſſell tane[1] was their,
And hurt, as we hear men rehearſe;
Proud Wallintown was woundit ſare,
Albeit he be a Fennick farce.

32.

But if ye wald a ſouldier ſearch,
Amang thame all was tane that night,
Was nane ſa wordie to put in verſe,
As Colingwood, that cowrteous knight.

[1] MS. has *time*.

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33.

Young Henrie ſkaipit home is hurt,
A ſouldier ſhot him with a bow;
Scotland hes cauſe to make grit ſturt,
For laiming of the laird of Mow.

34.

The Lairds Watt did weill, indeed;
His freinds ſtood ſtoutlie by him ſell,
With litle Gladſtain, good in need,
For Gretein knew not good be ill.

35.

The Sheriff wanted not gud will,
Howbeit he might not fight ſo faſt;
Bean Jeadart, Hundlie, and Hunthill,
Three on they laid weill at the laſt.

36.

Except the horſemen of the guard,
If I could put men to availe,
None ſtoutlier ſtood out for their laird,
Nor did the lads of Liddiſdail.

37.

But litle harniſe had we theire,
Yet auld Badrewle had on a jack,
And did right weell, I yow declare,
With all the Trumbills at his back.

38.

Good Ederſtane was not to lacke,
With Kirktown, Newtown, noble men;
Their's all the ſpecialls I of ſpeake,
By others that I could not ken.

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39.

Who did invent that day of play,
We need not fear to find him ſoon;
For Sir John Foſter, I dare well ſay,
Made us this noyſome afternoon.

40.

Not that I ſpeak preceiſlie owt,
That he ſuppoſ'd it would be perrill;
But pride and breaking out of feud [1]
Gart Tindaill lads begin the quarrell.

Finis.

[1] Two words have been eraſed here, and *but doubt* written after. A ſubſequent note ſays, "*of fuid* (or *feuid*) *vera lectio.*"

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APPENDIX,

No. IV.

[This piece has been written on a blank ſpace below the addreſs "To the Redar" on folio 211b ſubſequent to the completion of the Manuſcript. The handwriting is not that of George Bannatyne.]

Sonet. Fol. 211 b.

LYKE as the littill emmet haith hir gall,
The ſorie baneſtikkill haith hir ſin we ſie;
The laweſt treis hes cropis thocht thay be ſmall,
The wran haith wingis with grittar fowlis to flie.
Thair is ane drone ſang alſo in the bie,
Allthocht I grant it may not mache the merle;
Flynt is ane ſtone althocht in to the ſie,
It may not be ſo pretious as the perle.
And Mantua is not half ſo fair we ſie
As royall Rome, yit thay ar both bot townis;
And ſchellopis ſaillis alſweill bye wowndis as ſchippis moſt hie,
And pennyis paſſis alſweill as goldin crownis.
Strypis hes stremes alſweill as fludes hes ſpringis,
So luve is luve in peure men as in kingis.

EXP.

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CONCLUDING PART

OF THE

HUNTERIAN CLUB ISSUES

CONTAINING

GENERAL NOTICE OF THE CLUB
COMPLETE LIST OF THE WORKS ISSUED TO MEMBERS
COMPLETE LIST OF THE WORKS ARRANGED IN
THE PROPER ORDER FOR BINDING
REPRINTED PAGE OF CONTENTS FOR VOL. I. OF
ROWLANDS' WORKS

PRINTED FOR THE HUNTERIAN CLUB
MDCCCCII

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CONTENTS.

	PAGE
General Notice of the Club, - - - - - - -	i-x
A Complete Liſt of Works printed for the Members, in the Order of their Iſſue, - - - - - -	i-viii
A Complete Liſt of the Works printed for the Members, arranged in the proper Order for Binding, - -	i-vi
Contents Leaf for Vol. I. of Rowlands' Works.	

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HUNTERIAN CLUB

GENERAL NOTICE OF THE CLUB

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THE HUNTERIAN CLUB.

GENERAL NOTICE. OF THE CLUB.

The Hunterian Club was founded in Glaſgow in the year 1871 by a few men of literary taſtes who were in the habit of meeting each other frequently, ſometimes in one another's houſes, but more often in the "back-ſhop" of one of the local bookſellers, where many an intereſting ſympoſium was held.

About the "ſixties" of laſt century there aroſe a marked revival of the taſte for reprints of the works of authors of the 16th and 17th centuries which had been ſo prominent about fifty years previouſly, but in all the later ſchemes far too little attention appeared to be paid to ſecure exact accuracy in the tranſcripts of the original text of the authors choſen for reprint, while there was a great mixing up of various editions, and a conſtant overloading with editorial notes more or leſs relevant.

After long and anxious deliberation it was finally decided that there was ſtill room for another reprinting club, more nearly on the lines of the old Glaſgow "Maitland Club" than any of the recent ones, whoſe object ſhould be the reproduction of the works of Scottiſh writers of Elizabethan times, its motto being more particularly a pure text, taken always from firſt editions when obtainable, and ſo far as modern appliances lent themſelves to it, giving an exact rendering of page, line, and word, with the illuſtrations, initial letters, &c., in facſimile.

For the new undertaking thus propoſed to come into being, under the ſhadow, as it were, of the Univerſity of Glaſgow, which poſſeſſes the almoſt priceleſs collection of manuſcripts and printed

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books of Dr. William Hunter, bequeathed to it with the reſt of his general collection, now known as the Hunterian Muſeum, it was believed that there could not be a more appropriate title than the "Hunterian Club," and ſo it was duly chriſtened.

Some of the early conceptions as to its work had to be abandoned almoſt at the outſet, as, for inſtance, that the writings of Scottiſh authors only ſhould be reprinted, further inveſtigation having ſhown that nearly every one of thoſe whoſe works came within the ſcope of the Club had already been rendered more or leſs acceſſible through modern reprints. It was alſo found that many of the Engliſh members, who had joined the Club to a greater extent than Scottiſh ones, expreſſed a ſtrong wiſh that ſome at leaſt of the iſſues ſhould conſiſt of the works of Engliſh writers.

Further experience alſo ſhowed that very few firſt editions of ſuitable works were to be found in Scottiſh libraries, either private or public, and that at a very early date arrangements for obtaining thoſe required from other ſources would have to be made. Through the good offices of Dr. David Laing applications about this time to Mr. S. Chriſtie-Miller of Britwell, and to Mr. Henry Huth, of London, for the loan of ſome of the extremely rare and valuable firſt editions of pieces by Samuel Rowlands and other authors in their ſplendid libraries, were cordially entertained and moſt liberally granted. It is not eaſy to eſtimate how materially the objects and work of the Hunterian Club were facilitated by the kind and open-handed ſpirit ſhown in this way, not only by theſe gentlemen, but by almoſt every other owner of rare books whom the Club found it neceſſary, in the courſe of its printing work, to approach for ſimilar purpoſes.

Beſides private owners, ſeveral of the great Engliſh libraries were known to be the poſſeſſors of deſirable early editions, and, in ſuch caſes alſo, everything was done by the authorities of theſe inſtitutions to afford all needful acceſs to the required volumes, both for amanuenſis and for photographic work.

The names of the owners of the rare books and manuſcripts

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to whom the members of the Hunterian Club have been thus indebted are as follows :—

Mr. John Payne Collier, Maidenhead, London.
The Earl of Ellesmere, Bridgewater House, London.
Mr. Henry Huth, London.
Dr. David Laing, Signet Library, Edinburgh.
Mr. S. Christie Miller, Britwell, Buckinghamshire.
Mr. Frederick Ouvry, London.
Mr. Thomas Russell, Cleveden, Glasgow.
Hon. R. W. Talbot, Auchinleck, Ayrshire.
Mr. Alexander Young, Glasgow.

And the authorities of—

The Library of the Faculty of Advocates, Edinburgh.
The Archi-episcopal Library, Lambeth, London.
The Bodleian Library, Oxford.
The British Museum, London.
The Library of the Society of Antiquaries, London.
The Library of Peterborough Cathedral.
The Dyce Collection, South Kensington Museum, London.
The Capell Collection, Trinity College, Cambridge.

As the writings of a Scottish author which had never been reprinted, perhaps owing to their remarkable rarity, the Poetical Works of Alexander Craig of Rosecraig, "Scotobritaine," were selected for early issue, largely on the advice of Dr. David Laing, who, on their completion, wrote an interesting Introduction to accompany the volume.

Samuel Rowlands, a writer whose works were all but inaccessible to the student of Early English literature, was also chosen for reproduction, and several of his pieces formed the earliest issues of the Club. In the First Report it was said regarding him, "For the student of English history the side-lights which such "productions as those of Samuel Rowlands throw on the under-"current of the national life towards the close of the reign of "Queen Elizabeth, and during that of James I., are of great "value. His works abound in allusions of the most interesting "kind. He satirizes the vices and follies of his day with an

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"unſparing hand, and there ſeems to have been ample ſcope for "the exerciſe of his trenchant pen. His references to places and "objects of interest are not the leaſt valuable of his alluſions, and "what Mr. John Payne Collier has ſaid regarding his 'Hvmors "'Looking Glaſſe' may with equal truth be applied to many of "his other works:—'Some of the ſhort productions are of courſe "'not ſo good as others, but there is ſcarcely one that does not "'ſupply ſome curious information regarding places, opinions, "'faſhions, and manners.' Beſides being a writer of humorous, "ſatirical, and moral poetry, Rowlands was alſo the author of "various religious works, and one of his hymns was printed a few "years ago in a popular magazine as the beſt ſpecimen of "hymnology belonging to the cloſe of the 16th century. One "of Rowlands' Tracts was edited by Sir Walter Scott, who was "perhaps the firſt to recogniſe his worth. Mr. Utterſon, Mr. "Collier, Mr. Halliwell-Phillips, and Dr. Rimbault alſo edited "one or more of them. The originals are all of great, ſome "of exceſſive, rarity, and in no library, public or private, however 'rich it may be in remains of Early Engliſh literature, is there a "complete collection of his works."

In the courſe of the third year Thomas Lodge was fixed upon as an Engliſh author whoſe works, of great merit, had never been republiſhed in their entirety. Of them Dr. David Laing wrote in an Introduction to two of Lodge's pieces reprinted in 1853 by the Shakeſpeare Society:—"It is, however, in his character as "a poet that Lodge perhaps claims his chief diſtinction. It may, "therefore, be hoped that the plan which Mr. Singer in his "Select Early Engliſh Poets left uncompleted, may yet be "accompliſhed, by publiſhing the whole of Lodge's poetical com- "poſitions in a collective form . . . Sir Egerton Brydges has "paid a juſt and eloquent tribute to his genius in his republica- "tion of 'England's Helicon,' a poetical miscellany to which "Lodge was a contributor in 1600. 'By far the firſt of theſe,' he "remarks, 'are the compoſitions of Dr. Thomas Lodge and "'Nicholas Breton. That the genius of both of theſe writers "'was not only elegant, but pure and unsophiſticated, and far

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"'above the taſte of their age, may ſafely be affirmed . . . In "'Lodge we find whole paſtorals and odes which have all the "'eaſe, elegance, and poliſh of a modern author.'"

In the caſe of Lodge, as well as in that of Rowlands, the Hunterian Club has ſucceeded in giving for the firſt time to lovers of Elizabethan literature the opportunity of poſſeſſing a complete collection of his works. Had it been found expedient to carry on the work of the Club for a longer period it is almoſt certain that Nicholas Breton, the author referred to above by Dr. Laing, would have been the next to be taken in hand, although a limited reprint of his works was made by the late Dr. A. B. Groſart.

At a very early ſtage of the Club's hiſtory many of the Scottiſh members were urgent that a complete print of the Bannatyne Manuſcript ſhould be undertaken, as, though this famous ſtore-houſe of old Scottiſh poetry had been conſtantly ransacked by editors, from the time when Allan Ramſay drew the contents of his "Evergreen" from it onwards, it ſtill remained to a conſiderable extent unprinted.

After much heſitation on account of the difficulties involved in the nature of the work, it was decided that an effort ſhould be made in the deſired direction, permiſſion to copy the whole of the four hundred cloſely-written folios of the Manuſcript was obtained from the Curators of the Advocates' Library, its poſſeſſors, a competent tranſcriber, Mr. Aimers, was ſecured, and Rev. Mr. Macleod of the Regiſter Houſe, Edinburgh, was aſked to take a general ſuperviſion of the tranſcription. About this time the Rev. George A. Panton, who had done ſome good editing work for the Early Engliſh Text Society, and was a Member of the Council of the Hunterian Club, went to reſide in Edinburgh, which placed him in a favourable poſition to undertake the editorſhip. Moſt unfortunately, within a very ſhort period Mr. Panton's health gave way, and after a brief illneſs he died, to the great and laſting regret of his friends in the Council. Only two ſheets of the text of the Bannatyne Manuſcript had then been printed off, and the project, begun with favourable proſpects

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of ſucceſs, came to an abrupt ſuſpenſion, with, apparently at the time, faint chances of its reſumption.

Happily, however, a way out of the difficulties was at laſt reached through the kind liberality of the Curators of the Advocates' Library, who allowed their precious Manuſcript to be depoſited in the office of the Town-Clerk of Glaſgow, where, with all due precautions as to ſafe cuſtody, it remained for the length of time during which the preſent writer, who had taken up the dropped editorial work, had the regular and conſtant acceſs to it he required for the purpoſes of collation and reference.

From this time onwards for a conſiderable period the ſcheme of the Club was carried on ſucceſsfully, until another interruption took place through the lamented illneſs and death of the Honorary Secretary and Treaſurer, Mr. John Alexander, of Menſtriebank, Dowanhill, who had acted as Treaſurer from its commencement, and had a few years later taken up the Secretaryſhip on the retiral of Mr. Alexander Smith, the firſt holder of that office. To know Mr. Alexander was to love him, and his fellow-members of the Council felt his removal from amongſt them as a great perſonal loſs. With his withdrawal from the active buſiness management of the Club it ſeemed as if it again had received a blow from which it was unlikely to recover.

After the lapſe of a prolonged period it was arranged that an effort should be made to complete the iſſues ſtill unfiniſhed, but that none of thoſe writings of other authors originally contemplated for iſſue ſhould be taken in hand, ſo that the scheme of the Club might be brought to a concluſion.

This reſult has now, after many delays, been finally accompliſhed, and the ſixty-eight parts (or Volumes, as many of them might more properly be deſignated) iſſued by the Hunterian Club will remain as a collection of pure and reliable texts of authors whoſe works have hitherto been almoſt inacceſſible to booklovers in any ſhape or form.

It muſt not be omitted in this notice to acknowledge the liberality of thoſe members of the Club who, during ſeveral ſucceſſive years, preſented reprints of rare books, amounting in

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the aggregate to over 700 pages of printed matter, beſides accompanying engravings and facſimiles of manuſcripts, and which repreſented no inconſiderable gifts to the members on the roll for theſe various years.

Theſe volumes compriſed—

"Sir Thomas Overburies Viſion," 1616, with an Introduction by Mr. James Maidment, which was preſented to members for the Second Year by Mr. Alexander Young.

"The Poetical Works of Patrick Hannay," 1622, with an Introduction by Dr. David Laing, which was preſented to members for the Third Year by Mr. Thomas Ruſſell.

"A Theatre of Scottiſh Worthies," &c., 1626, with an Introduction by Dr. David Laing, which was preſented to members for the Fourth Year by Mr. Alexander B. Stewart.

It ſtill remains to mention in ſome detail the names of thoſe gentlemen who have been aſſociated with the Club in various ways. Its firſt Council was as follows:—

Rev. Profeſſor Dickſon, D.D.
Profeſſor John Young, M.D.
Rev. George A. Panton.
Mr. Alexander Young.
Mr. J. B. Murdoch.
Mr. John Alexander, Hon. Treaſurer.
Mr. Alexander Smith, Hon. Secretary.

On the death of Mr. Panton in the ſecond year Mr. Thomas Ruſſell took the vacant place.

In the third year, on the reſignation of Mr. Alexander Smith from the Secretaryſhip, Mr. John Alexander became Honorary Secretary and Treaſurer.

In the fourth year Mr. Alexander Smith retired from the Council, and Rev. James Dodds, D.D., took his place.

In the eighth year, after the death of Mr. John Alexander, Mr. J. B. Murdoch undertook the joint offices of Honorary Secretary and Treaſurer.

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GENERAL NOTICE.

During the courſe of the ſame year* Mr. Alexander Young and Rev. Profeſſor Dickſon died, leaving the remaining members of Council—

Rev. James Dodds, D.D.

Mr. Thomas Ruſſell.

Mr. J. B. Murdoch, Hon. Secretary and Treaſurer.

As will have been ſeen from the previous ſtatements only a very few of thoſe who were originally intereſted in the work of the Club at its commencement have been ſpared to ſee its final completion.

On the ſucceſſive Honorary Secretaries moſt of the very conſiderable editorial and other duties have fallen, and to the laſt of them, the writer of this notice, not the leaſt of his cares has been, that, owing to want of health in later years, the termination of the iſſues and general winding up of the Hunterian Club have not been accompliſhed at a conſiderably earlier date.

JAMES BARCLAY MURDOCH,
Hon. Secretary and Treasurer.

CAPELRIG, NEWTON-MEARNS,
RENFREWSHIRE, *February*, 1902.

* It ſhould have been pointed out in the foregoing Notice that the "year" of the Club did not mean an exact ſpace of time, and might rather have been termed "ſeries."

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HUNTERIAN CLUB

A COMPLETE LIST OF WORKS PRINTED FOR THE MEMBERS, IN THE ORDER OF THEIR ISSUE

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HUNTERIAN CLUB.

A COMPLETE LIST OF THE WORKS PRINTED FOR THE MEMBERS, IN THE ORDER OF THEIR ISSUE.

FIRST YEAR.

No.

1. Rowlands' Greenes Ghoſt Havnting Coniecatchers, 1602.
   From the Firſt Edition, in the Library of Mr. Henry Huth.

2. Rowlands' Hvmors Looking Glaſſe, 1608.
   From the Firſt Edition, in the Edinburgh Univerſity Library.

3. Rowlands' The Knave of Clubbes, 1609.
   From a copy of the earlieſt known Edition, in the Library of Mr. Henry Huth.

4. Rowlands' A Paire of Spy-Knaves, [1620?].
   From the unique copy in the Library of Mr. John Payne Collier.

5. Craig's Amoroſe Songes, Sonets, and Elegies, 1606.
   From the Firſt Edition, in the Library of the Earl of Elleſmere.

6. Craig's Poetical Recreations, 1609.
   From the Firſt Edition, in the Library of Mr. James Maidment.

7. Rowlands' Looke to it; for, Ile Stabbe Ye, 1604.
   From the Firſt Edition, in the Library of the Earl of Elleſmere.

8. Rowlands' Hell's Broke Looſe, 1605.
   From the Firſt Edition, in the Library of Mr. Henry Huth.

9. Rowlands' The Night-Raven, 1620.
   From the Second Edition, in the Library of the Earl of Elleſmere.

10. Rowlands' Good Newes and Bad Newes, 1622.
    From the Firſt Edition, in the Bodleian Library.

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SECOND YEAR.

No.

11. Craig's Poeticall Eſſayes, 1604.
From the Firſt Edition, in the Library of Mr. S. Chriſtie Miller.

12. Craig's Poeticall Recreations, 1623.
From the Firſt Edition, in the Library of Mr. S. Chriſtie Miller.

13. Craig's The Pilgrime and Heremite, 1631.
From the unique copy in the Library of Mr. S. Chriſtie Miller.

14. Rowlands' A Fooles Bolt is ſoone Shott, 1614.
From the unique copy in the Capell Collection, Trinity College, Cambridge.

15. Rowlands' Diogines Lanthorne, 1607.
From the unique copy in the Bodleian Library.

16. The Bannatyne Manuſcript, 1568—Part I.
From the Manuſcript in the Library of the Faculty of Advocates, Edinburgh.

17. Niccols' Sir Thomas Overburies Viſion, 1616, with an Introduction by Mr. James Maidment.
From the Firſt Edition, in the Library of Mr. Alexander Young.

18. Craig's Miſcellaneous Poems, with an Introduction by Dr. David Laing.

19. Rowlands' Martin Mark-All, 1610.
From a copy of the earlieſt known Edition, in the Library of Mr. Alexander Young.

20 Rowlands' The Letting of Hvmovrs Blood in the Head-vaine, 1600.
From the Firſt Edition, in the Wood Collection, Bodleian Library.

21. Rowlands' A Terrible Battell betweene Time and Death, [1606 ?].
From the unique copy in the Bodleian Library.

THIRD YEAR.

22. Rowlands' More Knaves Yet ? The Knaues of Spades and Diamonds, [1613].
From the unique copy in the Bodleian Library.

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No.

23. Rowlands' The Knave of Harts, 1612.
From the unique copy in the Bodleian Library.

24. Rowlands' The Melancholie Knight, 1615.
From the unique copy in the Bodleian Library.

25. Lodge's Phillis: Honoured with Paſtorall Sonnets, &c., 1593.
From the Firſt Edition, in the Library of Mr. S. Chriſtie Miller.

26. Lodge's The Divel Coniured, 1596.
From the firſt known Edition, in the Library of Mr. Alexander Young.

27. Lodge's The Wovnds of Ciuill War, 1594.
From the Firſt Edition, in the Britiſh Muſeum.

28. Lodge's Catharos: Diogenes in his Singularitie, 1591.
From the Firſt Edition, in the Library of the Earl of Ellesmere.

29. Rowlands' The Betraying of Chriſt, 1598.
From the Second Edition, in the Library of Mr. S. Chriſtie Miller.

30. Rowlands' Tis Merrie when Goſſips Meete, 1602.
From the Firſt Edition, in the Library of Mr. S. Chriſtie Miller.

31. Hannay's Poetical Works, 1622, with an Introduction by Dr. David Laing.
From a copy of the Firſt Edition, in the Library of Mr. Thomas Ruſſell, and one in the Library of Mr. Henry Huth.

32. The Bannatyne Manuſcript, 1568—Part II.
From the Manuſcript in the Advocates' Library, Edinburgh.

FOURTH YEAR.

33. Rowlands' A Sacred Memorie of the Miracles of Chriſt, 1618
From the Firſt Edition, in the Library of Mr. Henry Huth.

34. Rowlands' A Whole Crew of Kind Goſſips, 1609.
From the unique copy in the Bodleian Library.

35. Lodge's Scillaes Metamorphoſis, 1589.
From the only known perfect copy of the Firſt Edition, in the Dyce Collection, South Kenſington.

36. Lodge's A Margarite of America, 1596.
From the firſt known Edition, in the Bodleian Library.

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List of Works.

No.

37. Rowlands' Heavens Glory: Seeke It, &c., 1628.
From the Firſt Edition, in the Bodleian Library.

38. Rowlands' Doctor Merie-man: or, Nothing but Mirth, 1609.
From the Second Edition, in the Library of Mr. Henry Huth.

39. Rowlands' The Famous Hiſtory of Gvy Earle of Warwicke, 1682.
From the Edition of 1682, in the Britiſh Muſeum.

40. The Bannatyne Manuſcript, 1568—Part III.
From the Manuſcript in the Advocates' Library.

41. Garden's A Theatre of Scottiſh Worthies, &c., 1626, and the Life of Biſhop Elphinſton, 1619, with Introductions by Dr. David Laing.
From a Manuſcript in the Auchinleck collection, lent by Hon. R. W. Talbot; a Manuſcript in the Edinburgh Univerſity Library; and a Manuſcript in the Library of Dr. David Laing.

FIFTH YEAR.

42. Lodge's A Fig for Momus, 1595.
From the Firſt Edition, in the Library of Mr. S. Chriſtie Miller.

43. Lodge's Roſalynde: Euphues Golden Legacie, 1590.
From the unique copy of the Firſt Edition, in the Library of Mr. S. Chriſtie Miller.

44. Lodge's Life of Robert Second Duke of Normandy, 1591.
From the only known perfect copy of the Firſt Edition, in the Library of Mr. S. Chriſtie Miller.

45. Rowlands' Works—Bibliographical and General Indexes, Gloſſary, &c.—Part I.

46. The Bannatyne Manuſcript, 1568—Part IV.
From the Manuſcript in the Advocates' Library.

SIXTH YEAR.

47. Lodge's Wit's Miſerie and the World's Madneſſe, 1596.
From the Firſt Edition, in the Library of Mr. S. Chriſtie Miller.

48. Lodge's Reply to Stephen Goſſon's Schoole of Abuſe, [1580?].
From the Firſt Edition, in the Library of Mr. S. Chriſtie Miller.

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No.

49. Lodge's An Alarum againſt Vſurers, &c., 1584.
From the Firſt Edition, in the Library of Mr. S. Chriſtie Miller.

50. The Bannatyne Manuſcript, 1568—Part V.
From the Manuſcript in the Advocates Library.

51. Rowlands' Works—Bibliographical and General Indexes, Gloſſary, Memoir, Title-pages, &c., for Four Volumes—Part II.

SEVENTH YEAR.

52. Lodge's The Life and Death of William Long-beard, 1593.
From the ſecond impreſſion of the Firſt Edition, in the Library of Mr. Frederick Ouvry.

53. Lodge's Proſopopeia, containing the Teares of Marie, 1596.
From the Firſt Edition, in the Archi-epiſcopal Library, Lambeth.

54. Lodge's A Treatiſe of the Plague, 1603.
From the Firſt Edition, in the Britiſh Museum.

55. The Bannatyne Manuſcript, 1568—Part VI.
From the Manuſcript in the Advocates' Library.

56. The Bannatyne Manuſcript, 1568—Part VII.
From the Manuſcript in the Advocates' Library.

57. Lodge's (and Greene's) A Looking Glaſſe, for London and England, 1598.
From the Second Edition, in the Bodleian Library.

EIGHTH YEAR.

58. Lodge's Evphves Shadow. The Battaile of the Sences, 1592.
From the Firſt Edition, in the Library of Peterborough Cathedral.

59. Lodge's The Poore Man's Talentt [1623?].
From the Manuſcript in the Library of Mr. John Payne Collier.

60. Lodge's Miſcellaneous Pieces, 1581-1622.

61. Rowlands' Aue Cæſar. God ſaue the King, 1603.
From the unique copy in the Bodleian Library.

62. Lodge's Works—Bibliographical Index, Memoir by Mr. E. W. Goſſe, Title-pages, &c., for Four Volumes.

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NINTH YEAR.

63. Lodge's Works—Index and Gloſſary.

64. The Bannatyne Manuſcript—Part VIII.—Memoir by Sir Walter Scott, Account of Contents, Indexes of Firſt Lines, of Titles, and of Authors. Additional Leaf of Text.

65. The Bannatyne Manuſcript—Part IX.—Gloſſary.

66. The Bannatyne Manuſcript—Part X.—Facſimiles.

67. The Bannatyne Manuſcript—Part XI.—Title-pages and Contents for Four Volumes, Introductory Note, Reprinted Leaves.

68. Hunterian Club Iſſues, Concluding Part.—General Notice of the Club, Complete Liſt of the Works iſſued to Members, Complete Liſt of Works arranged in the Order for Binding, Reprinted Page of Contents for Vol. I. of Rowlands' Works.

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HUNTERIAN CLUB

A COMPLETE LIST OF THE WORKS PRINTED FOR THE MEMBERS, ARRANGED IN THE PROPER ORDER FOR BINDING

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HUNTERIAN CLUB.

A COMPLETE LIST OF THE WORKS PRINTED FOR THE MEMBERS, ARRANGED IN THE PROPER ORDER FOR BINDING.

THE POETICAL WORKS OF ALEXANDER CRAIG,

1604-1631.

Part in H.C. issue.		
XVIII.	Title-page, Prefatory Note, and Contents.	One Volume.
„	Introductory Notice by Dr. David Laing.	
XI.	The Poeticall Eſſayes, 1604.	
V.	The Amoroſe Songes, Sonets, and Elegies, 1606.	
VI.	The Poetical Recreations, 1609.	
XII.	The Poeticall Recreations, 1623.	
XIII.	The Pilgrime and Heremite, 1631.	
XVIII.	Miſcellaneous Poems.	
„	Indexes, Regiſter of Errata, Gloſſary.	

THE COMPLETE WORKS OF SAMUEL ROWLANDS,

1598-1628.

LII.	Title-page, Prefatory Note, Contents of Vol. I.	Volume I.
LXVIII.	Contents Leaf for Vol. I. of Rowlands' Works, in part LXVIII., ſhould be ſubſtituted for that in part LI., which ſhould now be cancelled.	
LI.	Memoir by Mr. E. W. Goſſe.	
XLV. LI.	Bibliographical Index.	
XXIX.	The Betraying of Chriſt, 1598.	
XX.	The Letting of Hvmovrs Blood in the Head-vaine, 1600.	
XXX.	Tis Merrie when Goſſips Meete, 1602.	
I.	Greenes Ghoſt Havnting Coniecatchers, 1602.	
LXI.	Aue Cæſar. God ſaue the King, 1603.	
VII.	Looke to it: for, Ile Stabbe Ye, 1604.	
VIII.	Hell's Broke Looſe, 1605.	
XXI.	A Terrible Battell betweene Time and Death [1606?]	
XV.	Diogines Lanthorne, 1607.	
II.	Hvmors Looking Glaſſe, 1608.	

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WORKS ARRANGED FOR BINDING.

Part in H.C. issue.		
LI.	Title-page and Contents of Vol. II.	Volume II.
XXXVIII.	Dr. Merrie-man: or, Nothing but Mirth, 1609.	
XXXIV.	A Whole Crew of Kind Goſſips, 1609.	
III.	The Knave of Clubbes, 1609.	
XIX.	Martin Mark-All, 1610.	
XXIII.	The Knave of Harts, 1612.	
XXII.	More Knaves Yet? The Knaues of Spades and Diamonds, [1613?].	
XIV.	A Fooles Bolt is ſoone Shott, 1614.	
XXIV.	The Melancholie Knight, 1615.	
XXXIII.	A Sacred Memorie of the Miracles of Chriſt, 1618.	
IX.	The Night-Raven, 1620.	
IV.	A Paire of Spy-Knaves, [1620?]	
X.	Good Newes and Bad Newes, 1622.	
LI.	Title-page and Contents of Vol. III.	Volume III.
XXXVII.	Heavens Glory: Seeke It, &c., 1628.	
XXXIX.	The Famous Hiſtory of Gvy Earle of Warwicke, 1682.	
I.I.	Title-page and firſt 8 pages of Gvy Earl of Warwicke, in part LI., ſhould be ſubſtituted for thoſe in part XXXIX., which ſhould now be cancelled.	
„	Miſcellaneous Poems.	
„	Notes by Mr. S. J. H. Herrtage.	
„	Gloſſary by Mr. S. J. H. Herrtage.	

THE COMPLETE WORKS OF THOMAS LODGE, 1580 [1623?].

LXII.	Title-page, Prefatory Note, and Contents of Vol. I.	Volume I.
„	Memoir by Mr. E. W. Goſſe.	
„	Bibliographical Index.	
XLVIII.	Reply to Stephen Goſſon's Schoole of Abuſe [1580?].	
XLIX.	An Alarum againſt Vſurers, &c., 1584.	
XXXV.	Scillaes Metamorphoſis, 1589.	
XLIII.	Roſalynde. Euphues Golden Legacie, 1590.	
LXII.	Title-page and Contents of Vol. II.	Volume II.
XLIV.	Life of Robert Second Duke of Normandy, 1591.	
XXVIII.	Catharos: Diogenes in his Singularitie, 1591.	
LVIII.	Evphves Shadow. The Battaile of the Sences, 1592.	
LII.	The Life and Death of William Long-beard, 1593.	
XXV.	Phillis: Honoured with Paſtorall Sonnets, &c., 1593.	

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Part in H.C. issue.		
LXII.	Title-page and Contents of Vol. III.	Volume III.
XXVII.	The Wovnds of Ciuill War, 1594.	
XLII.	A Fig for Momus, 1595.	
XXVI.	The Divel Coniured, 1596.	
XXXVI.	A Margarite of America, 1596.	
LIII.	Profopopeia, containing the Teares of Marie, 1596.	
LXII.	Title-page and Contents of Vol. IV.	Volume IV.
XLVII.	Wit's Miſerie, and the Worlds Madneſſe, 1596.	
LVII.	A Looking Glaſſe, for London and England, 1598.	
LIV.	A Treatiſe of the Plague, 1603.	
LIX.	The Poore Mans Talentt, [1623?].	
LX.	Miſcellaneous Pieces, 1581-1622.	
LXIII.	Index and Gloſſary.	

THE BANNATYNE MANUSCRIPT, 1568.

LXVII.	Title-page and Contents of Vol. I.	(Part XI.)	Volume I.
„	Prefatory Note.	(„ „)	
LXIV.	Memoir by Sir Walter Scott.	(„ VIII.)	
„	Extracts from the Memoriall Buik by Dr. David Laing.	(„ „)	
„	Account of the Contents.	(„ „)	
LXVII.	Account of the Contents, pages xcii. and xciv., in part LXVII., ſhould be ſubſtituted for the ſame pages in part LXIV., which ſhould now be cancelled.		
LXIV.	Index to Firſt Lines and Titles.	(„ „)	
„	Names of Authors.	(„ „)	
LXVII.	Names of Authors, pages cxxxix. to cxlii., in part LXVII., ſhould be ſubſtituted for pages cxxxix., cxl. in part LXIV., which ſhould now be cancelled.		
LXV.	Gloſſary by the Editor.	(„ IX.)	
LXVI.	Facſimiles.	(„ X.)	
LXVII.	Title-page and Contents of Vol. II.	(Part XI.)	Volume II.
XVI.	The Bannatyne Manuſcript, pp. 1 to 200	(„ I.)	
XXXII.	„ „ „ 201 to 288	(„ II.)	
XL.	„ „ „ 289 to 364	(„ III.)	
LXVII.	Title-page and Contents of Vol. III.	(Part XI.)	Volume III.
XL.	The Bannatyne Manuſcript, pp. 365 to 384	(„ III.)	
XLVI.	„ „ „ 385 to 616	(„ IV.)	
L.	„ „ „ 617 to 732	(„ V.)	

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WORKS ARRANGED FOR BINDING.

Part in H.C. issue.			
LXVII.	Title-page and Contents of Vol. IV.	(Part XI.)	Volume IV.
L.	The Bannatyne Manuscript, pp. 783 to 816	(„ V.)	
LV.	„ „ „ 817 to 960	(„ VI.)	
LVI.	„ „ „ 961 to 1104	(„ VII.)	
LXIV.	„ Additional Leaf, p. 1105	(„ VIII.)	

RICHARD NICCOLS.

XVII. SIR THOMAS OVERBURIES VISION, 1616. One Volume.
With an Introduction by Mr. James Maidment.

PATRICK HANNAY.

XXXI. POETICAL WORKS, 1619-1622. One Volume.
With a Memoir by Dr. David Laing.

ALEXANDER GARDEN.

XLI. A THEATRE OF SCOTTISH WORTHIES, &c., 1626. One Volume.
„ THE LIFE OF BISHOP ELPHINSTON, 1619.
With an Introduction by Dr. David Laing.

THE HUNTERIAN CLUB.

LXVIII. General Notice of the Club.
„ Complete List of the Works issued to Members.
„ Complete List of the Works arranged in the proper Order for Binding.
Reports for 1st to 9th years. One Volume.
These Reports, which contain some interesting matter, were issued as follows:—1st Report, Part X.; 2nd Report, Part XXI.; 3rd Report, Part XXXII.; 4th Report, Part XL.; 5th Report, Part XLVI.; 6th Report, Part L.; 7th Report, Part LVII.; 8th Report, Part LXI.; 9th Report, Part LXVIII.

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HUNTERIAN CLUB.

FIRST ANNUAL REPORT.

1871-2.

THE Council has pleasure in stating that it has been enabled to issue for the first year complete Reprints of some of the rarest and most interesting productions of the early part of the 17th century, viz.:—

ALEXANDER CRAIGE'S	AMOROSE SONGES, SONETS, AND ELEGIES, ...	1606
,, ,,	POETICAL RECREATIONS, ...	1609
SAMUEL ROWLANDS'	GREENES GHOST HAUNTING CONIECATCHERS, ...	1602
,, ,,	LOOKE TO IT: FOR, ILE STABBE YE, ...	1604
,, ,,	HELL'S BROKE LOOSE, ...	1605
,, ,,	HUMORS LOOKING GLASSE, ...	1608
,, ,,	THE KNAVE OF CLUBBES, ...	1609
,, ,,	A PAIRE OF SPY-KNAVES, ...	[1613?]
,, ,,	THE NIGHT RAVEN, ...	1620
,, ,,	GOOD NEWES AND BAD NEWES, ...	1622

These Tracts are reproduced from the earliest existing editions; and the utmost care has been taken to follow exactly the originals—word for word, line for line, and page for page.

Through the kindness of Mr. Christie-Miller, the Council has also been enabled to send to press

ALEXANDER CRAIGE'S	POETICALL ESSAYES, . . .	1604
,, ,,	THE PILGRIME AND HEREMITE, .	1631—

two pieces equally rare with those already reprinted. These, with some fugitive poems, complete all the known works of this author.

For the student of English history the side-lights which such productions as those of Samuel Rowlands throw on the undercurrent of the national life towards the close of the reign of Queen Elizabeth, and during that of James I., are of great value. His works abound in allusions of the most interesting kind. He satirizes the vices and follies of his day with an unsparing hand, and there seems to have been ample scope for the exercise of his trenchant pen. His references to places and objects of interest are not the least valuable of his allusions, and what Mr. Collier has said generally regarding "Humors Looking Glasse" may, with equal truth, be applied to many of his other works:—"Some of the short productions are, of course, not so good as others, but there is scarcely one that does not supply some curious information regarding places, opinions, fashions, and manners." Besides being a writer of humorous, moral, and satirical poetry, Rowlands was also the author of various religious works, and one of his hymns was printed a few years ago in a popular magazine as the best specimen of hymnology belonging to the close of the 16th century. One of Rowlands' Tracts was edited by Sir Walter Scott, who was, perhaps, the first to recognize his worth. Mr. Utterson, Mr. Collier, Mr. Halliwell-Phillipps, and Dr. Rimbault also have edited one or more of his Tracts. The originals are all of great, some of excessive, rarity; and in no library, public or private, however rich it may be in remains of early English literature, is there a complete collection. The Council will spare no effort to reprint the whole of his known works.

It has been already announced that the Council has obtained permission from the Curators of the Advocates' Library to print the whole of the Bannatyne MS. From the evident care bestowed by GEORGE BANNATYNE on the compilation and arrangement of his invaluable collection of the remains of our early Scotish Poets—in many respects one of the most interesting of our national MSS.—and from his occasional Addresses to the Reader, it is obvious that he intended

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it for publication in its present form. The troubled times that followed 1568 doubtless prevented him from carrying out his design. In 1724 "The Evergreen" was printed, its contents being drawn largely, if not exclusively, from the Bannatyne MS. To Allan Ramsay, therefore, we owe much for drawing attention to the collection, but we should have owed him still more had he given us the text as he found it. In 1770 Lord Hailes published a more faithful and judicious selection, to which were added notes and a glossary. Since that period the MS. has not only afforded help to almost every antiquary who has written upon the ancient history and literature of Scotland, but has been the copious source whence various editors have drawn their materials—as selections, in separate pieces, or included with the works of their authors. A large and most interesting portion, however, of the contents has never yet been printed, while the greater part of what has more recently appeared—chiefly edited by Mr. David Laing, with an ability and fidelity rarely equalled—besides being in various forms, has now become costly, and practically inaccessible. The necessity and value, therefore, of an exact imprint of the whole of this early Scotish Poetical Miscellany are sufficiently obvious; and what George Bannatyne carefully and affectionately prepared for the press in 1568, from his

"Copeis awld, mankit, and mvtillait,"

the Council hopes to reproduce, with all faithfulness, in the form and order in which it was left. A considerable portion of the MS. has been transcribed, and is in the printer's hands.

The best thanks of the Club are due to the Earl of Ellesmere, to Mr. Huth, to Mr. Collier, and to Mr. Maidment, for lending their very rare copies, as the Council has been thereby enabled to give the Reprints a much nearer approach to the appearance of the originals than could otherwise have been obtained.

The Council hopes that Members will lend their aid towards completing the membership of the Club, which is strictly limited to two hundred. Had the roll been filled up several other pieces could have been given for the first year; and it is therefore evident that Members will benefit themselves by any exertion they may make with this object.

Attention may again be drawn to the rule that subscriptions will on no account be anticipated, and therefore prompt payment on the part of the Members will much facilitate the business of the Club. No books can be issued to any Member whose subscription is unpaid.

Before closing its Report the Council desires to express its obligation to Mr. Anderson, Printer to the Club, for the great care and attention bestowed by him on the reproduction of the Tracts. The woodcuts, initial letters, and typographical ornaments have been copied by Mr. Stephen Miller in an admirable manner.

The Annual Statement of Income and Expenditure is appended.

Applications for Membership, Annual Subscription £2 2s., can be made to Mr. JOHN ALEXANDER, *Hon. Treasurer*, 43 Campbell Street, West, Glasgow; or to Mr. ALEXANDER SMITH, *Hon. Secretary*, Laurelbank Place, Shawlands, Glasgow.

FINANCIAL STATEMENT.—YEAR ENDING 30th APRIL, 1872.

Dr.			*Cr.*		
To 133 Subscriptions at £2 2s. each,	£279	6 0	By Printing,	£150	12 0
Less 2 in arrear,	4	4 0	,, Paper,	51	12 0
131	£275	2 0	,, Woodcutting,	29	7 0
To Bank Interest,	1	10 0	,, Binding,	7	9 8
			,, Photographing and Transcribing,	5	15 7
			,, Postage and Receipt Stamps, Stationery, and Incidental Charges,	14	7 9
			,, Fire Insurance,	1	4 0
			,, Commission on Cheques,	0	7 0
			,, Balance to Second Year,	15	17 0
	£276	12 0		£276	12 0

GEO. W. HILL, *Auditor.*

JOHN ALEXANDER, *Hon. Treasurer.*

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Gordon, Rev. Robert, 6 Mayfield Street, Newington, Edinburgh (per Thomas G. Stevenson).
Gray, George, County Buildings, Brunswick Street, Glasgow.

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Spark, Henry King, Greenbank, Darlington.
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Stewart, Alexander B., 5 Buchanan Street, Glasgow.

TAYLOR, John, 13 Hope Street, Glasgow.
Tennant, Charles, The Glen, Innerleithen, Peeblesshire.
Tennant, John, of St. Rollox, 195 West George Street, Glasgow.
Thorp, Henry, Whalley Range, Manchester
Trübner, Nicholas, 60 Paternoster Row, London, E.C.

VEITCH, George Seton, 2 Oswald Road, Edinburgh.

WARD, Capt. Henry, 158 Cambridge Street, London, S.W.
Watson, Archibald, 25 Lynedoch Street, Glasgow.
Weston, George, 11 Gray's Inn Square, London, W.C.

YOUNG, Alexander, 9 Lynedoch Place, Glasgow.
Young, George, 138 Hope Street, Glasgow.
Young, Professor, M.D., University, Glasgow.
Young, William, Dulwich Common, London, S.E.

Robert Anderson, Printer, 22 Ann Street, Glasgow.

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HUNTERIAN CLUB.

SECOND ANNUAL REPORT.

1872-73.

THE Publications issued to the Members for the Second Year are:—

ALEXANDER CRAIG'S	POETICALL ESSAYES,	1604
,, ,,	POETICALL RECREATIONS,	1623
,, ,,	THE PILGRIME AND HEREMITE,	1631
,, ,,	MISCELLANEOUS POEMS, INTRODUCTION BY MR. DAVID LAING, &c.,	——
SAMUEL ROWLANDS'	LETTING OF HUMOURS BLOOD IN THE HEAD-VAINE,	1600
,, ,,	A TERRIBLE BATTELL BETWEEN TIME AND DEATH,	[1602?]
,, ,,	DIOGINES LANTHORNE,	1607
,, ,,	MARTIN MARK-ALL,	1610
,, ,,	A FOOLES BOLT IS SOONE SHOTT,	1614
BANNATYNE MS.,		Part I.
RICHARD NICCOLS'	SIR THOMAS OVERBURIES VISION,	1616

(Presented to the Members of the Club by Mr. Alexander Young).

In the Third Year it is expected that considerable progress will be made with the Bannatyne MS. and the Works of Rowlands. As was formerly announced, Members for the Third Year will receive Mr. Russell's presentation volume of Patrick Hannay's Poetical Works (containing about 270 pages), printed uniformly with the other books of the Club.

The Annual Statement of Income and Expenditure is appended.

FINANCIAL STATEMENT.—YEAR ENDING 30th APRIL, 1873.

Dr.		*Cr.*	
To Balance from last year,	£15 17 0	By Printing,	£232 18 0
,, Subscriptions,	373 16 0	,, Paper,	67 16 6
,, Bank Interest,	10 12 6	,, Transcribing and Collating at Oxford and Edinburgh,	38 6 11
		,, Wood Engraving,	15 1 0
		,, Binding,	12 2 9
		,, Photographing,	2 17 7
		,, Fire Insurance,	1 2 6
		,, Postage and Receipt Stamps, and Incidental Expenses,	15 9 2
		,, Commission on Cheques,	0 9 6
		,, Balance to Third Year,	14 1 7
	£400 5 6		£400 5 6

GEO. W. HILL, *Auditor.*

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Bain, James, 1 Haymarket, London, S.W.
Baker, Thomas, Mount Vernon (per Kerr & Richardson, 89 Queen Street, Glasgow).
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Hill, William H., Barlanark, Shettleston, Glasgow.
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Trübner, Nicholas, 60 Paternoster Row, London, E.C.

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Vernon, G.V., 1 Osborne Place, Stretford Rd., Manchester.

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Western Club, Glasgow.
Weston, George, 11 Gray's Inn Square, London, W.C.

YOUNG, Alexander, 9 Lynedoch Place, Glasgow.
Young, George, 97 Wellington Street, Glasgow.
Young, George B., 13 Parkgrove Terrace, Glasgow.
Young, Professor, M.D., University, Glasgow.
Young, William, Dulwich Common, London, S.E.

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HUNTERIAN CLUB

THIRD ANNUAL REPORT

1873-74

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GLASGOW:
PRINTED BY ROBERT ANDERSON, 22 ANN STREET.

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HUNTERIAN CLUB.

THIRD ANNUAL REPORT.

1873-74.

THE iſſue for the year conſiſts of the following:—

SAMUEL ROWLANDS'	BETRAYING OF CHRIST, ...	1598
,, ,,	TIS MERRIE VVHEN GOSSIPS MEETE, ...	1602
,, ,,	MORE KNAVES YET? The Knaves of Spades and Diamonds, .	N.D.
,, ,,	THE KNAVE OF HARTS: Haile Fellow well met, . .	1612
,, ,,	THE MELANCHOLIE KNIGHT, ...	1615
THOMAS LODGE'S	CATHAROS: Diogenes in his Singularitie, ...	1591
,, ,,	PHILLIS: Honoured with Paſtorall Sonnets, . . .	1593
,, ,,	THE WOVNDS OF CIVILL WAR, ...	1594
,, ,,	THE DIVEL CONIURED, ...	1596
BANNATYNE MANUSCRIPT, Part II., ...		1568

In addition, the Members will receive a complete reprint of

THE NIGHTINGALE. Sheretine *and* Mariana. *A happy Husband. Eligies on the death of Queene Anne. Songs and Sonnets by* PATRICK HANAY *gent.* LONDON *printed for Nathaniel Butter.* 1622,

preſented to them by the liberality of Mr. Thomas Ruſſell. No expenſe has been ſpared in making this volume as attractive as poſſible, while Mr. David Laing's Introduction adds greatly to its value. For this handſome gift, the Council, on behalf of the Members, tenders Mr. Ruſſell its beſt thanks.

The progreſs made with the BANNATYNE MANUSCRIPT has been ſlower than was expected. This important Manuſcript is now entirely copied, and it is hoped that a conſiderable portion will be printed and iſſued during the coming year.

The Council thinks it well to repeat the liſt of pieces by SAMUEL ROWLANDS, of which copies cannot at preſent be traced, in the hope that information regarding them may be given by ſome of the Members or their friends, ſo that the Council may obtain acceſs to them, and thus be enabled to bring the Club's reprint of this author's Works to a ſpeedy concluſion.

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ROWLANDS' A THEATRE OF DELIGHTFUL RECREATION, 4to, ... 1605
The Editor of Percy's *Reliques*, 1812, says that a copy of this work was then in his possession. "This is a book of poems on subjects chiefly taken from the Old Testament."

,, DEMOCRITVS, OR DR. MERRY-MAN, 4to, ... 1607

,, SIX LONDON GOSSIPS, &c., ... 1607
Mentioned in the *Harleian Catalogue*.

,, GUY EARLE OF WARWICKE, Lond. by Edward All-de, 4to, . . N.D.
Said to have been sold among Mr. Fulke Grevill's books. The Second Edition, 1607, was sold with the White Knights books, 1819.

It will be seen that four Tracts by THOMAS LODGE have been issued this year. The Council is gratified to find that the choice of this author's Works for reproduction has met with decided approval. A number of his other pieces will follow in the coming year.

The Annual Statement of Income and Expenditure is appended.

Applications for Membership (which is strictly limited to 200) may be made to Mr. JOHN ALEXANDER, 79 Regent Street, West, Glasgow, *Hon. Treasurer and Secretary*. Annual Subscription, £2 2s.

FINANCIAL STATEMENT.—YEAR ENDING 30th APRIL, 1874.

Dr.				*Cr.*		
To Balance from last year,	£14	1	7	By Printing,	£191	5	6
,, Subscriptions,	373	16	0	,, Paper,	60	1	0
,, Bank Interest,	8	11	0	,, Transcribing and Collating at London, Oxford, and Edinburgh,	31	18	1
				,, Wood Engraving,	37	14	0
				,, Binding,	12	11	6
				,, Photographing,	6	1	6
				,, Fire Insurance,	1	2	6
				,, Postage and Receipt Stamps, and Incidental Expenses,	23	2	9
				,, Commission on Cheques,	0	6	6
				,, Balance to Fourth Year,	32	5	3
	£396	8	7		£396	8	7

JOHN ALEXANDER, *Hon. Treasurer*.

In addition to the foregoing balance of £32 5s. 3d., I have to certify that the Treasurer has on hand, of Subscriptions paid in advance, £25 4s. belonging to the Fourth Year, and £10 10s. to the Fifth Year.

GEORGE W. HILL, *Auditor*.

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THOMAS RUSSELL, POSSIL PARK, GLASGOW.
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LIST OF PUBLICATIONS.

For the Firſt Year, 1871-2.

No. 1.	ROWLANDS'	GREENES GHOST HAVNTING CONIECATCHERS, .	1602
2.	„	HVMORS LOOKING GLASSE, ...	1608
3.	„	THE KNAVE OF CLUBBES, ...	1609
4.	„	A PAIRE OF SPY-KNAVES, ...	[? 1613]
5.	CRAIG'S	AMOROSE SONGES, SONETS, AND ELEGIES, . .	1606
6.	„	POETICAL RECREATIONS, ...	1609
7.	ROWLANDS'	LOOKE TO IT: FOR ILE STABBE YE, . .	1604
8.	„	HELL'S BROKE LOOSE, ...	1605
9.	„	THE NIGHT-RAVEN, ...	1620
10.	„	GOOD NEWES AND BAD NEWES, . . .	1622

For the Second Year, 1872-3.

11.	CRAIG'S	POETICALL ESSAYES, ...	1604
12.	„	POETICALL RECREATIONS, ...	1623
13.	„	PILGRIME AND HEREMITE, ...	1631
14.	ROWLANDS'	A FOOLES BOLT IS SOONE SHOTT, . . .	1614
15.	„	DIOGINES LANTHORNE, ...	1607
16.	BANNATYNE	MANUSCRIPT—Part I., ...	1568
17.	NICCOLS'	SIR THOMAS OVERBURIES VISION, . . .	1616

(Preſented to the Club by Mr. Alexander Young, with an Introduction by Mr. James Maidment.)

18.	CRAIG'S	MISCELLANEOUS POEMS, ...	——

(With a general Introduction by Mr. David Laing.)

19.	ROWLANDS'	MARTIN MARK-ALL, ...	1610
20.	„	LETTING OF HVMOVRS BLOOD IN THE HEAD-VAINE,	1600
21.	„	A TERRIBLE BATTELL BETWEENE TIME AND DEATH,	[? 1602]

For the Third Year, 1873-4.

22.	ROWLANDS'	MORE KNAVES YET?	——
23.	„	THE KNAVE OF HARTS, ...	1612
24.	„	THE MELANCHOLIE KNIGHT, . . .	1615
25.	LODGE'S	PHILLIS: Honoured with Paſtorall Sonnets, . .	1593
26.	„	THE DIVEL CONIURED, ...	1596
27.	„	THE VVOVNDS OF CIUILL VVAR, . . .	1594
28.	„	CATHAROS: Diogenes in his Singularitie, . .	1591
29.	ROWLANDS'	BETRAYING OF CHRIST, ...	1598
30.	„	TIS MERRIE VVHEN GOSSIPS MEETE, . .	1602
31.	HANNAY'S	POETICAL WORKS, ...	1622

(Preſented to the Club by Mr. Thomas Ruſſell, with an Introduction by Mr. David Laing.)

32.	BANNATYNE	MANUSCRIPT—Part II., ...	1568

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HUNTERIAN CLUB

FOURTH ANNUAL REPORT

1874-75

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FINANCIAL STATEMENT.—FOURTH YEAR (ENDING 30th APRIL, 1875).

Dr.				*Cr.*		
To Balance from last year,	£32	5	3	By Printing,	£190	2	0
,, Subscriptions,	359	2	0	,, Paper,	81	14	0
,, Bank Interest,	2	6	0	,, Transcribing and Collating at London, Oxford, and Edinburgh,	41	13	3
				,, Wood and Copper Engraving,	40	5	8
				,, Binding,	12	0	0
				,, Photographing,	3	16	3
				,, Fire Insurance,	1	2	6
				,, Postage and Receipt Stamps, and Incidental Expenses,	19	7	8
				,, Commission on Cheques,	0	6	6
				,, Balance to Fifth Year,	3	5	5
	£393	13	3		£393	13	3

JOHN ALEXANDER, *Hon. Treasurer.*

In addition to the foregoing balance of £3 5s. 5d., I have to certify that the Treasurer has on hand £23 2s. of Fifth Year's, £4 4s. of Sixth Year's, and £2 2s. of Seventh Year's Subscriptions, paid in advance.

GEO. W. HILL, *Auditor.*

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HUNTERIAN CLUB.

FOURTH ANNUAL REPORT.
1874-75.

THE Books for the Fourth Year are as follows:—

SAMUEL ROWLANDS'	GUY EARLE OF WARWICK,	1607
,, ,,	DR. MERRIE-MAN,	1609
,, ,,	A WHOLE CREW OF KIND GOSSIPS,	1609
,, ,,	A SACRED MEMORIE OF OUR LORD AND SAUIOUR IESUS CHRIST,	1618
,, ,,	HEAVENS GLORY: Seeke It, &c.,	1628
THOMAS LODGE'S	SCILLAES METAMORPHOSIS,	1589
,, ,,	A MARGARITE OF AMERICA,	1596
BANNATYNE MANUSCRIPT, Part III.,		1568

In addition, the Members will receive

ALEXANDER GARDEN'S LIFE OF BISHOP ELPHINSTONE; and
,, ,, A THEATRE OF SCOTTISH WORTHIES.
(Edited by Mr. David Laing, and preſented by Mr. Alexander B. Stewart).

All the known Works of SAMUEL ROWLANDS, as given in Mr. Hazlitt's *Handbook*, are now reprinted by the Club, with the exception of "A Theatre of Delightful Recreation," 1605, and "Six London Goſſips," 1607, of which the Council have been unable to hear of any copies exiſting; nor have they been able to diſcover the firſt edition of "Dr. Merryman," 1607. Failing it, they are indebted to the kindneſs of Mr. Huth for the uſe of his copy of the ſecond edition of 1609, from which the Club's reprint has been made. The rarity of this ſecond edition may be underſtood, when it is ſtated that in the fifth portion of the Rev. Mr. Corſer's ſale (July 1870) it brought £21 10s. The Council would ſtill be glad to hear of the much more intereſting edition of 1607; and ſhould it be found within a reaſonable time, and acceſs had to it, they would not heſitate to reprint it, relegating the ſecond edition to an appendix. The following entry in the "Stationers' Regiſters" (Mr. Arber's "Tranſcript," vol. 3, p. 609) points to the fact that another production by ROWLANDS, if printed, as it moſt likely was, has dropped out of ſight:—

"22 Maij 1617.
"Maſter Pauier.—Entred for his copie vnder the handes of maſter Tauernor and both the wardens, A Poeme intituled *The Bride*, written by SAMUELL ROWLANDE, . . . vjd."

Perhaps this notice may lead to its diſcovery.

It is intended to print a ſheet or two of ſhort Miſcellaneous Pieces by ROWLANDS, of which the following are known to the Council, but they hope that ſome of the Members may be in a poſition to point out others:—

1. LINES before Thomas Andrewe's "Vnmasking of a Feminine Machiavell," . . 1604
2. LINES on Ben Jonſon's *Volpone* in W. Parkes' "Curtaine Drawer of the World," . 1612
3. A BALLAD on Sir Thomas Overbury (Mr. Hazlitt's *Handbook*, Article 20), . . 1614
4. LINES in T. Collins' "Teares of Love." (Where can a copy of this work be ſeen?) . 1615
5. LINES "To My Louing Friend, Iohn Taylor," in the Water Poet's Works, folio, . 1630

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In regard to a General Introduction to SAMUEL ROWLANDS' Works, the Council are in ſome difficulty. In 1815 Sir Walter Scott reprinted "The Letting of Humors Blood in the Head-vaine," for which he wrote a ſhort Preface, partly of a particular and partly of a general character. Although ſince that time much has been written on the contents of the Tracts themſelves, nothing has been diſcovered of a biographical nature. In fact, abſolutely nothing is known of ROWLANDS' perſonal hiſtory; and this is all the more remarkable, conſidering his great popularity as a writer. Failing other arrangements for an Introduction, it has been ſuggeſted that this Preface by Sir Walter Scott be reproduced, with a Bibliographical Index of critical extracts from other authorities. A Gloſſarial Index and Title-pages will alſo be given.

Only two Tracts by THOMAS LODGE have been reprinted this year. This ariſes from the fact that the Council were anxious to clear the way by finiſhing all the ROWLANDS Tracts, ſo as to be enabled, in the ſucceeding year, to give greater attention to the former author. Through the kindneſs of Mr. S. Chriſtie-Miller of Britwell, the Council have had acceſs to the firſt edition of "Roſalynde," 1590, and to the "Hiſtorie of Robert, Second Duke of Normandy," 1591, both *unique*. The firſt mentioned, as is well known, is the work upon which Shakeſpeare founded his charming play "As You Like It," and has been ſeveral times reprinted from the ſecond edition of 1592—in Mr. Collier's *Shakeſpeare Library*, 1850, and in Mr. Hazlitt's *Shakeſpeare Library*, 1875—while the firſt edition has never yet been reprinted. Mr. Chriſtie-Miller's *unique* copy unfortunately wants the whole of Sheet R, or 4 leaves; but in the Club's reprint this miſſing portion will be ſupplied from the ſecond edition of 1592.

Mr. A. B. Stewart's preſentation volume of GARDEN'S "Life of Biſhop Elphinſtone" and "The Theatre of Scottiſh Worthies," is not yet ready, but will ſhortly be iſſued to Members for the Fourth Year. The Council, however, take this occaſion of heartily thanking Mr. Stewart, on behalf of the Members, for his handſome gift.

The Council regret that the iſſue of the BANNATYNE MANUSCRIPT—the moſt intereſting and valuable collection of early Scottiſh Poetry in exiſtence—has not made greater progreſs. About half of it is now iſſued to Members, ſo that there is reaſon for hoping that another year will ſee this important Manuſcript entirely printed.

This opportunity may be taken of calling attention to the fact that only a very few copies now remain of the books for the Firſt Year, and the Council have therefore reſolved that theſe can only be had by Members who ſubſcribe for the iſſues of the whole Four Years.

The Annual Statement of Income and Expenditure is prefixed.

Applications for Membership (which is ſtrictly limited to 200) may be made to Mr. JOHN ALEXANDER, *Hon. Treaſurer and Secretary*, 68 Regent Street, Weſt, Glaſgow. Annual Subſcription, £2 2s.

GLASGOW, *July*, 1877.

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COUNCIL.

PROFESSOR DICKSON, D.D., CURATOR OF THE UNIVERSITY LIBRARY, GLASGOW.
PROFESSOR YOUNG, M.D., KEEPER OF THE HUNTERIAN MUSEUM, UNIVERSITY, GLASGOW.
REV. JAMES DODDS, 15 SANDYFORD PLACE, GLASGOW.
ALEXANDER YOUNG, 9 LYNEDOCH PLACE, GLASGOW.
JAMES BARCLAY MURDOCH, HAMILTON PLACE, LANGSIDE, GLASGOW.
THOMAS RUSSELL, CLEVEDEN, KELVINSIDE GARDENS, GLASGOW.
JOHN ALEXANDER, 68 REGENT STREET, WEST, GLASGOW, *Hon. Treas. and Secy.*

LIST OF MEMBERS.—(FOURTH YEAR).

ADAMSON, Edward, M.D., 4 West Street, Rye, Sussex.
Aitchison, W. J., 11 Buckingham Terrace, Edinburgh.
Alexander, John, 68 Regent Street, West, Glasgow, *Hon. Treas. and Secy.*
Alexander, Walter, 29 St. Vincent Place, Glasgow.
Allen, Edward G., 12 Tavistock Row, Covent Garden, London, W.C.
Anderson, Sir James, 16 Warrington Crescent, London.
Anderson, Robert, 22 Ann Street, Glasgow.

BAIN, James, 3 Park Terrace, Glasgow.
Bain, James, 1 Haymarket, London, S.W.
Barclay, Charles H., 27 Royal Exchange Square, Glasgow.
Benbow, George E., 26 Derwent Road, South Penge Park, London, S.E.
Berlin Royal Library (per Asher & Co., 13 Bedford Street, Covent Garden, London, W.C.)
Boston Athenæum, U.S.A. (per E. G. Allen, London, W.C.)
Bruce, Alexander, 11 Winton Terrace, Crosshill, Glasgow.
Bruce, R. T. Hamilton, 2 Great Stuart Street, Edinburgh.
Brunton, Thomas, Maria Villa, Langside, Glasgow.
Buckley, Rev. W. E., Rectory, Middleton Cheney, Banbury.
Bunten, J. C., 24 Park Circus, Glasgow.
Bunten, Laurie, 76 Gordon Street, Glasgow.
Bute, The Most Noble the Marquis of, Cardiff Castle, Wales.

CALDWELL, James, Craigielea Place, Paisley.
Campkin, Henry, F.S.A., Reform Club, Pall Mall, London, S.W.
Chamberlain, John Henry, Grange House, Coventry Road, Small Heath, Birmingham.
Chetham Library, Manchester (per Thomas Jones, Librarian).
Chorlton, Thomas, 32 Brazennose Street, Manchester.
Clark, David Robert, M.A., 12 Ibrox Terrace, Paisley Road, Glasgow.
Coleridge, Right Hon. Lord, 1 Sussex Square, London, W.
Collier, John Payne, F.S.A., Riverside, Maidenhead, Berkshire.
Cook, James Wm., Wentworth House, Snaresbrook, Essex.
Cook, John, "Gazette" Office, Paisley.
Cosens, F. W., 27 Queen's Gate, Kensington, London, W. *(Two Copies).*
Culley, Matthew T., Coupland Castle, Wooler, Northumberland.

DALGLISH, Robert, Jun., 29 St. Vincent Place, Glasgow.
Davis, C., 15 Campden Grove, Kensington, London, W.
Denny, Henry G., 37 Court Square, Boston, U.S.A.
Denny, Alexander, Meadowbank, Dumbarton.
Derby, Right Hon. the Earl of, Knowsley, Prescot, Lancashire.
Devonshire, His Grace the Duke of, Devonshire House, Piccadilly, London, W.
Dickson, Rev. Professor, D.D., University, Glasgow.
Dodds, Rev. James, 15 Sandyford Place, Glasgow.
Donald, C. D. (per Kerr & Richardson), Glasgow.
Donaldson, Rev. John, Alpine Villa, Currie, Edinburgh (per Thomas G. Stevenson).
Donaldson, R., 77 St. Vincent Street, Glasgow.

EADIE, Wm., M.D., 25 Newton Place, Glasgow.

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Edinburgh University Library (per John Small, M.A.), Edinburgh.
Ellis & White, 29 New Bond Street, London, W.

FAIRBAIRN, Rev. James, D.D., Laverockbank Terrace, Newhaven, Edinburgh.
Falconer, J. J., Upper Phillimore Gardens, Kensington, London (per Thomas G. Stevenson).
Falconer, Thomas, Judge of County Courts, Usk, Monmouthshire.
Ferguson, Robert, Morton, Carlisle.
Fleming, James, 257 West George Street, Glasgow.
Fleming, John Gibson, M.D., 155 Bath Street, Glasgow.
Fogo, D. F. Laurie, 137 Regent Street, West, Glasgow.
Furnivall, Frederick J., 3 St. George's Square, Primrose Hill, London, N.W.
Furness, Horace Howard, Philadelphia, U.S.A. (per A. R. Smith, 36 Soho Square, London).

GALBRAITH, Wm., 3 Blythswood Square, Glasgow.
Gardner, William, 5 Forbes Place, Paisley.
Gardyne, Alexander, 224 Richmond Road, Hackney, London, E.
Gibson, Robert, 4 Jane Street, Blythswood Square, Glasgow.
Gibbs, Henry H., St. Dunstan's, Regent Park, London.
Gilmour, John, Montrave, Kennoway, Fife.
Girvan, Jas. Graham, 186 West George Street, Glasgow.
Glasgow, Right Hon. the Earl of, Kelburne House, Ayrshire.
Godwin, John G., 76 Warwick Street, London, S.W.
Gordon, Rev. Robert, 6 Mayfield Street, Newington, Edinburgh (per Thomas G. Stevenson).
Gourlay, William, Blackburn, Lancashire.
Gray, George, County Buildings, Hutcheson Street, Glasgow.
Greenshields, J. B., of Kerse, Lesmahagow, Lanarkshire.
Grosart, Rev. Alexander B., LL.D., Park View, Blackburn, Lancashire.
Guild, James Wyllie, 17 Park Terrace, Glasgow.

HALLIWELL, James Orchard, F.S.A., &c., 11 Treganter Road, West Brompton, London, S.W.
Haynes, Benjamin, 13 Herbert Terrace, Clevedon, Somerset.
Hill, George W., 6 Prince's Terrace, Dowanhill, Glasgow.
Hopkins, Hugh, 85 Renfield Street, Glasgow.

INGLIS, Anthony, Broomhill, Partick, Glasgow.

JACKSON, John, Chancery Place, Manchester.
Jarvis, John W., 15 Charles Square, Hoxton, London, N.
Jackson, R. D., 4 Stanhope Street, Hyde Park, London, W.
James, Col. Edward C., Ogdensburg, New York, U.S.A.
James, F. L., Beaconsfield, Woolton, Liverpool.
Jenkins, James, M.D., Royal Naval Hospital, Plymouth.
Johnson, Richard, Langton Oaks, Fallowfield, Manchester.

KEITH, Rev. William A., M.A., Burham Vicarage, Rochester, Kent.
Kershaw, John, Park House, Willesden Lane, London, N.W.
Kershaw, John, Cross Gate, Audenshaw, Manchester (per Thomas G. Stevenson).
Knight, Joseph, 27 Camden Square, London, N.W.
Knox, James W., 132 West Regent Street, Glasgow.

LAMB, J. B., St. James Place, Paisley.
Leigh, John, Sandiway House, Whalley Range, Manchester, *Local Sec.*
Lindsay, Alex., M.D., 101 West Nile Street, Glasgow.
Lingard, John R., 8 Booth Street, Piccadilly, Manchester.
Lingard, R. B. M., 12 Booth Street, Piccadilly, Manchester.
London, Library of the Corporation of (per H. Hadland, Guildhall, E.C.)
Lumsden, Sir James, 198 Bath Street, Glasgow.
Lyell, David, 6 Chalmers Crescent, Edinburgh.

MACDONALD, Alexander, M.P., View Hall, Hamilton, by Glasgow.
Macfarlane, Donald, Physical Laboratory, University, Glasgow.
Macgeorge, B. B., 205 Bath Street, Glasgow.
Macgregor, Patrick Comyn, of Brediland, Paisley.
MacGrigor, A. B., LL.D., 19 Woodside Terrace, Glasgow.
Mackenzie, John Mansfield, W.S., 33 Melville Street, Edinburgh (per Thomas G. Stevenson).
Mackenzie, John Whitefoord, 16 Royal Circus, Edinburgh.
Manchester, His Grace the Duke of, Kimbolton Castle, St. Neot's, Hunts.
Marshall, James, 85 Cheapside Street, Glasgow.
Maxwell, Sir William Stirling, Bart., M.P., Keir House, Perthshire.
Medlicott, W. G., Massachusetts, U.S.A. (per B. Quaritch, 15 Piccadilly, London, W.)
Mitchell Library, Glasgow (per F. T. Barrett, Librarian).
Moody, John, 353 Bath Street, Glasgow.
Morison, Henry, Orchard, by Denny.
Mounsey, R. H., 3 Castle Street, Carlisle.
Muir, James, 149 West George Street, Glasgow.
Muntz, George H. M., Church Hill House, Handsworth, Birmingham.

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Murdoch, James Barclay, Hamilton Place, Langside, Glasgow.

NAPIER, James, Maryfield, Bothwell.
Newcastle Literary and Philosophical Society, Newcastle-on-Tyne (per W. Lyall, Librarian).

PAINE, Cornelius, 9 Lewes Crescent, Kemp Town, Brighton.
Panton, G. A., 25 North Bridge, Edinburgh.
Paterson, William, 67 Princes Street, Edinburgh.
Patrick, R. W. Cochran-, M.A., LL.B., Cantab., F.S.A., Scot., of Woodside, Beith, Ayrshire.
Pattinson, Thomas, Moss Grange, Whalley Range, Manchester.
Priaulx, O. de Beauvoir, 8 Cavendish Square, London, W.
Purves, W. S., Advocate, 65 West Circus Place, Edinburgh.

RANDALL, Wm. Henry, 61 George Street, Manchester.
Reform Club, Pall Mall, London, S.W. (per Henry Campkin, F.S.A.)
Richardson, James, 89 Queen Street, Glasgow.
Rintoul, Andrew, 260 West George Street, Glasgow.
Robb, James, 18 Gallowgate, Glasgow.
Rowat, William, Paisley.
Russell, Thomas, Cleveden, Kelvinside Gardens, Glasgow.

SLINGLUFF, C. Bohn (per A. Russell Smith, 36 Soho Square, London, W.)
Smith, Alexander, Laurelbank Place, Shawlands, Glasgow.
Smith, Charles, 14 Market Street, Faversham, Kent.
Smith, D. Stewart, 34 Eastcheap, London, E.C.
Smith, John P., Haughhead Cottage, Glasgow.
Snelgrove, Arthur G., London Hospital, London, E.
Sotheran, Henry, 136 Strand, London.
Stevenson, Thos. G., 22 Frederick Street, Edinburgh.
Stewart, Alexander B., Rawcliffe Lodge, Langside, Glasgow.

TAYLOR, John, 12 Hope Street, Glasgow.
Tennant, Charles, The Glen, Innerleithen, Peebles-shire.
Tennant, John, of St. Rollox, 195 West George Street, Glasgow.
Thomson, J. M., 46 Charlotte Square, Edinburgh.
Thorpe, Rev. J. F., Hernehill Vicarage, Faversham, Kent.
Tinkler, Rev. John, Arkengarth Dale Vicarage, near Richmond, Yorkshire.
Toovey, James, 177 Piccadilly, London, W.
Trübner, Nicholas, 31 Ludgate Hill, London, E.C.

VEITCH, George Seton, Bank of Scotland, Paisley.

WADDELL, Matthew, Meadowbank, Polmont, Stirlingshire.
Watson, Archibald, 62 Queen Street, Glasgow.
Watson, Robert Spence, 101 Pilgrim Street, Newcastle-on-Tyne.
Western Club, Glasgow.
Weston, George, 9 Gray's Inn Square, London, W.C.

YOUNG, Alexander, 9 Lynedoch Place, Glasgow.
Young, George, 97 Wellington Street, Glasgow.
Young, George B., 2 Hillsborough Terrace, Hillhead, Glasgow.
Young, Professor, M.D., University, Glasgow.
Young, William, Dulwich Common, London, S.E.

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LIST OF PUBLICATIONS.

For the First Year.

No. 1.	ROWLANDS'	GREENES GHOST HAVNTING CONIECATCHERS,	1602
2.	,,	HVMORS LOOKING GLASSE,	1608
3.	,,	THE KNAVE OF CLUBBES,	1609
4.	,,	A PAIRE OF SPY-KNAVES,	[? 1613]
5.	CRAIG'S	AMOROSE SONGES, SONETS, AND ELEGIES,	1606
6.	,,	POETICAL RECREATIONS,	1609
7.	ROWLANDS'	LOOKE TO IT: FOR ILE STABBE YE,	1604
8.	,,	HELL'S BROKE LOOSE,	1605
9.	,,	THE NIGHT-RAVEN,	1620
10.	,,	GOOD NEWES AND BAD NEWES,	1622

For the Second Year.

11.	CRAIG'S	POETICALL ESSAYES,	1604
12.	,,	POETICALL RECREATIONS,	1623
13.	,,	PILGRIME AND HEREMITE,	1631
14.	ROWLANDS'	A FOOLES BOLT IS SOONE SHOTT,	1614
15.	,,	DIOGINES LANTHORNE,	1607
16.	BANNATYNE	MANUSCRIPT—Part I.,	1568
17.	NICCOLS'	SIR THOMAS OVERBURIES VISION,	1616
		(Presented by Mr. Alexander Young, with an Introduction by Mr. James Maidment.)	
18.	CRAIG'S	MISCELLANEOUS POEMS,	—
		(With a general Introduction by Mr. David Laing.)	
19.	ROWLANDS'	MARTIN MARK-ALL,	1610
20.	,,	LETTING OF HVMOVRS BLOOD IN THE HEAD-VAINE,	1600
21.	,,	A TERRIBLE BATTELL BETWEENE TIME AND DEATH,	[? 1602]

For the Third Year.

22.	ROWLANDS'	MORE KNAVES YET?	—
23.	,,	THE KNAVE OF HARTS,	1612
24.	,,	THE MELANCHOLIE KNIGHT,	1615
25.	LODGE'S	PHILLIS: Honoured with Paſtorall Sonnets,	1593
26.	,,	THE DIVEL CONIURED,	1596
27.	,,	THE VVOUNDS OF CIUILL VVAR,	1594
28.	,,	CATHAROS: Diogenes in his Singularitie,	1591
29.	ROWLANDS'	BETRAYING OF CHRIST,	1598
30.	,,	TIS MERRIE VVHEN GOSSIPS MEETE,	1602
31.	HANNAY'S	POETICAL WORKS,	1622
		(Preſented by Mr. Thomas Ruſſell, with an Introduction by Mr. David Laing.)	
32.	BANNATYNE	MANUSCRIPT—Part II.,	1568

For the Fourth Year.

33.	ROWLANDS'	A SACRED MEMORIE OF THE MIRACLES OF CHRIST,	1618
34.	,,	A WHOLE CREW OF KIND GOSSIPS,	1609
35.	LODGE'S	SCILLAES METAMORPHOSIS,	1589
36.	,,	A MARGARITE OF AMERICA,	1596
37.	ROWLANDS'	HEAVENS GLORY: Seeke It, &c.,	1628
38.	,,	DOCTOR MERRIE-MAN: or, Nothing but Mirth,	1609
39.	,,	THE FAMOUS HISTORY OF GUY EARL OF WARWICK,	1607
40.	BANNATYNE	MANUSCRIPT—Part III.,	1568
41.	GARDEN'S	LIFE OF BISHOP ELPHINSTONE, and A THEATRE OF SCOTTISH WORTHIES,	—
		(Edited by Mr. David Laing, and preſented by Mr. Alexander B. Stewart.)	

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HUNTERIAN CLUB

FIFTH ANNUAL REPORT



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HUNTERIAN CLUB.

FIFTH ANNUAL REPORT

THE Books for the Fifth Year are:—

THOMAS LODGE'S ROSALYNDE: Euphues Golden Legacie, . .	1590
„ „ ROBERT DUKE OF NORMANDY, . . .	1591
„ „ A FIG FOR MOMUS, ...	1595
BIBLIOGRAPHICAL AND GENERAL INDEXES, GLOSSARY, &C., TO SAMUEL ROWLANDS' COLLECTED WORKS, Part I., ...	—
BANNATYNE MANUSCRIPT, Part IV., ...	1568

In regard to "Roſalynde," it may be noted that the firſt edition, 1590, has never until now been reprinted. For the uſe of the unique original (unfortunately imperfect) in the Britwell library, the Club is indebted to the kindneſs of Mr. S. Chriſtie-Miller. The deficiency (Sig. R, 4 leaves) has been ſupplied from the ſecond edition, 1592, in the collection of Mr. Henry Huth. "Robert Duke of Normandy" is alſo reprinted from the unique edition of 1591, in the Britwell library.

The "Bibliographical Index" to SAMUEL ROWLANDS' collected Works, will, it is hoped, commend itſelf to the Members. So far as known, all the notable points to be found in Engliſh literature relating to the various productions from ROWLANDS' pen are included.

In regard to "Guy, Earl of Warwick," the Council are ſorry to have found that the title-page of the copy in the Britiſh Muſeum, from which the Club's reprint was made, is ſpurious—an admirable facſimile—and that the opinion of thoſe gentlemen who have been conſulted is that the text is ſuppoſed to be that of 1679. As ſoon as acceſs can be had to a copy of this latter edition (it is not in the National Collection) the point will be verified, and the correct title-page will be iſſued. The earlieſt edition known is that of 1632, in the Britiſh Muſeum, but it is much mutilated, and is ſo ſeriouſly imperfect as to be quite unfit for the purpoſes of collation.

The Council have pleaſure in announcing that an Introduction to ROWLANDS' Works has been undertaken by Mr. Edmund W. Goſſe, who, there is no doubt, will do full juſtice to the ſubject. Mr. Sydney J. Herr-

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tage has compiled a number of Notes explanatory of the numerous contemporary allusions in ROWLANDS' Works, and also a Glossarial Index. These will appear with the issue for the Sixth Year, as also title-pages, and directions for binding.

The part of the "Bannatyne Manuscript" now sent out is as large as the two previous ones—an earnest that the work of printing this, the most important collection of early Scottish Poetry, is making satisfactory progress.

It is with unfeigned regret that the Council have to notice in this Report the loss the Club has sustained in the death of the eminent Scottish Antiquary, Mr. David Laing. Although not directly identified with the Club, he nevertheless from the first gave it his influential support, and it is almost unnecessary to remind the Members that the Works of Alexander Craig, Patrick Hannay, and Alexander Garden have been enriched by Memoirs and Introductory Notices from his scholarly pen.

The Annual Statement of Income and Expenditure is appended.

Applications for Membership (which is strictly limited to 200) may be made to Mr. JOHN ALEXANDER, 68 Regent Street, West, Glasgow, *Hon. Treasurer and Secretary*. Annual Subscription, £2 2s.

GLASGOW, *November*, 1878.

FINANCIAL STATEMENT.—FIFTH YEAR.

Dr.		*Cr.*	
To Balance from last year,	£3 5 5	By Printing,	£172 6 0
,, Subscriptions,	346 10 0	,, Paper,	66 19 6
		,, Transcribing and Collating at London, Oxford, and Edinburgh,	37 17 11
		,, Wood and Copper Engraving,	20 15 8
		,, Binding,	7 9 6
		,, Fire Insurance,	1 2 6
		,, Postage and Receipt Stamps, and Incidental Expenses,	16 19 0
		,, Commission on Cheques,	0 8 6
		,, Balance to Sixth Year,	25 16 10
	£349 15 5		£349 15 5

JOHN ALEXANDER, *Hon. Treasurer.*

In addition to the foregoing balance of £25 16s. 10d., I have to certify that the Treasurer has on hand £18 18s. of Sixth Year's, and £8 8s. of Seventh Year's Subscriptions, paid in advance.

GEO. W. HILL, *Auditor.*

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COUNCIL.

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PROFESSOR YOUNG, M.D., KEEPER OF THE HUNTERIAN MUSEUM, UNIVERSITY, GLASGOW.
REV. JAMES DODDS, 15 SANDYFORD PLACE, GLASGOW.
ALEXANDER YOUNG, 9 LYNEDOCH PLACE, GLASGOW.
JAMES BARCLAY MURDOCH, HAMILTON PLACE, LANGSIDE, GLASGOW.
THOMAS RUSSELL, CLEVEDEN, KELVINSIDE GARDENS, GLASGOW.
JOHN ALEXANDER, 68 REGENT STREET, WEST, GLASGOW, *Hon. Treas. and Secy.*

LIST OF MEMBERS.—(FIFTH YEAR).

ADAMSON, Edward, M.D., 4 West Street, Rye, Sussex.
Aitchison, Thos. J., 85 South Back Canongate, Edinburgh.
Alexander, John, 68 Regent Street, West, Glasgow, *Hon. Treas. and Secy.*
Alexander, Walter, 4 Burnbank Gardens, Glasgow.
Allen, Edward G., 12 Tavistock Row, Covent Garden, London, W.C.
Anderson, Sir James, 16 Warrington Crescent, London.
Anderson, Robert, 22 Ann Street, Glasgow.

BAIN, James, 1 Haymarket, London, S.W.
Barclay, Charles H., 27 Royal Exchange Square, Glasgow.
Berlin Royal Library (per Asher & Co., 13 Bedford Street, Covent Garden, London, W.C.)
Boston Athenæum, U.S.A. (per E. G. Allen, London, W.C.)
Bruce, Alexander, 11 Winton Terrace, Crosshill, Glasgow.
Bruce, R. T. Hamilton, 7 Randolph Cliff, Edinburgh.
Brunton, Thomas, Maria Villa, Langside, Glasgow.
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45. BIBLIOGRAPHICAL AND GENERAL INDEXES, GLOSSARY, &C., TO SAMUEL ROWLANDS' WORKS—Part I., —
46. BANNATYNE MANUSCRIPT—Part IV., 1568

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SIXTH ANNUAL REPORT

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THE Books for the Sixth Year are:—

THOMAS LODGE'S REPLY TO GOSSON'S SCHOOLE OF ABUSE, . .	[1580?]
„ „ AN ALARUM AGAINST VSURERS, &c., . . .	1584
„ „ WITS MISERIE AND THE WORLDS MADNESSE, . .	1596
BANNATYNE MANUSCRIPT, Part V., ...	1568
BIBLIOGRAPHICAL AND GENERAL INDEXES, GLOSSARY, MEMOIR, TITLE-PAGES, &c., TO SAMUEL ROWLANDS' COLLECTED WORKS, Part II., .	—

A longer time than was anticipated has been taken up in completing the iſſue for the Sixth Year, principally owing to the deſire of the Council to complete ROWLANDS' Works, which form three handſome volumes; the requiſite Title-pages, Tables of Contents, Gloſſary, &c., being now ſupplied.

ROWLANDS being thus diſpoſed of, the work ſtill on hand is the concluſion of the BANNATYNE MANUSCRIPT, and the remainder of the writings of THOMAS LODGE.

The text of the BANNATYNE MANUSCRIPT, which is nearly all in type, will be followed by a Life of George Bannatyne, and Explanatory Notes and a Gloſſary. It is only repeating what has been before ſtated that no more valuable contribution could have been made to our early literature than a complete imprint of this famous old Scottiſh Poetical Miſcellany. It is the ſtorehouſe of many of the moſt intereſting and characteriſtic pieces in early Scottiſh Poetry; and taking into account its great literary importance, the exactneſs of the imprint, and the very limited impreſſion to which it has been reſtricted, in common with the reſt of the Club's publications, it cannot fail, before long, to take its place among ſcarce and appreciated books. Part VI. is nearly ready, and will be ſent out with the firſt iſſue of books for the Seventh Year.

The reprinting of the remaining pieces by THOMAS LODGE is being carried on as ſpeedily as is conſiſtent with due care and accuracy. Three

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Tracts are almoft ready for delivery to the Members for the Seventh Year, viz.:—

LIFE AND DEATH OF WILLIAM LONGBEARD,	1593
PROSOPOPEIA, or the Teares of the holy, bleſſed, and ſanctified Marie, the Mother of God,	1596
A TREATISE OF THE PLAGUE,	1603

After all LODGE'S known Works have been reprinted, a Bibliographical Index, Notes, and a Gloſſary will be fupplied; and Mr. GOSSE has kindly engaged to write a General Introduction.

The Annual Statement of Income and Expenditure is appended.

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GLASGOW, *July, 1880.*

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,, Subscriptions,	331 16 0	,, Paper,	80 9 6
,, Bank Interest,	0 7 2	,, Transcribing and Collating at London, Oxford, and Edinburgh,	36 3 3
		,, Wood Cutting and Engraving,	6 16 6
		,, Binding,	8 15 8
		,, Fire Insurance,	1 2 6
		,, Postage and Receipt Stamps, and Incidental Expenses,	16 7 0
		,, Paid for Introduction, Notes, and Glossary to Rowlands' Works,	12 12 0
		,, Photographing,	6 1 4
		,, Commission on Cheques,	0 7 3
		,, Balance to Seventh Year,	4 19 1
	£358 0 0		£358 0 0

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In addition to the foregoing balance of £4 19s. 1d., I have to certify that the Treasurer has on hand £23 2s. of Seventh Year's, £12 12s. of Eighth Year's, and £2 2s. of Ninth Year's Subscriptions, paid in advance.

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Weston, George, 9 Gray's Inn Square, London, W.C.

YALE College, Newhaven, Conn., U.S.A. (per E. G. Allen, London).
Young, Alexander, 9 Lynedoch Place, Glasgow.
Young, George, 97 Wellington Street, Glasgow.
Young, George B., 2 Hillsborough Terrace, Hillhead, Glasgow.
Young, Professor, M.D., University, Glasgow.
Young, William, Dulwich Common, London, S.E.

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LIST OF PUBLICATIONS.

For the First Year.

No. 1. ROWLANDS' GREENES GHOST HAVNTING CONIECATCHERS, . . . 1602
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HUNTERIAN CLUB

SEVENTH ANNUAL REPORT



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HUNTERIAN CLUB.

SEVENTH ANNUAL REPORT.

THE Books for the Seventh Year are:—

THOMAS LODGE'S LIFE AND DEATH OF WILLIAM LONGBEARD,	1593
„ „ PROSOPOPEIA,	1596
„ „ (AND ROBERT GREENE'S) LOOKING GLASSE FOR LONDON AND ENGLAND,	1598
„ „ A TREATISE OF THE PLAGUE,	1603
BANNATYNE MANUSCRIPT, Part VI.,	1568
Do. Do., Part VII.,	1568

The reprint of the "Looking Glaſſe for London and England" was made from the ſecond edition, 1598, a circumſtance which, although unavoidable, the Council regret. The practice of the Club has hitherto been, when poſſible, to print the exact text of firſt editions; but in this inſtance, the unique copy of 1594, in the Library of his Grace the Duke of Devonſhire, could not be found, having been miſlaid. It is almoſt needleſs to add that his Grace, with his wonted liberality, would have lent it to the Club for reproduction had it been recovered in time.

By the iſſue of Part VII. the full text of the BANNATYNE MS. is now complete, and it is a ſatisfaction to the Council to know that the contents of this important collection are at length placed beyond the reach of accident. Owing to various contingencies, the work has occupied a much longer time than was anticipated, but the Council believe that the delay has been conducive to a faithful rendering of the original text. They have to acknowledge the facilities afforded by the Curators of the Advocates' Library, for the copying and collation of the Manuſcript, the details having been carried out with the utmoſt care and kindneſs by their reſpected Librarian, Mr. J. T. Clark.

The remaining works of Lodge (of courſe excluding his tranſlations of Joſephus, Seneca, and Du Bartas) are:—

EUPHUES SHADOW,	1593
POORE MANS TALENTT,	[? 1623]
MISCELLANEOUS PIECES,	——

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Theſe are now nearly ready for iſſue as the firſt inſtalment for the Eighth Year.

The following are in preparation for publication:—

(1.) BIBLIOGRAPHICAL INDEX TO LODGE'S WORKS.
(2.) MR. E. W. GOSSE'S LIFE OF LODGE.
(3.) NOTES, GLOSSARY, AND INDEXES TO LODGE'S WORKS.
(4.) NOTES, GLOSSARY, INDEXES, &C., TO BANNATYNE MANUSCRIPT.

The Annual Statement of Income and Expenditure is annexed.

Applications for Membership (which is ſtrictly limited to 200) may be made to Mr. JOHN ALEXANDER, 68 Regent Street, Weſt, Glaſgow, *Hon. Treasurer and Secretary.* Annual Subſcription, £2 2s.

GLASGOW, *December, 1881.*

FINANCIAL STATEMENT.—SEVENTH YEAR.

Dr.		*Cr.*	
To Balance from last year,	£4 19 1	By Printing,	£157 4 0
,, Subscriptions,	303 9 0	,, Paper,	68 16 6
		,, Transcribing and Collating at London, Oxford, and Edinburgh,	39 3 10
		,, Wood Cutting and Engraving,	12 10 0
		,, Binding,	10 12 11
		,, Fire Insurance,	1 2 6
		,, Postage and Receipt Stamps, and Incidental Expenses,	14 14 4
		,, Photographing,	3 7 2
		,, Commission on Cheques,	0 3 6
		,, Balance to Eighth Year,	0 13 4
	£308 8 1		£308 8 1

JOHN ALEXANDER, *Hon. Treasurer.*

In addition to the foregoing balance of 13s. 4d., I have to certify that the Treasurer has on hand £23 2s. of Eighth Year's, and £8 8s. of Ninth Year's Subscriptions, paid in advance.

GEO. W. HILL, *Auditor.*

GLASGOW, *30th November, 1881.*

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COUNCIL.

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JAMES BARCLAY MURDOCH, HAMILTON PLACE, LANGSIDE, GLASGOW.
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JOHN ALEXANDER, 68 REGENT STREET, WEST, GLASGOW, *Hon. Treas. and Secy.*

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Buckley, Rev. W. E., Rectory, Middleton Cheney, Banbury.
Bunten, J. C., 24 Park Circus, Glasgow.
Bute, The Most Noble the Marquis of, Cardiff Castle, Wales.

CALDWELL, James, Craigielea Place, Paisley.
Campkin, Henry, F.S.A., 112 Torriano Avenue, Kentish Town, London, N.W.
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Davis, C., 16 Rylett Road, Shepherd's Bush, London, W.
Denny, Alexander D., 196 Piccadilly, London, W.
Denny, Wm., Bellfield, Dumbarton.
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Devonshire, His Grace the Duke of, Devonshire House, Piccadilly, London, W.
Dickson, Rev. Professor, D.D., University, Glasgow.
Dodds, Rev. James, D.D., Corstorphine, Edinburgh.

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Edinburgh University Library (per John Small, M.A.), Edinburgh.
Ellis & White, 29 New Bond Street, London, W.

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Gardyne, Alexander, 224 Richmond Road, Hackney, London, E.
Gibson, Robert, 4 Jane Street, Blythswood Square, Glasgow.
Gibbs, Henry H., St. Dunstan's, Regent's Park, London.
Gilmour, John, Montrave, Kennoway, Fife.
Girvan, Jas. Graham, 186 West George Street, Glasgow.
Glasgow, Right Hon. the Earl of, Kelburne House, Ayrshire.
Godwin, John G., 76 Warwick Street, London, S.W.
Goodwin, John, 235 George Street, Glasgow.
Gordon, Rev. Robert, 4 Mayfield Street, Newington, Edinburgh (per Thomas G. Stevenson).
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Greenshields, J. B., of Kerse, Lesmahagow, Lanarkshire.
Guild, James Wyllie, 17 Park Terrace, Glasgow.
Guy, Robert, 120 Regent Street, West, Glasgow.

HARVARD College Library, Cambridge, U.S.A. (per Trübner & Co., London).
Haynes, Benjamin, 13 Herbert Terrace, Clevedon, Somerset.
Henderson, John, 47 Union Street, Glasgow.
Hill, George W., 6 Prince's Terrace, Dowanhill, Glasgow.
Hopkins, Hugh, 85 Renfield Street, Glasgow.

INGLIS, Anthony, Broomhill, Partick, Glasgow.

JARVIS, John W., Avon House, Manor Road, Holloway, London, N.
Jackson, R. D., 4 Stanhope Street, Hyde Park Gardens, London, W.
James, Col. Edward C., Ogdensburg, New York, U.S.A.
James, F. L., 41ª Hill Street, Berkeley Square, London, W.
Jenkins, James, M.D., Nevinston, Hannamead, Plymouth.
Johnston, Richard, Kemual Manor, Chislehurst, Kent.

Keith, Rev. William A., M.A., Burham Vicarage, Rochester, Kent.
Kershaw, John, Park House, Willesden Lane, London, N.W.
Kershaw, John, Cross Gate Audenshaw, Manchester.
Knight, Joseph, 27 Camden Square, London, N.W.

Lamb, J. B., 12 High Street, Paisley.
Leigh, John, Sandiway House, Whalley Range, Manchester, *Local Sec.*
Lindsay, Alex., M.D., 101 West Nile Street, Glasgow.
Lingard-Monk, R. B. M., 10 Booth Street, Piccadilly, Manchester.
London, Library of the Corporation of, Guildhall, E.C.
Lumsden, James, Arden, Alexandria, N.B.
Lyell, David, 6 Chalmers Crescent, Edinburgh.

MACDONALD, Alexander, M.P., (the late) Well Hall, Hamilton, by Glasgow.
Macdowall, Henry, younger, of Garthland, Renfrewshire.
Macfarlane, Donald, 108 West Graham Street, Glasgow.
Macgeorge, B. B., 19 Woodside Crescent, Glasgow.
Macgregor, Patrick Comyn, of Brediland, Paisley.
MacGrigor, A. B., LL.D., 19 Woodside Terrace, Glasgow.
Mackenzie, John Mansfield, W.S., 33 Melville Street, Edinburgh (per Thomas G. Stevenson).
Mackenzie, John Whitefoord, 16 Royal Circus, Edinburgh.
Makellar, Rev. William, 8 Charlotte Square, Edinburgh (per Thomas G. Stevenson).
Manchester, His Grace the Duke of, Kimbolton Castle, St. Neot's, Hunts.
Marshall, James, Ibrox Flour Mills, Glasgow.
Maxwell, Sir William Stirling, Bart., M.P. (Trustees of the late) Keir House, Perthshire.
Medlicott, W. G., Massachussets, U.S.A. (per B. Quaritch, 15 Piccadilly, London, W.)
Mitchell Library, Glasgow (per F. T. Barrett, Librarian).

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Moody, John, 353 Bath Street, Glasgow.
Morison, Henry, Orchard, by Denny.
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Murdoch, James Barclay, Hamilton Place, Langside, Glasgow.

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Newcastle Literary and Philosophical Society, Newcastle-on-Tyne (per W. Lyall, Librarian).

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Purves, W. S., Advocate, 65 S. W. Circus Place, Edinburgh.

RANDALL, Wm. Henry, 61 George Street, Manchester.
Reform Club, Pall Mall, London, S.W. (per W. Ridgway, 169 Piccadilly).
Reid, Wm., Jun., Chapelhill, Paisley.
Richardson, James, 89 Queen Street, Glasgow.
Rintoul, Andrew, 28 Hope Street, Glasgow.
Robb, James, 66 Trongate, Glasgow.
Rowat, William, Paisley.
Russell, Thomas, of Ascog, Bute.

SHERRIFF, George B., 5 Wellington Street, Glasgow.
Slingluff, C. Bohn (per A. Russell Smith, 36 Soho Square, London, W.).
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Smith, Charles, 14 Market Street, Faversham, Kent.
Smith, D. Stewart, 34 Eastcheap, London, E.C.
Sotheran, Henry, 136 Strand, London.
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Stevenson, William, 28 Robertson Street, Glasgow.
Stewart, Alexander B. (Trustees of the late), Rawcliffe Lodge, Langside, Glasgow.
Stewart, Robert B., 11 Crown Terrace, Dowanhill, Glasgow.

TAYLOR, D. M., Rothesay.
Tennant, Charles, M.P., The Glen, Innerleithen, Peebles-shire. *(Two Copies.)*
Thomson, J. M., 10 Wemyss Place, Edinburgh.
Thorpe, Rev. J. F., Hernhill Vicarage, Faversham, Kent.
Tinkler, Rev. John, Arkengarth Dale Vicarage, near Richmond, Yorkshire.
Toovey, James, 177 Piccadilly, London, W.
Trübner, Nicholas, 57 Ludgate Hill, London, E.C.

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57. LODGE'S (AND GREENE'S) LOOKING GLASSE FOR LONDON AND ENGLAND, 1598

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EIGHTH ANNUAL REPORT.



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HUNTERIAN CLUB.

EIGHTH ANNUAL REPORT.

THE Books for the Eighth Year are:—

THOMAS LODGE'S EUPHUES SHADOW,	1592
„ POORE MANS TALENTT,	[1623?]
„ MISCELLANEOUS PIECES,	1581-1622
BIBLIOGRAPHICAL INDEX TO LODGE'S WORKS, AND MEMOIR BY EDMUND W. GOSSE,	1886
SAMUEL ROWLANDS' AUE CÆSAR,	1603

As ſtated in the Bibliographical Index, LODGE's "Poore Mans Talentt" is now printed for the firſt time, from the original Manuſcript principally in the handwriting of the author, and it will be ſeen from Mr. GOSSE's Memoir that this work has yielded ſeveral intereſting points regarding LODGE's perſonal hiſtory not previouſly known.

With regard to ROWLANDS' "Aue Cæſar," 1603, the Council only learned after the Club's reprint of this author's works had been completed, that a piece bearing his initials was included in the Second Series of the late Mr. Henry Huth's "Fugitive Poetical Tracts," 1875. In the Prefatory Note to the preſent reprint the reaſons for its addition to the Hunterian Club's edition of ROWLANDS' works are fully ſtated.

The Index, Gloſſary, and Title Pages to LODGE's Works, and completing them, are now all printed, and only the want of funds has prevented their incluſion with the Parts for the Eighth Year.

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Along with the completion of LODGE, and as a firſt iſſue for the Ninth Year, it is propoſed to ſend out the Introductory matter and Index to the BANNATYNE MANUSCRIPT. The Council is ſatisfied that the complete publication of this important manuſcript has been the moſt ſtriking feature of the Club's work, and would have juſtified its exiſtence had nothing elſe been undertaken. It is already within the knowledge of members, that every line and word have been printed, all previous tranſcripts from its folios being fragmentary, and thus many of its moſt characteriſtic contents have been for the firſt time made acceſſible to ſtudents of Early Scottiſh Literature.

The Council does not intend to carry on the Club further than to complete the work now in progreſs, but for this purpoſe it will be neceſſary to call up the Ninth Year's ſubſcription to the extent of Thirty Shillings, which will yield a ſum ſufficient, it is calculated, to cover all preſent and proſpective liabilities.

In connection with this announcement, the Council deſires to make plain, beyond the poſſibility of miſunderſtanding, that members who do not, at an early date, complete their ſets ſo far as iſſued, will not afterwards have an opportunity of doing ſo, as the number of copies printed will correſpond only to the paid ſubſcriptions for the Eighth Year.

The Council has further decided that all previous iſſues remaining in ſtock after the 1ſt of July, 1888, ſhall be deſtroyed, ſo as effectually to prevent any of the Club's publications finding their way into the book market as "remainders." Its policy has been throughout to make each financial year bear its own liabilities, and now to accept less than full ſubſcription price for any portion of the iſſues, would manifeſtly be unjuſt to thoſe members who from the firſt have ſo loyally and indulgently ſupported the Hunterian Club.

The Council has to expreſs its great regret that ſo long a time has elapſed ſince the laſt iſſue (the firſt for the Eighth Year) was made, but circumſtances over which it had really no control unfortunately intervened. The lamented death, in May, 1886, of the late Honorary Secretary and Treaſurer, Mr. John Alexander, has been a heavy loſs, and his old colleagues in the Council take this opportunity of recording their deep ſenſe of his untiring intereſt in all the Club's affairs.

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The Financial Statement for the Eighth Year, with a Lift of the Members, will be found appended.

Applications for Membership (which is ftrictly limited to 200) may be made to Mr. JAMES BARCLAY MURDOCH, Capelrig, Mearns, Renfrewfhire, *Hon. Treafurer and Secretary.* Annual Subfcription, £2 2s.

GLASGOW, *December*, 1887.

FINANCIAL STATEMENT:—EIGHTH YEAR.

Dr.		*Cr.*	
To Balance from last year,	£0 13 4	By Printing,	£142 0 0
,, Subscriptions,	295 13 10	,, Paper,	73 18 5
		,, Transcribing and Collating,	12 18 10
		,, Wood Cutting and Engraving,	12 19 9
		,, Literary Work, Glossaries, etc.,	12 13 3
		,, Insurance (1882-1887),	9 8 3
		,, Binding,	14 0 2
		,, Postage and Incidental Expenses,	13 13 2
		,, Balance to Ninth Year,	4 15 4
	£296 7 2		£296 7 2

JAMES BARCLAY MURDOCH, *Hon. Treasurer.*

In addition to the foregoing balance of £4 15s. 4d., I have to certify that the Treasurer has on hand £21 for Subscriptions paid in advance.

GEO. W. HILL, *Auditor.*

GLASGOW, *16th December, 1887.*

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COUNCIL.

PROFESSOR DICKSON, D.D., CURATOR OF THE UNIVERSITY LIBRARY, GLASGOW.
PROFESSOR YOUNG, M.D., KEEPER OF THE HUNTERIAN MUSEUM, UNIVERSITY, GLASGOW.
REV. JAMES DODDS, D.D., CORSTORPHINE, EDINBURGH.
ALEXANDER YOUNG, 9 LYNEDOCH PLACE, GLASGOW.
THOMAS RUSSELL, OF ASCOG, BUTE.
JAMES BARCLAY MURDOCH, CAPELRIG, MEARNS, RENFREWSHIRE, *Hon. Treas. and Secy.*

LIST OF MEMBERS—EIGHTH YEAR.

ADAMSON, Edward, M.D., 4 West Street, Rye, Sussex.
Aitchison, Thomas J., 85 South Back, Canongate, Edinburgh.
Alexander, John, 68 Regent Street, West, Glasgow.
Alexander, Walter, 4 Burnbank Gardens, Glasgow.
Allen, Edward G., 12 Tavistock Row, Covent Garden, London, W.C.
Anderson, Sir James, 16 Warrington Crescent, London.
Anderson, Robert, 22 Ann Street, Glasgow.

BAIN, James, 1 Haymarket, London, S.W.
Barclay, Charles H., 27 Royal Exchange Square, Glasgow.
Berlin Royal Library (per Asher & Co.), 13 Bedford Street, Covent Garden, London, W.C.
Bliss, Frank E., New York (per B. F. Stevens, London).
Boston Athenæum, U.S.A. (per E. G. Allen, London).
British Museum Library, London, W.C.
Brown, John, Glasgow.
Bruce, Alexander, 37 Victoria Road, Govanhill, Glasgow.
Bruce, R. T. Hamilton, 2 Lennox Street, Edinburgh.
Brunton, Thomas, Hawthorn Villa, Pollokshields, Glasgow.
Buckley, Rev. W. E., Rectory, Middleton Cheney, Banbury.
Bunten, J. C., 24 Park Circus, Glasgow.
Bute, The Most Noble the Marquis of, Cardiff Castle, Wales.

CALDWELL, James, Craigielea Place, Paisley.
Campkin, Henry, F.S.A., 112 Torriano Avenue, Kentish Town, London, N.W.
Chamberlain, John Henry, Grange House, Coventry Road, Small Heath, Birmingham.
Chetham's Library, Manchester (per Richard Hanby, *Librarian*).
Chorlton, Thomas, 32 Brazennose Street, Manchester.
Clark, David Robert, M.A., Clairmont, Pollokshields, Glasgow.
Cochran-Patrick, R. W., LL.B., Cantab., F.S.A.Scot., of Woodside, Beith, Ayrshire.
Coleridge, Right Hon. Lord, Heath's Court, Ottery St. Mary, Devon.
Cook, James William, Wentworth House, Snaresbrook, Essex.
Cook, John, "Gazette" Office, Paisley.
Cosens, F. W., 7 Melbury Road, Kensington, London, S.W. (*Two Copies.*)
Culley, Matthew T., Coupland Castle, Wooler, Northumberland.

DALGLISH, Robert, 18 N.E. Royal Exchange, Glasgow.
Davis, C., Sandhill Villas, Kew, Surrey.
Denny, Alexander D., 66 Haymarket, London, W.
Denny, William, Bellfield, Dumbarton.
Derby, Right Hon. the Earl of, Knowsley, Prescot, Lancashire.

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Devonshire, His Grace the Duke of, Devonshire House, Piccadilly, London, W.
Dickson, Rev. Professor, D.D., University, Glasgow.
Dodds, Rev. James, D.D., The Manse, Corstorphine, Edinburgh.
Donald, C. D. (per Kerr & Richardson), Glasgow.

EADIE, William, M.D., 16 Woodside Place, Glasgow.
Edinburgh University Library (per John Small, M.A.), Edinburgh.
Ellis & Scrutton, 29 New Bond Street, London, W.

FALCONER, Thomas, 18 Royal Crescent, Bath.
Fleming, John Gibson, C.A., 13 Lynedoch Crescent, Glasgow.
Fox, Francis F., Madeley House, 72 Pembroke Road, Clifton.
Furnivall, Frederick J., LL.D., 3 St. George's Square, Primrose Hill, London, N.W.
Furness, Horace Howard, LL.D., 22 Washington Square, West, Philadelphia, U.S.A.

GALBRAITH, William, 3 Blythswood Square, Glasgow.
Gardner, William, 5 Forbes Place, Paisley.
Gardyne, Alexander, 224 Richmond Road, Hackney, London, E.
Gibson, Robert, 4 Jane Street, Blythswood Square, Glasgow.
Gibbs, Henry H., St. Dunstan's, Regent Park, London.
Gilmour, John, Montrave, Kennoway, Fife.
Girvan, James Graham, 186 West George Street, Glasgow.
Glasgow, Right Hon. the Earl of, Crawford Priory, Fife.
Godwin, John G., 76 Warwick Street, London, S.W.
Goodwin, John, 235 George Street, Glasgow.
Gordon, Rev. Robert, 4 Mayfield Street, Newington, Edinburgh (per Thomas G. Stevenson).
Gray, George, County Buildings, Hutcheson Street, Glasgow.
Greenshields, J. B., of Kerse, Lesmahagow, Lanarkshire.
Guayangos, Ex^mo^ Senor Don Pascual de, 38 Queen Square, London, W.C.
Guild, James Wyllie, 17 Park Terrace, Glasgow.
Guy, Robert, 120 Regent Street, West, Glasgow.

HARVARD College Library, Cambridge, U.S.A. (per Trübner & Co., London).
Haynes, Benjamin, 13 Herbert Terrace, Clevedon, Somerset.
Henderson, John, 47 Union Street, Glasgow.
Hill, George W., 6 Prince's Terrace, Dowanhill, Glasgow.
Hopkins, Hugh, 85 Renfield Street, Glasgow.

INGLIS, Anthony, Broomhill, Partick, Glasgow.

JARVIS, John W., Avon House, Manor Road, Holloway, London, N.
Jackson, R. D., 4 Stanhope Street, Hyde Park Gardens, London, W.
James, Col. Edward C., Ogdensburg, New York, U.S.A.
James, F. L., 41*a* Hill Street, Trafalgar Square, London, W.
Jeffray, Robert, Crosslee, Johnstone.
Jenkins, James, M.D., Nevinston, Hannamead, Plymouth.
Johnston, Richard, Kemual Manor, Chislehurst, Kent.

KEITH, Rev. William A., M.A., Burham Vicarage, Rochester, Kent.
Kershaw, John, Park House, Willesden Lane, London, N.W.
Kershaw, John, Cross Gate, Ardenshaw, Manchester.
Knight, Joseph, 27 Camden Square, London, N.W.

LAMB, J. B., 12 High Street, Paisley.
Leigh, John, Sandiway House, Whalley Range, Manchester.
Lindsay, Alexander, M.D., Springfield, Bucklyvie, Stirlingshire.
Lingard-Monk, R. B. M., 10 Booth Street, Piccadilly, Manchester.
London, Library of the Corporation of, Guildhall, E.C. (per H. Hadland, *Librarian*).
Lucas, William, 133 West George Street, Glasgow.
Lumsden, James, of Arden, Alexandria, N.B.
Lyell, David, 6 Chalmers Crescent, Edinburgh.

MACDOWALL, Henry, of Garthland, Lochwinnoch, Renfrewshire.
Macfarlane, Donald, 108 West Graham Street, Glasgow.
Macgeorge, B. B., 19 Woodside Crescent, Glasgow.
Macgregor, Patrick Comyn, of Brediland, Paisley.
MacGrigor, A. B., LL.D., 19 Woodside Terrace, Glasgow.
Mackenzie, John Mansfield, W.S., 33 Melville Street, Edinburgh (per Thomas G. Stevenson).
Mackenzie, John Whitefoord, 16 Royal Circus. Edinburgh.
Makellar, Rev. William, 8 Charlotte Square, Edinburgh (per Thomas G. Stevenson).

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Manchester, His Grace the Duke of, Kimbolton Castle, St. Neot's, Hunts.
Marshall, James, Whitecrook, Pollokshields, Glasgow.
Medlicott, W. G., Massachusetts, U.S.A. (per B. Quaritch, 15 Piccadilly, London, W.)
Mitchell Library, Glasgow (per F. T. Barrett, *Librarian*).
Moody, John, 353 Bath Street, Glasgow.
Morison, Henry, Orchard, by Denny.
Mounsey, J. G., 3 Castle Street, Carlisle.
Muir, James, 149 West George Street, Glasgow.
Muntz, George H. M., Church Hill House, Handsworth, Birmingham.
Murdoch, James Barclay, of Capelrig, Mearns, Renfrewshire, *Hon. Treas. and Secy.*

NEWCASTLE Literary and Philosophical Society, Newcastle-on-Tyne (per W. Lyall, *Librarian*).
Newcastle Free Public Library (per W. J. Haggerton, *Librarian*).

PAINE, Cornelius, 9 Lewes Crescent, Kemp Town, Brighton.
Pattinson, Thomas, Moss Grange, Whalley Range, Manchester.
Priaulx, O. de Beauvoir, 8 Cavendish Square, London, W.
Purves, W. S., 65 West Circus Place, Edinburgh.

RANDALL, William Henry, 61 George Street, Manchester.
Reform Club, Pall Mall, London, S.W. (per W. Ridgway, 169 Piccadilly).
Reid, William, jun., Chapelhill, Paisley.
Richardson, James, 89 Queen Street, Glasgow.
Rintoul, Andrew, 28 Hope Street, Glasgow.
Robb, James, 66 Trongate, Glasgow.
Robertson, David, 94 Mitchell Street, Glasgow.
Rowat, William, Paisley.
Russell, Thomas, of Ascog, Clevedon, Kelvinside, Glasgow.

SHERRIFF, George B., 5 Wellington Street, Glasgow.
Slingluff, C. Bohn (per A. Russell Smith, 36 Soho Square, London, W.).
Smith, Alexander, 2 Millbrae Road, Langside, Glasgow.
Smith, Charles, 14 Market Street, Faversham, Kent.
Smith, D. Stewart, 34 Eastcheap, London, E.C.
Sotheran, Henry, 136 Strand, London.
Stevens, B. F., 4 Trafalgar Square, London, W.C.
Stevenson, Thomas G., 22 Frederick Street, Edinburgh.
Stevenson, William, 28 Robertson Street, Glasgow.
Stewart, Alexander B. (Trustees of the late), Rawcliffe Lodge, Langside, Glasgow.
Stewart, Robert B., 11 Crown Terrace, Dowanhill, Glasgow.
Stirling-Maxwell, Sir William, Bart. (Trustees of the late), Keir House, Perthshire.

TAYLOR, D. M., Eaglesham Lodge, Rothesay.
Tennant, Sir Charles, Bart., The Glen, Innerleithen, Peeblesshire. (*Two Copies.*)
Thomson, J. M., 10 Wemyss Place, Edinburgh.
Thorpe, Rev. J. F., Hernehill Vicarage, Faversham, Kent.
Tinkler, Rev. John, Arkengarth Dale Vicarage, near Richmond, Yorkshire.
Trübner, Nicholas, 57 Ludgate Hill, London, E.C.

VEITCH, George Seton, Friarshall, Paisley.

WATSON, Robert Spence, 141 Pilgrim Street, Newcastle-on-Tyne.
Western Club, Glasgow (per William Smith, 114 Bath Street).
Weston, George, 9 Spring Gardens, Charing Cross, London, S.W.

YALE College, Newhaven, Conn., U.S.A. (per E. G. Allen, London).
Young, Alexander, 9 Lynedoch Place, Glasgow.
Young, George, 97 Wellington Street, Glasgow.
Young, George B., 13 Parkgrove Terrace, Glasgow.
Young, Professor, M.D., University, Glasgow.
Young, William, of Stanhill Court, Charlwood, Surrey.

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For the First Year.

No. 1. ROWLANDS' GREENES GHOST HAVNTING CONIECATCHERS, . . . 1602
2. ROWLANDS' HVMORS LOOKING GLASSE, 1608
3. ,, THE KNAVE OF CLUBBES, . 1609
4. ,, A PAIRE OF SPY-KNAVES, [1620?]
5. CRAIG'S AMOROSE SONGES, SONETS, AND ELEGIES, ... 1606
6. CRAIG'S POETICAL RECREATIONS, . 1609
7. ROWLANDS' LOOKE TO IT: FOR ILE STABBE YE, ... 1604
8. ROWLANDS' HELL'S BROKE LOOSE, . 1605
9. ,, THE NIGHT-RAVEN, . 1620
10. ,, GOOD NEWES AND BAD NEWES, ... 1622

For the Second Year.

11. CRAIG'S POETICALL ESSAYES, . . 1604
12. ,, POETICALL RECREATIONS, . 1623
13. ,, PILGRIME AND HEREMITE, . 1631
14. ROWLANDS' A FOOLES BOLT IS SOONE SHOTT, ... 1614
15. ROWLANDS' DIOGINES LANTHORNE, . 1607
16. BANNATYNE MANUSCRIPT—Part I., . 1568
17. NICCOLS' SIR THOMAS OVERBURIES VISION, with an Introduction by Mr. James Maidment, ... 1616
(Presented by Mr. Alexander Young.)
18. CRAIG'S MISCELLANEOUS POEMS, with a General Introduction by Mr. David Laing, ... —
19. ROWLANDS' MARTIN MARK-ALL, . 1610
20. ,, LETTING OF HVMOVRS BLOOD IN THE HEAD-VAINE, . 1600
21. ROWLANDS' A TERRIBLE BATTELL BETWEENE TIME AND DEATH, [1606?]

For the Third Year.

22. ROWLANDS' MORE KNAVES YET? . —
23. ,, THE KNAVE OF HARTS, . 1612
24. ,, THE MELANCHOLIE KNIGHT, 1615
25. LODGE'S PHILLIS: Honoured with Paſtorall Sonnets, . . . 1593
26. LODGE'S THE DEVIL CONIURED, . 1596
27. ,, THE VVOUNDS OF CIUILL VVAR, ... 1594
28. LODGE'S CATHAROS: Diogenes in his Singularitie, ... 1591
29. ROWLANDS' BETRAYING OF CHRIST, . 1598
30. ,, TIS MERRIE VVHEN GOSSIPS MEETE, ... 1602
31. HANNAY'S POETICAL WORKS, with an Introduction by Mr. David Laing, . 1622
(Presented by Mr. Thomas Ruſſell.)
32. BANNATYNE MANUSCRIPT—Part II., . 1568

For the Fourth Year.

33. ROWLANDS' A SACRED MEMORIE OF THE MIRACLES OF CHRIST, . . 1618
34. ROWLANDS' A WHOLE CREW OF KIND GOSSIPS, ... 1609
No. 35. LODGE'S SCILLAES METAMORPHOSIS, . 1589
36. ,, A MARGARITE OF AMERICA, . 1596
37. ROWLANDS' HEAVENS GLORY: Seeke It, &c., ... 1628
38. ROWLANDS' DOCTOR MERRIE-MAN: or, Nothing but Mirth, . . . 1609
39. ROWLANDS' THE FAMOUS HISTORY OF GUY EARL OF WARWICK, . . 1682
40. BANNATYNE MANUSCRIPT—Part III., 1568
41. GARDEN'S LIFE OF BISHOP ELPHINSTON, and A THEATRE OF SCOTTISH WORTHIES, Edited by Mr. David Laing, . . . 1619-26
(Presented by Mr. Alexander B. Stewart.)

For the Fifth Year.

42. LODGE'S A FIG FOR MOMUS, . . 1595
43. ,, ROSALYNDE: Euphues Golden Legacie, ... 1590
44. LODGE'S THE HISTORY OF ROBERT SECOND DUKE OF NORMANDY, . 1591
45. BIBLIOGRAPHICAL AND GENERAL INDEXES, GLOSSARY, &C., TO SAMUEL ROWLANDS' WORKS—Part I., —
46. BANNATYNE MANUSCRIPT—Part IV., 1568

For the Sixth Year.

47. LODGE'S WITS MISERIE, &C., . 1596
48. ,, REPLY TO GOSSON'S SCHOOLE OF ABUSE, . . . [1580?]
49. LODGE'S AN ALARUM AGAINST VSURERS, &C., . . . 1584
50. BANNATYNE MANUSCRIPT—Part V., . 1568
51. BIBLIOGRAPHICAL AND GENERAL INDEXES, GLOSSARY, MEMOIR, TITLE-PAGES, &C., TO SAMUEL ROWLANDS' WORKS—Part II., . —

For the Seventh Year.

52. LODGE'S LIFE AND DEATH OF WILLIAM LONGBEARD, . . 1593
53. LODGE'S PROSOPOPEIA, . . 1596
54. LODGE'S A TREATISE OF THE PLAGUE, 1603
55. BANNATYNE MANUSCRIPT—Part VI., 1568
56. ,, ,, Part VII., 1568
57. LODGE'S (AND GREENE'S) LOOKING GLASSE FOR LONDON AND ENGLAND, 1598

For the Eighth Year.

58. LODGE'S EUPHUES SHADOW, . . 1592
59. LODGE'S POORE MANS TALENTT, . [1623?]
60. LODGE'S MISCELLANEOUS PIECES, 1581-1622
61. BIBLIOGRAPHICAL INDEX TO THOMAS LODGE'S WORKS, AND MEMOIR BY EDMUND W. GOSSE, . 1886
62. ROWLANDS' AUE CÆSAR, . . 1603

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HUNTERIAN CLUB

NINTH (AND LAST) REPORT

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HUNTERIAN CLUB.

NINTH (AND LAST) REPORT.

THE Complete Iſſues for the Ninth (and Laſt) Year are :—

Part LXIII. LODGE'S WORKS.—Index and Gloſſary.

„ LXIV. THE BANNATYNE MANUSCRIPT, Part VIII.—Memoir, Account of Contents, Indexes, &c., Additional Leaf of Text.

„ LXV. THE BANNATYNE MANUSCRIPT, Part IX.—Gloſſary.

„ LXVI. THE BANNATYNE MANUSCRIPT, Part X.—Facſimiles.

„ LXVII. THE BANNATYNE MANUSCRIPT, Part XI.—Title-pages and Contents, Prefatory Note, Reprinted Pages.

„ LXVIII. HUNTERIAN CLUB ISSUES, Concluding Part.—General Notice of the Club, Complete Liſt of the Works iſſued to Members, Complete Liſt of the Works arranged in the proper Order for Binding, Reprinted Leaf of Contents for Vol. I. of Rowlands' Works.

Some years ago an Interim Report for the Ninth Year contained the following :—

With this circular Members who have paid the proportion of the ſubſcription aſked for the Ninth year (30s.), will receive a voucher for the delivery of the Gloſſary to the Bannatyne Manuſcript (nearly 200 pages), which is now at laſt finiſhed and ready for iſſue.

To complete the work of the Club there ſtill remain to be iſſued title-pages and contents-pages for the volumes of the Bannatyne Manuſcript, facſimile-pages of the Manuſcript itſelf, a ſhort general preface, and a ſcheme for binding. The printers are now engaged upon the firſt of theſe, ſo that no long time will elapſe before they are ready for delivery, as part 66 (and laſt).

When the laſt Report—that for the Eighth year—was ſent out, it was thought by the Council that the outſtanding liabilities, and the coſt of completing the work ſtill to be done, could be met by a portion of the Ninth year's ſubſcription, and conſequently only 30s. of it was aſked for. The number of Members who reſponded to this call was, however, much leſs than had been reckoned upon; while the printer's bill (which could not then be made up owing to the ſerious and long-continued illneſs of the managing partner of the firm) turned out to be much heavier than had been anticipated.

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From theſe cauſes there is not now money in hand to meet the printing of the Gloſſary—which, of courſe, is expenſive work—and for that purpoſe at leaſt the balance of the Ninth year's ſubſcription (12s.) will be required. The Council undertake, however, that what ſtill remains to be done to complete the work of the Club as above ſtated will be met without any further call upon the Members than this ſum.

The ſubſcriptions received in anſwer to the requeſt made in the laſt paragraph of this Interim Report were comparatively few in number, and therefore were not nearly ſufficient to meet the coſt of printing. In fulfilment, however, of the undertaking then given by the Council, the material required to finiſh the whole iſſues of the Club has now been finally arranged and printed, and is herewith ſent out to the remaining Members, *i.e.*, thoſe who have paid the amount aſked (12s.), and without further coſt to them.

An opportunity will ſtill be given for a limited period to former Members who may wiſh to ſubſcribe for the whole iſſues of the Ninth Year (£2 2s.), or for the concluding iſſue now made (12s.), but after a ſhort time the arrangement which, as ſtated in the Eighth Report, had been made with regard to previous iſſues, will be carried out with this one, "ſo as effectually to prevent any of the Club publications finding their way into the book market as remainders."

After the accounts are made up a copy of the final balance-ſheet will be iſſued. It will, unfortunately, ſhow a very conſiderable ſum due to the Honorary Treaſurer.

It now only remains, in this the final Report of the Hunterian Club, to take leave of the Members who are ſtill on the roll, with an expreſſion of regret for the long delay in the preparation of the material required to wind up the laſt of the iſſues, for which the Honorary Secretary aſſumes the entire reſponſibility, but at the ſame time with a feeling of ſatisfaction that the work has at laſt been brought to a termination.

JAS. BARCLAY MURDOCH,
Hon. Secretary and Treasurer.

CAPELRIG, NEWTON-MEARNS,
RENFREWSHIRE, *February*, 1902.

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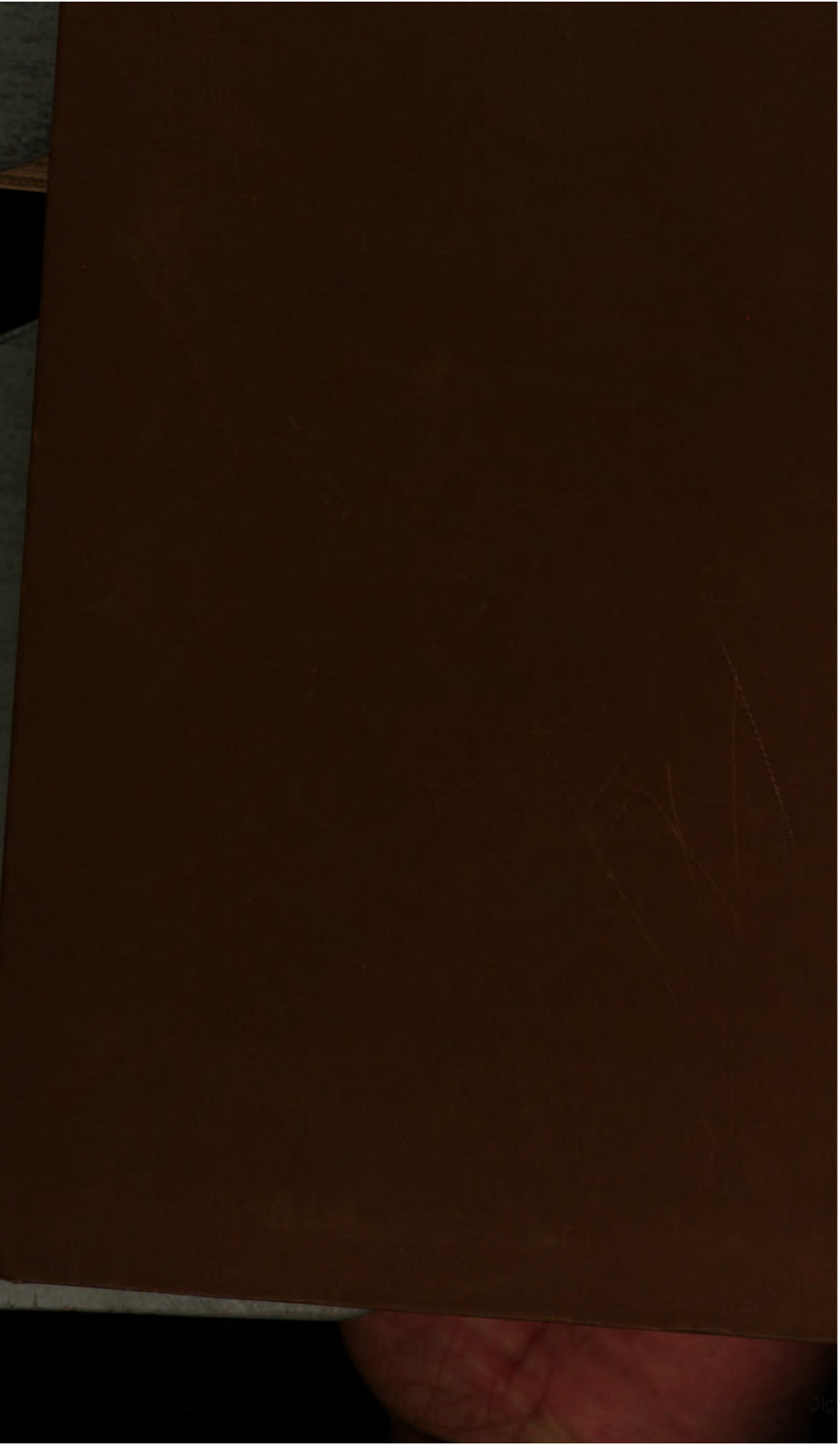
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